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# FOREST LILY.

A NOVEL.

BY

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F. TENNYSON NEELY,  
PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

NEW YORK.

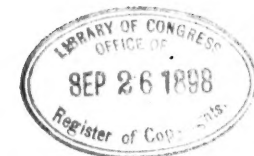


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TO MY BROTHER,  
H. EDWARD DUNLOP M. D.,  
THIS WORK  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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## FOREST LILY.

### CHAPTER I.

"So, Joe, my boy, you want to make a trip up to 'headquarters?' "

"Yes, sir, I do."

"I'd like to have you go, but the last storm has made the front road impassable, and the loads must now be sent over the plains. I'm afraid you are not equal to the journey."

The speaker was a clerk in the employ of a large lumbering firm in Northern Ontario. The young man addressed as Joe was a bright-eyed, handsome youth of about twenty years of age.

"I have made the trip before, Mr. Totem, why not again?"

"Well, Joe," said the clerk, "my orders are not to let you go, for fear of your horses giving out. A large load of provisions costs a lot of money, and the company don't care to take the chances of a break-down and consequent loss; but, in order to help you out, I'll send some heavy bob-sleighs by you, and let the other teams take the provisions. The road is a dangerous one, but if you should get stuck, the wolves can't eat the sleighs any way."

"I'm not the least afraid of wolves, and am willing to try my luck, though the sleighs make

a much heavier load than the provisions. Are the other teams ready to start in the morning? I'd like to get off a little before some of them, if I can."

"That's a good idea, Joe," said Mr. Totem. "They are all loaded and will leave about four o'clock."

The young man hurried away for his horses. The evening was a stormy one, and appearances seemed to indicate bad roads and a terribly cold day on the morrow, but the youthful cadger was nothing daunted. He needed money to buy necessities for his mother and small brother and sister; so that neither cold, snow, ice, or even a pack of hungry wolves had any terrors for him.

"I'll steal a march on the boys in the morning," said he to himself, "and get off ahead or I may meet trouble before I reach headquarters."

Soliloquizing thus, the shrewd young fellow loaded his sleighs and had everything ready for an early start next morning into the wilds of the lumbering woods of rocky, mountainous, almost uncivilized Muskoka.

The country was very sparsely settled. One could drive for hours and not see a living thing save, perhaps, a gaunt wolf, a frightened deer, a bear, a lynx or a wildcat; although other denizens introduced themselves at times to the intruder whom necessity or business might bring into their wild and frigid habitats. Poor "Lo," as our American cousins call the human aborigine, was frequently met, dressed in buckskin leggings trimmed with many-colored beads; moccasins, also of buckskin and beaded on top;

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a blanket, thrown loosely or wound round him in not ungraceful folds; and attached to his moccasined feet by means of buckskin thongs were arrangements known as snowshoes, which enabled him to walk at pleasure on top of the snow.

On the occasion of which I am writing a chief was met who had with him an Indian maiden, a veritable wild lily of the forest, whose sparkling but luminous eyes were well calculated to cause a ripple of admiration even among those who would vote total extermination of the "Noble Red Man."

"Come, Joe," said a savage voice, "don't stand there all day looking at that squaw. The other teams will be so far ahead that we'll never catch them. I'll bet my boots you won't get in front of me another day. Say! young squaw, if you want a ride, come back and get on my sleigh. I'll see that you don't get cold and treat you right. I ain't proud, if I am poor."

"Bob Finch, you stay where you are, till I get ready to start," replied Joe, who was the youth we had seen the evening before.

"As soon as this young woman gets her snowshoes off and is properly seated I'll go on, and not before. In the meantime you keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't propose to be bullied by you at all."

"Ugh," said the Indian, "big fellow much fool, little fellow much good man!"

Bob Finch was a big, ill-natured fellow, easily angered, and in that condition, unprincipled and known as a bully. The old Indian looked dag-

gers at him, which meant a good deal and Bob knew it.

Joe felt nettled and had said more than he should. As a result, other words followed between the two young men, which raised a feeling of resentment in both. The quarrel might have continued, but at that moment a partridge that had been picking some seeds of grain on the road flew like a flash almost by Joe's sleigh. A rifle cracked and the headless bird fell to the ground. The Indian maiden with the discharged weapon in her hand sprang lightly from the sleigh and holding up the decapitated bird, said:

"While white men quarrel, I shoot bird."

Forest Lily had proven herself an expert with the rifle and her father smiled, as much as an Indian ever smiles, at the splendid marksmanship of his dusky but beautiful daughter.

When the girl fired at the partridge, the sharp report frightened Joe Cameron's horses. The road being fairly well beaten at this point made it easy for them to move their great load, and they started suddenly forward. Joe was otherwise occupied and paying little attention to his team. It happened that a few rods forward was the commencement of a sharp decline with several abrupt and sudden windings; and still a little further on a steep and dangerous hill, at the bottom of which was a deep, rapid-flowing stream, lined up on either side by rocky banks. Along the banks at this time were hanging countless projections of ice, caused by the spray from the rapids becoming frozen in the more than zero weather which was then so very much

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in evidence. The lad had thrown down the lines and now in spite of his most strenuous efforts could not regain them, and the horses having reached the sharp decline were propelled forward by the momentum of their great load with the speed of a locomotive. In fact, the load itself was running away and forcing the poor animals before it.

Cries from behind reached Joe's ears: "Jump! for God's sake, jump!" But although he seemed to be trying he could not, he was fast between some of the lumber "bobs" of which his load was made up. The horses were nearing an abrupt turn, a huge rock stood right in their way, but with almost supernatural strength they succeeded in guiding their load past this first dangerous obstacle. On they were forced with tremendous speed and the young man's life seemed hanging by a thread. As they were about to plunge into the rapids below, one horse was carried from his feet and fell; then the other went down, the tongue of the sleigh was driven into the ground and the load thrown high over the prostrate horses. By some means the young man's foot became loosened and he was pitched in an unconscious state within a few feet of the river's bank.

When Joe came to himself he was lying on some cedar boughs on which a blanket was spread; a bright fagot fire was burning and near him stood the Indian chief, while his daughter was preparing some savory-smelling broth, or aromatic beverage, over the fire. As the young man opened his eyes everything came to him



like a flash. He felt tired and did not speak, but unnoticed by his watchers gazed intently at the girl, and really for the first time recognized her charms.

Forest Lily was a young woman slightly above medium height. Her eyes I have described before, and they were hard to equal. Innocent love seemed to scintillate and dart from them whenever they fell upon aught that pleased their simple but coy and rather bashful owner. Her features were of the oval order and a sculptor could not have made them more perfect. Her head, her shoulders, her bust, her lithe and supple limbs, her daintily moccasined feet and perfectly formed ankles, all would have done honor to a Grecian goddess.

Her complexion was almost white, possessing a coppery or slightly olive tinge that made it the more attractive. It only remains to be said that no playful fawn that ever gambled on a plat of green sward, or milk-white swan that paddled on the passive bosom of some limpid stream, ever moved with more artless, winning grace than did this Indian maiden, Forest Lily. And her father, the tall, rather sedate but handsome featured chief of the Ojibways, what of him?

It once was whispered about that Chief Mog-a-wog was not all pure Indian, that his mother was the daughter of a chief of the Mohawks, and his father, a brilliant but rather dissolute officer of one of his majesty King George's Highland regiments, who with his command had been stationed somewhere on the shores of the Canadian portion of Lake Huron. Be this as it may,

Chief Mog-a-wog was a great deal more than a common Indian. He had some education, and had been in London on behalf of his tribe and visited England's queen; had kissed her hand and dined with her at the royal palace.

Forest Lily, who was said to be his only daughter, and who was his almost constant companion when out upon the chase or official duties, had been sent to a convent and liberally educated. But enough of the past history of these Indians for the present. We shall become better acquainted with them later on.

Forest Lily's face was now as pale as it was capable of becoming, and her lovely eyes betokened sorrow and fear. The young man through his almost closed eyelids watched her every expression, and also noticed her exceedingly handsome attire. She was dressed in a white blanket suit, made much after the fashion of those worn by ladies as toboggan suits. This was now unfastened, and swaying open, revealed beneath a medium length skirt of bright yellow buckskin, elaborately beaded and worked with variegated porcupine quills and golden spangles. A neatly fitting buckskin tunic with sleeves reaching halfway down beneath elbow and wrist and dipping into wristlets of peculiar make, all beautifully ornamented with delicate embroidery. Around her graceful neck was a collar trimmed with clusters of what appeared to be diamonds, a figure in the center of each cluster, indicating rank or something he did not understand. The young girl seemed deeply interested in his welfare, and the first joyous thrill of love caused his heart to

beat so fast and loud that he thought his newly made friends must hear it; so he opened his eyes, much to the delight of Forest Lily and her sedate but kindly father. The Indian chief was the first to speak.

"Young man had long sleep. Come near killed. Horses all safe. Load too. Good job. Best take hot drink. Then go on. Soon be late. Soon dark, then bad travel on bad road. Up, Mog-a-wog, help young man." Saying this he tenderly bent over Joe and raised him, and from Forest Lily's hand the young man drank a large bowl of the drink she had prepared for him. This simple, only partially tamed child of the wild woods was already deeply in love with the pale faced young man, whose life had so nearly been sacrificed, because, true to her natural instinct, she had fired that shot so unexpectedly.

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## CHAPTER II.

AFTER Joe and his horses were so unceremoniously thrown from the road, the way was clear, and Finch drove on. Fortunately the huge snowbank into which Joe's horses were thrown prevented serious injury, and the lad was not long in straightening up what the chief had not done for him. He was about to start when he saw one of the teamsters coming back who had been far ahead all day. As soon as the man drew near he called out in a rich, Irish brogue:

"Arrah, Joey bye! By the ghost of me grand daddy (pace to his sowl), an' what's happened yez? That lying thaif of a Finch said yez were only a n' mile or two back, an' here yez are more near to tin."

"Had a little bad luck, Tim, but am all right now," replied the young man cheerfully.

"Howly mother! What a purty nagur ye've found! By gob! if it isn't meself that 'ud be stayin' right here feriver, if I could find an' kape the loikes o' thet!"

"Hush, Tim," said the other. "The lady or her father may hear you."

"Her father, is it? That black haythen, her father. Be the powers! and he's a lucky nagur to have such a purty gurl as thet fer a daughter."

"They ain't niggers, Tim, they're Indians."

He's a chief of the Ojibways and she's his only daughter."

"Ingines, is it? and he's the chafe of—what the devil does ye call it? As sure as I'm a living man, they're comin' this way."

"Yes," replied young Cameron, "they're going to the stopping-place to stay over night. Can't you give them a ride in your sleigh? You've got no load and I'll follow on all right."

"Faith an' I will, if ye're sure they'll not ate me up, body an' bones."

After being assured that no danger would come to him, Tim tucked the young girl comfortably in the sleigh; but the chief refused to ride, stating that he would follow with young Cameron. After Tim started he was not quite sure whether he should talk or not. However, he began by asking:

"Is it livin' far round here ye ar', Miss Injun Chafe?"

The reply came in good English:

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, ye do, do ye, well, thet's noice," replied the Irishman, who concluded to try it again.

"Have ye iver another sisther as purty as yerself?"

"No, sir."

"Will, will. Then ye're the best lookin' wan in all the family, so ye ar'. Now thet's noice too. An' where might the rist of the childer reside, or do they reside at all, at all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, they do, will now thet's noice. Is the owld woman will?"

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"Yes, sir."

"Ye do? Will now thet's noice. What may ye be after killin' at toimes, I don't know."

"I almost killed a man and some horses not long since?" the maiden answered, in her soft Indian voice, a slight smile on her lips.

"The divil ye did," replied Tim, moving a little uneasily toward the outside of the sleigh.

"I won't kill you though, if you'll be my friend," went on the girl. "I hate that big man you call Finch; he's bad, and by his looks I know he will do the young white man much harm, if he can."

"Oh, oh!" replied the Irishman quickly, half-closing one eye and emphasizing the "Oh" with a long-drawn-out drawl. "Be the powers of Paddy Donohue's pig, but there's somethin' in the wind, widout no doubt. And moight I be ather askin' what took place 'twixt the man Finch and the young spalpeen; fer ther'll be no harm come to Joey Cameron, if Tim Lafferty kin sthop it."

"Good," said the girl, "talk not too much, but watch the big Finch to-night."

"Faith an' it's watch him I will; an' saints be praised but yer a clever gurl for a nagur Injin intoirely, so ye ar'."

A slight color arose to the girl's cheeks at this, but she made no reply. It was growing

dark, the trees were cracking and snapping with frost, and the runners of the sleigh creaked an accompaniment to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells as the horses trotted briskly over the snowy road. Joe Cameron and Chief Mog-a-wog had not conversed a great deal, for the Indian was not much of a talker, and Joe's thoughts were occupied with dreams of the—to him—incomparable creature in the buckskin suit ahead. At last he said enthusiastically, addressing the old chief:

"Great Scott! but your daughter is a splendid shot. I wish I could shoot like she did at that partridge to-day."

"She good shot. Young man need be good shot, too, before long," replied the chief.

"Well, I haven't a gun if I could shoot ever so well; you don't think the wolves dangerous up this way, do you?"

"Four foot wolf not much harm. Two-legged big wolf, bad. Young man better watch."

This the chief said in a warning tone, which caused the young fellow to answer:

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Bob Finch! He's too big a coward to do any harm."

"Four-legged wolf coward too. But eat men up sometimes. Big wolf, bad man. He do harm when nobody look. Young man better keep watch."

Thus warned, Joe fell to thinking what it might be possible for Finch to do. He was not a coward; he came from a long line of brave soldiers, and he well remembered when a little child how he used to sit for hours on his maternal grandfather's knee and listen to tales

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of battles in which the old gentleman had led his soldiers to victory; some of them amid the burning sands of India, some in the Crimea, and at Waterloo; and how he had conversed with the great Napoleon when that unfortunate exile was fretting his life away, an English captive, on the island of St. Helena. He remembered, too, how his own father had told him of the great bravery and warlike spirit of the renowned Scottish chiefs and generals who were his ancestors, and who, during the troublous times in Scottish history, fought against the armies of England and could not be subdued. Then his mind reverted to that awful day when his brothers and sisters were called suddenly home.

"Your father is dying; come quickly if you wish to see him alive," was the message.

He remembered how the dying man, holding out one feeble hand toward him, beckoned him to his side and said:

"Joe, my son, I am almost gone. Don't cry, dear boy! Don't cry, I will soon be better off. 'The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.' No, no, Joe! Don't fret for me. All is well. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.' But, Joe, you will be your mother's only staff and shield on earth. You've always been a good boy, Joe, I can trust you to help care for the little ones. Be good, my lad, and God will bless you." Saying this, the father and husband calmly breathed his last.

Joe thought of this now, and wondered if Bob Finch really could or would do anything to injure him; and the youth shuddered as he



thought what a terrible blow such a thing would be to his mother and those depending on him. Then the spirit of his warlike ancestors arose in him, and, although his words were not intended to be heard, the keen ears of the Indian chief caught them, as he muttered:

"I'll keep my eye on Bob Finch, and if he attempts to injure me he'll get the worst of it."

The chief looked at the young fellow for an instant, and then said:

"Young man's heart brave: he have no fear. Big white wolf like fox, he do bad harm when no one look. Mog-a-wog help young man. No talk much best way."

Nothing more was said, Joe taking the hint that too much talking was not a good thing.

"Be dad, an' here comes Joey now, an' the old nagur wid his blanket sittin' on the load as snug as ye please. An' it's moighty near bein' late fer supper ye ar', Mister Joe, an' it was meself thet was gettin' uneasy about ye, so it was."

They had reached the stopping-place for the night, and Tim Lafferty who had been there for an hour or more, feeling anxious about his young friend had come out of the tavern in time to see the young cadger arrive. After the horses were unhitched, and while Joe was in the stable attending to them, the Irishman went in and calling the lad to one side, said:

"Be dad, Joe, that spalpeen of a Finch has it in fer ye shure, an' he was fool enough to till me, not knowin' I was yer frend loike, thet he'd be even wid ye before ye got home. I axed him what ye'd done to hurt him, but he said niver a

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worred, only that he knowed what it was, an' he was goin' to be even wid ye if he went to the jug fer it."

"Well, Tim, I'm much obliged to you for telling me and I'll keep a lookout, but I'm not afraid of him, and if he lays a hand on me he'll be sorry for it."

"He will, eh!" said an angry voice, and before Joe had time to reply he was felled to the ground by a savage blow on the neck which rendered him insensible.

Bob Finch had come in unnoticed, and overhearing the conversation, stepped up and struck the young man with all his strength.

Tim Lafferty wheeled around and seeing who had committed the cowardly act, sprang at Finch like a maddened wildcat.

"Ye murtherin' imp o' the black pit, tek thet," and he struck the fellow a fearful blow over one eye. The two fought like madmen. First the Irishman had the best of it, then for an instant he almost succumbed to the unmerciful blows rained upon him by his more scientific antagonist. Finally Tim succeeded in grasping the fellow with a grip of iron right by the throat.

"Be gob I've got ye now, ye thaif o' the slums. Tek thet, ye blackguard o' the prize ring. It's Donnybrook fair ye're at now, an' be jabers I'll batter yer two eyes till they'll be one wid yer mouth. Ough! Ough! Ough! Don't do thet ye thafe o' darknis," howled Tim, as Finch succeeded in freeing himself from the Irishman's grip and was striking him viciously below the

belt; he then hit him squarely in the mouth, and loosened several of the poor fellow's incisors. Following up this apparent success, Finch rushed forward and seized Tim with all his great strength, trying to throw him to the ground. But here he made a mistake, for the son of Erin was not easy to throw, and with a yell of triumph he exclaimed:

"It's going to hug me ye ar', ye bludthirsty villain. Faith an' it's the son of O'Lafferty thet'll show ye two can play at that purty game."

The noise made by the men, and particularly, the furious, half-despairing howls of Tim as he felt a handful of teeth knocked from their sockets, caused a general stampede to the stable by all the men, women and children in the stopping-place, including chief Mog-a-wog and his daughter.

Just as the foremost ones reached there, Tim had succeeded in throwing his enemy to the ground, and when he saw help coming he exultantly yelled:

"Be the powers ov the howly baldheaded, but yer a foine lookin' man now, Mr. Feench, wid the ivory teeth av yez spread all over the flure, an' a mug on ye loike Patty McFadden's pug pup, an' the eyes ave yez in black mournin' fer the loss of the soight o' thimsilves. Let ye up, is it? Bad cess to ye! say yer prayers, fer yer toime is shorter than the tail av a pig. Pray! ye thafe ye, pray!"

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## CHAPTER III.

THE cadgers were on their last day's journey, should reach their destination by night, unload their sleighs, and on the following morning commence to retrace their steps homeward. The portion of the journey to be completed was simply a trail among the rocks, hills, hollows, over frozen streams and small lakes, uphill, downhill, turn here, turn there. A serpent's windings could not have been more circuitous, irregular, or uneven than the road through this rocky, wooded wilderness, the home of every manner of wild beasts known in these uninhabited countries.

After the furious battle engaged in by Tim Lafferty and Bob Finch, the cadgers, all, as Chief Mog-a-wog expressed it, "smoked the pipe of peace."

Tim looked as if a consultation with the dentist would have been right in line, but was almost as jovial as usual. Finch was morose and reserved.

Joe progressed so nicely the second day that he concluded, for fear of hard feelings with the other men, not to make any special rush to get off in front as was the custom with the teamsters, hence he found himself the last one of all. The wily Irishman was in the lead with Bob

Finch next to him, and they having the best horses, were several miles ahead of the others, who came straggling along at various distances apart.

Joe by exerting his greatest efforts as a driver had succeeded in forcing his now jaded horses to the top of a steep rocky hill. Night was beginning to throw a mantle of gloom over everything. The tired horses suddenly pricked up their ears, indicating that they heard something strange. Joe noticed this and climbing on the top of his load looked carefully in every direction and listened intently, but could not see or hear anything. Feeling for the first time in his life a peculiar sensation of fear and loneliness creep over him he called out with all his might, but the echo of his own voice was the only reply that came to him.

"What a fool I was to let all the teams go ahead of me," he muttered, "my horses are the smallest and I have the heaviest load. The poor things are tired out and I am afraid will have a hard time taking me through. By George! I hear something! What's that? I never heard anything just like it before. Oh! I guess it must have been my imagination, but the horses seem to hear it too. There it is again! My! it's getting dark awful fast. 'Get up, Dick! Get up, Ned! Get up! we must go on!'"

The little animals strained every muscle and finally succeeded, tired though they were, in starting the huge load. They had gone but a few rods when they began to snort and plunge as best they could. Joe heard a strange noise

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overhead, and looking up saw a huge lynx spring from a pine tree almost directly over him. With the quickness of thought he grabbed a long, iron from one of the bob-sleighs and struck furiously at the creature. He failed to hit it, but the weight of the great iron bolt caused him to lose his balance and he went headlong off the load into the deep snow. The lynx hesitated whether to attack the young man or one of the horses. These poor animals were frantic with fear, but so tired they could do little else but snort and tremble. Joe arose and sprang quickly forward toward the sleigh, but the owl-like, glistening eyes of the lynx informed him that that much-dreaded beast had possession. Nothing daunted the young man made a desperate lunge at the animal, but unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he failed to strike the creature, and to his astonishment, it leaped from the load and started off into the woods. The horses had reached a descent in the road, and relieved of the weight of their load and still frightened, they trotted briskly along. By this time night had settled down, and save for the dim light shed from myriads of stars which winked and blinked through the forest trees, it was dark.

"If we were only through that dismal piece of swamp and up the next hill, then we would be all right," said Joe to his horses.

He had reached the top of the hill at the foot of which was the swamp mentioned; and at the other side the really great hill on the journey must be climbed. The hill which he had to descend was really a small mountain of solid

rock, very steep and very rough. He guided his horses as only a skillful reinsman can, but as they neared the bottom they gained a good deal of headway, and dash-bumpety-bump went the bob-sleighs into the cradle holes, and over the rough, rocky ground. Of a sudden, snap, crash went something, but the horses continued on, and their load followed them, till they reached level ground fairly well into the swamp; then a rubbing, scrubbing sound underneath the sleighs told something had broken or given away.

"Whoa, boys!"

The horses stopped and the driver fearful of what had really happened jumped to the ground. Making as careful an examination as the darkness would permit, he discovered that the king bolt was broken and other serious damage done, so that further progress was impossible.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

At the lumbering headquarters or "depot" as it was called, there were some forty or fifty "shanty-boys" employed. Here all supplies were kept till distributed among other shanties within five or ten miles of the "depot."

It was dusk. All the men had come in from their fifteen hours of toil, and the cadgers were soon expected with letters, papers, and other whatnots for the "boys." Sly winks were passed from one to the other, and there seemed to be a half-open secret among them, not intended for the ears or knowledge of the "boss."

"Did ye say, Jock, thet Tim was tae hae five gallons wi' him?" asked a Scotchman of one of the other men, who evidently was also from the land o' cakes and good whiskey.

"Whist!" said Jock under his breath, "dinna blether sae lood, or the 'push' 'ill hear ye." Then moving over closer he said:

"Tim's tae hae five gallons, Murdock's tae hae as mickle mair; Paddy Murphy's tae bring twa or three gallons; and Bob Finch is tae bring a' he can get. They watch Bob ye ken. Each ane o' the lads was solemnly warned that he was nae tae tell ony ither body that he was bringin' the whusky; sae, ilka, ane thinks what he has is a' there is. Lord, mon, but we'll hae a great time the neight."



"But," replied the other, "there's that Cameron laddie, he'll no drink ony, an' we'll hae tae dae somethin' wi' him tae kep him frae squealin'."

"Oh, he's fixed!" said the other; "Bob's attendin' tae him."

The boys had all gone outside by this time, momentarily expecting to hear the bells of the cage teams. A mighty shout went up and the two Scotchmen went out to see the commencement of the fun.

The foreman was becoming assured in his mind that something unusual was the matter with his men. He could not tell what it was, for they were all on the best of terms. His power was to a certain extent supreme, but he knew he could not cope with fifty powerful woodsmen, if they were bent on mischief of any kind; so he called his confidential man, the bookkeeper and clerk, and asked him if he knew what the peculiar actions of the men meant.

"Well, Rutherford," said the bookkeeper, "I hate to give the boys away, but the cadgers are expected to bring some twenty gallons of whisky with them."

Rutherford turned pale and replied:

"Twenty gallons! How could they do that without its being discovered? They all have strict orders not to bring a drop of liquor to these men."

"I know that," replied the other, "but they all, except Joe Cameron, have some, and they have planned to leave him behind."

"My God, Dude!" (the bookkeeper was nick-

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named Dude because he wore a collar), "some-  
thing must be done to prevent these men from  
getting that whisky. There are a few among  
them who are dangerous when in liquor, and the  
devil himself cannot stop them if they get 'full,'  
and thoroughly started. What would you do?"

"I think if you would talk to them quietly,  
they might listen to you. Try it any way."

The foreman, acting on this advice, climbed on  
a pile of wood, and with a pleasant but troubled  
expression on his face, said:

"My men, I want to talk to you a minute or  
two. I understand that some of the cadge  
teams are bringing in a lot of whiskey."

"Right ye are," said a voice in the crowd.

"Some one has squealed on us," said another.

"It's the Dude; string him up!"

"Yes, string him up! string him up!" said  
other voices, and the men became excited at  
once. The foreman noticed this and drawing a  
revolver from his pocket, said in a loud, deter-  
mined voice:

"The first man that moves till I get through  
talking will be shot dead."

They knew that Rutherford's aim was uner-  
ring, and he never said anything he didn't mean,  
so instantly all was quiet.

"Now, boys, most of us have been here for  
nearly three years, and no trouble has arisen. I  
have always treated you well."

"So you have," some one called out.

"And you have done right by me. The com-  
pany has forbidden me to allow a drop of drink  
to come here."

"D——n the company," said a voice.

"To h—l with the company," said another.

The foreman, paying no attention, continued:

"I want to do what is right. Let me take charge of the liquor and I will give everyone a fair share; we'll all have a good time, and the company be none the wiser."

"That's good, that's good."

"You're the stuff."

"Let's take a drink," said different voices.

All proposed:

"Three cheers for Jim Rutherford." Three rousing cheers were given just as the first cadger drove in.

Rutherford remained where he was, and, as the teams came up, called to them in a loud, good-natured voice:

"You drivers take your loads over to the store-room, whisky and all. 'We're going to have a jamboree here to-night.'"

There was a general stir among the boys now and most of them looked pleased. But several discontented fellows followed Finch to the barn, and these were the men the foreman feared, should they happen to get too much drink.

"I'll tell you," said one of them, "just what the push'll do. He'll give us each a drink or two, then spill the rest out, or water it. That 'corn juice' belongs to us. I don't care nothin' for the whisky, but it's the principle. It's our whisky, that's what I say."

"And you're right too," said another. "What do you think, Finch?"

"Well, I'll tell you, boys, I think that mum

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had best be the word at present. Then the first chance we get punch the bloomin' head off that 'push' and get even."

"How'd it do to lay low for awhile, then a few of us bust the storeroom open and coon the licker?" put in a voice.

"That's a good notion. Let's do it. I don't care nothin' for the licker, but I like principle."

They agreed to this, and having arranged the details, all left the stables and mingled with the other men.

The cooks and "chore boys" were as busy as nailers in the cook shanty, flying around, quite happy, preparing dried-apple pies, beans and molasses, doughnuts and other delicacies known only to the lumber-shanty cooks of those days. Huge logs were being piled on the big fire in the center of the great long structure known as the "caboose" where the men sat in the evenings, and slept at nights in bunks arranged like the berths of a ship.

Between these berths and the great roaring fire which was sending its dense columns of smoke and sparks up through a big hole in the roof, were wide spaces of floor room, on either side of which a dance or "hoedown," as the shanty boys called it, was to take place. At the end of each of these wide spaces an empty barrel was placed upside down, on which the fiddlers were to sit. The foreman had passed around hot toddy a couple of times, and jovial merriment, with more or less boisterous laughter, was heard on every side.

"Pardners for a cotillion," cried out one of

the fiddlers, and instantly a grand rush was made for the floor on both sides of the huge fireplace. Up struck the squeaky instruments, the musicians rasping off "Money Musk" with all their might.

"First four right and left. Right and left back. Balance all. Everybody hoes her down. Swing your lovelies. All join hands and circle to the left. Whoop lah!"

"Bill, you're out of time."

"Balance, everybody."

"Lively, boys, lively!"

"Down the center, fol the liddle la! Let her loose, boys."

"All salute and seat your ladies!"

On the dance went fast and furious. Most of the men enjoyed it; though a few considered it a put-up job to rob them of their rights. One of these remarked to a companion:

"That's good whisky and it's ours, and that 'push' should not ought to have anything to do with it. What do you say, Dunk?"

"Weel, mon," replied Dunk, "it's unco guid whusky; but ye ken, Dick, it's agen the rules tae hae ony speerits here at a', an' the 'push' runs a risk in lettin' 't come in, so ye ken he's obleeged to be a leetle cautious like."

"That's all right, Dunk; but that stuff don't belong to the 'push;' it's ours, and what's mine I want on principle."

"They're passin' the toddy agen, Dick. We must awa' an' tak a wee drappie, for ye ken wee'll be nane the wauroi' what ither folk are sae muckle the better o'. Lord! did ye see

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thet? I'm deeveled if Finch and McIver are no  
fou. Where did they get the whusky tae pit  
them in sicca plight?"

A big commotion was beginning to arise in  
one end of the great caboose where Finch and his  
companion entered.

Both, as the Scotchman expressed it, "were  
fou tae the brim," and quarrelsome. Shouts  
and yells were now mingled with savage oaths  
and curses. From a joyous scene of picturesque  
revelry the place was turned instantaneously into  
a bedlam of discordant noises. Scotch, Irish,  
English and Canadian Frenchmen were all  
howling, screaming and cursing in their respec-  
tive tongues. Alcoholic fumes filled the air as  
some one threw a five-gallon keg of whisky with  
a bung open on to the flaming fire, and the liquor  
gurgled out only to be instantly ignited and sent  
in brilliant blue flames out through the roof.  
Above the din was heard most hideous and awful  
cries from one man. It seemed almost as if the  
voices of a hundred demons were being poured  
forth from his one huge mouth. He cursed man;  
he cursed God. Some of the very bravest of the  
men stood back in awe and tremble at the very  
fearfulness of his awful blasphemy. The keg of  
whisky on the fire exploded with a terrific  
crash, and like a series of brilliant lightning  
flashes the stuff caught fire, and Hades itself  
never provided a more awful spectacle. Above  
it all a strange, weird and peculiar noise was  
heard from without. It seemed as if it came  
from above and drew nearer and nearer. The  
clanging and rattle of chains, the ringing of

muffled bells. Of a sudden all was still as death within the large caboose save the howls and curses of the one man. The uncanny noise without drew closer and closer, and sounded more awful and awe inspiring. At last the demon-like yells and curses of the man took on a wailing tone and he was heard to say:

"They're taking me away. Save me! Save me!"

The clanging chains were distinctly heard, and struck the listeners dumb and helpless. The man began to rise, propelled by some mysterious, invisible power, and floating out through the huge smoke-begrimed opening in the roof, away he went, his awful screams gradually dying away as they mingled with the clanging of the invisible chains, and the tolling of the muffled bells.

Some of the men sneaked quietly off to their bunks, and, in spite of themselves, fell asleep. Others were afraid to go to sleep and sat around in little groups, talking over the strange circumstance.

"Tim," said a voice, "thet must be tearible bad whusky to bewitch onybody like thet. Wha'd a thought there wud hae been ony witches up here i' the rocks and craigs o' this country?"

"Arrah! howld yer tongue, Dunk McFadden, wid yer witches. It's near scared out o' a year's growth I am intoirely. Howly Mother! but didn't the poor gossoon cry wid pity whin the Devil was flyin' away wid 'im. Shure an' did ye see ary a bit o' the owld cub at all?"

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vid 'im. Shure an' did ye  
ld cub at all?"

"Na, na! I couldna see ony mair nor yersel',  
Tim. The deil keepit invisible like. But ay,  
guid mon, didna Rab sweer mes' awfu'. It's  
na muckle wonner his Satanic Majesty cam an'  
claim't him. Shorely Rab must hae din some-  
thin' awfu' afore he took the whusky, or he  
wadna hae acted like that. I wonner if there's a  
wee drappie left?"

"Faith, Dunk, an' it's not Tim Lafferty thet's  
aither lookin' for a drap o' the craythur at this  
blessed minit. It's thinkin' o' Finch I am, an'  
wonderin' what divilment he was up to thet  
caused the transmogrifyin' o' himself away. I  
hev it. Arrah, musha, musha! but the same  
Finch has done harm or maybe killed Joey  
Cameron, so he has. Shure an' thet's what's  
the matter, so it is."

Joe had not yet put in an appearance, and here  
it was almost morning. Something must cer-  
tainly have happened the young man. So,  
headed by Tim and Dunk, a number of woods-  
men were collected, and soon set out to learn  
what had become of the lad. Tim drove his  
horses at the top of their speed, abusing himself  
the while because he had not thought of Joe  
before. They reached the hill on their side of  
the long swamp, and looking down in the bright  
morning light, saw a sight that almost froze  
every man of them to their seats. Tim was the  
first to speak.

"Oh! Poor Joe! Poor Joe! He's all ate up  
by the wolves, intoirely, intoirely, so he is, and  
his horses, too. Oh, musha! musha!" sobbed  
the kind-hearted Irishman, as he gazed on the



shining skeletons of the horses, almost every bone picked clean. But his horror and remorse were intensified when he saw many small bones lying around which he felt must be those of the unfortunate young man. The scene was a piteous one in the extreme. A half-dozen great hearty fellows, not yet quite recovered from the effects of their debauch and fright, all sobbing and moaning like little children.

"See how the poor bye built a fire to kape aff the hungry thaveing bastes, but they wouldn't kape aff, bad cess to him, to plaze him. Arrah, musha! musha! an' us all dhrinkin' an' dancin' loike fools that we were."

Everything around the place looked frightful and uncanny—the ghastly skulles and grinning teeth of the dead horses, the snow all trodden down, stained and bespattered with blood.

The men sorrowfully wheeled about and returned to headquarters.

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### CHAPTER V.

WHEN Joe found the kingbolt broken he pulled out the pieces, and to his surprise discovered that the indispensable portion of a bob-sleigh, on which the strain is so great in going over rough places, had been tampered with. In fact, the heavy one which rightly belonged there had been removed and replaced by a much weaker one.

"Chief Mog-a-wog was right, I should have been watching that scamp of a Finch; he has taken out the strong kingbolt and put in a weak one, knowing well it would break when I reached this rough piece of road; and here I am in the night, broken down in the most dangerous place of the whole country. Great Lord, what will I do?"

He jumped nimbly to the top of his load and called three times as loud as he could; no sound came back but the echo and re-echo of his own voice.

"I believe I'd better unhitch the team, get on one of their backs and go on. No harm can come to the load here."

"No, I won't, either. I'll throw off the load and try to fix the sleigh."

The brave young fellow blanketed his tired horses, spoke assuringly to them, and gave each

a liberal feed of oats; then he pulled, tugged and lifted at the heavy load and finally succeeded in getting it off, only to find that, try as he might, he could not repair the damage done. He sat down and tears trickled over his cheeks. He had done no one any harm, he was only trying his best to earn money for the support of his mother and the little ones at home, and yet there were fiends at work trying to defeat his heroic efforts, and by their treachery exposing him in all the helplessness of his present position to the tender mercies of the wild and ravenous beasts of that dangerous region.

"For my mother's sake—poor, dear mother—I must not take these chances. I must mount one of the horses and go on. Why! What was that sharp yelp? That must be a wolf now! Well, one wolf won't do much harm. They're cowardly when alone. Whoa! whoa! Jack and Ned! Don't get frightened, old fellows. I'll take care of you. Finish your oats, and then we'll start for headquarters and disappoint the wolves and wildcats. Why, what's the matter with you horses, anyway? Your're bigger cowards than I am. I wonder if there's another lynx up a tree somewhere. No, I can't see any, but hear that. Why, there must be at least a hundred wolves, all howling at once! Oh, see them down in the swamp! we can never get by them." Then looking reverently toward heaven, the boy said:

"Good Lord! Please help and save me for my dear mother's sake!"

This short and fervent prayer said, the young

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rayer said, the young

fellow felt better, although hope of any kind seemed in vain, for one horse from sheer fright lay down, and the other, plunging and snorting, became entangled in the harness and fell.

"Perhaps I can start a fire. They say that will keep wolves away." Thinking of a can of oil he had on his load he quickly poured it over the wooden sleighs that he had thrown off and set them afire. Soon howls of disappointed rage went up from the almost countless pack of hungry wolves. Knowing that the fire would last but a short time, the youth grasped the iron bolt with which he had done battle against the lynx awhile before, and with the determination of his forefathers thoroughly aroused he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. As the embers began to die out, the more daring of the wolves came closer and closer, seemingly urged or pushed on by the vast numbers behind. Joe then snatched up a piece of iron and threw it with terrific force at the foremost wolf. He struck it fairly and the creature reeled back and immediately fell a prey to its starving companions, who devoured it as though it had not been one of their own kind. The taste of blood made the beasts more furious and on they came. Joe was compelled to recede from his position, and the unfortunate horses were pounced upon and devoured in an incredibly short time.

"Come on, you hungry, howling brutes," shouted Joe, in his frenzy; "I'm ready for you, come on!"

"Oh, poor, dear mother, poor little brothers and sisters, you will never see brother Joe again!"

God help me! Take that, you brute, take that, and that!" and the young man had commenced his desperate hand-to hand fight against his bloodthirsty foes.

A loud report, a great flash of light, the sharp cracking of rifles, the dropping dead of wolf after wolf, told that help, and perhaps rescue had come. Joe dropped to the ground as a huge wolf sprang upon him, and he knew no more.

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CHAPTER VI.

ON the evening of Joe's first day's journey, and after the cruel blow from Finch which had knocked him senseless, he was carried into the stopping-place and consciousness restored with considerable difficulty. His constant attendant and nurse for the evening was none other than the beautiful Indian maiden, Chief Mog-a-wog's daughter. She and her father had nursed him back to life earlier in the day, and for the second time the same duty fell to her again.

The first words he spoke were:

"Why, how kind you are! Who hurt me? I wasn't doing any harm, or quarreling with any one."

The girl looked down at him. They were alone in a pleasant little sitting room. Their eyes met.

"Don't talk, Mr. Cameron," she said, "you have been hurt. That big, bad man almost killed you, but my father, the great chief of the Ojibways, will punish him for that. My father likes you, and," the artless girl added, "Forest Lily likes you, too."

The young man took her hand.

"Do you like me? Oh, you are so pretty," said he, and raising himself up from the couch

he threw his arms impulsively around the blushing girl, and kissed her budding lips with all the fervor of guileless youth.

"Dear Joe is good," said the girl, and unwinding his arms from her, she left him and went across the room, where she sat down before an old-fashioned melodion, and began in that soft, soothing tone characteristic of her race to sing an Indian love song which so enraptured the young man, who was passionately fond of music, that, had not a soft tap at the door been heard, he would have been at her side in an instant more blending his voice with hers. A soft "Come" from the girl ushered in her stately father, who in his own language told his daughter it was time to retire.

This she at once did, first sending a few arrows from her sparkling eyes, which pierced the very soul of the young man, who was now for the first time in his life struggling in the throes of a boyish love. Next morning, though Joe was up long before the lark—if there had been any larks in that part of the country—the Indian chief and his beautiful daughter were gone, and much as he longed to see her, and often as he looked back toward the house, he saw her not, nor had he any idea that he would ever see her again.

When the Indian maiden and her father left the stopping-place they went gliding over the snow on their snowshoes with almost the swiftness of antelopes. The chief had to visit some portions of his tribe and with his daughter hastened on his errand.

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were now returning home, but they were not tired and the moon would soon be shedding her light over the silvery snow. They had reached a small opening in the woods on top of a barren, rocky plateau, when the chief's keen eyes detected a faint light, and the ever-alert ears of his daughter caught distant sounds. They exchanged a few words in their own tongue and then both flew like arrows over the snow toward the glimmer of light. As they drew near and the terrible sight of Joe and his unfortunate horses being devoured by wolves was directly before them, the chief hurriedly snatched a roll of birch bark from a tree, filled it with gunpowder, rolled it up and tied it tightly, then he applied a match to it and threw it with great force in among the enraged wolves where it exploded, then he speedily set fire to every birch tree, a clump of which stood near. Meantime the girl with deadly aim shot down the wolves nearest her young lover; and with the speed and daring of a panther the old chief rushed in, and leveling a gaunt wolf that was springing on the young man, he seized Joe in his arms and rushed with him into the clump of burning birches. Laying him down he commenced firing into the ranks of the wolves; and the savage brutes, now frightened by the great fire, with many a yelp and many a howl, rushed off into the swamp and were lost to sight.

The moon was raising her head above the lofty pines, the wind was sighing and sighing amid the tree tops; and, as some old king of the forest was more rudely fanned than a younger, more



beautiful, and less lofty tree, the old, snarly monarch swayed to and fro, emitting a groan as if he were animate but full of bitter recollections of the past. The scene was a weird one. Among the tree tops there seemed to be whispers of tranquil love and youthful bliss mingled with dying moans and wails and sighs. Down near the clump of burning birch trees knelt the Indian girl bending over a pale young man, his dark disheveled hair making his face appear more ghastly white. One moment she applied a gummy substance to stay the flow of blood, the next her dainty hands tenderly brushed back the locks of hair from his boyish forehead.

Intense anxiety was depicted on the girl's face, but at last her loving touch seemed to thrill the wounded boy, his eyes opened, his lips quivered, and the voice which she feared was silenced forever breathed the name:

"Forest Lily."

For an instant their eyes met, and in that instant holy vows were made, and pure thoughts exchanged, though not a word had been spoken.

The chief, who had been busying himself with his hatchet preparing fuel to keep up the fire lest the wolves should return, stepped noiselessly over to the bed of boughs on which the young man lay, and in a soft voice said:

"Wolf came near eat young man up. Mog-a-wog and Lily just come in time to drive wolf off. Good job. Now safe. We soon go, if young man can walk."

"Oh! Chief Mog-a-wog, but wasn't that terrible? I fought the brutes as long as I could, but

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they bit and tore me so. Finch played me a mean trick or I wouldn't have broken down. But I'll report him to the company."

When Joe's wounds had been carefully attended to, the trio started for headquarters; and reached there just when the revelry was at its highest, and as Finch and some companions were stealing the hidden whisky from the storeroom. Before taking it they had drunk very freely, and the old chief, keeping in the shadow of the building, saw the whole affair. Much to the amusement of Joe and Forest Lily he stole quietly over and frightened the fellows almost to death. Then fearing trouble the three went to the next shanties, where they obtained lodgings for the remainder of the night. In the morning they came back just in time to astonish Tim Lafferty and his companions, who had shortly before returned from the terrible scene where Joe was supposed by them to have perished.

"Holy Mother! An' there's the nagur chafe an' the Injin gurrl wid Joey's ghost, by gob! The poor bye! The poor bye! Be dad! an' it's aloive he is intoirely, so he is! Is it from the belly of the wolves ye tuk him, Misther Nagur? By the powers of Billy Bolly, but yer smart, wid yer quare ways and quick movin's. Arrah, Dunk McFadden, ye spalpeen of the warld, where are ye? Come here, ye thafe, an' see a livin' ghost from the jaws of the wild wolves of Ameriky. Did ye resciumreck the owld harses, too, Mr. Chafe?"

"Haud yer wheest Tim, yer mackin' an awfu' fule o' yersel'. The lad's no' a ghaist at a', but

a leevin' 'bein' like oursel's. They'll think, mon, yer fu' o' whusky, if ye dinna haud yer bletherin'. I wonner if there's a wee drappie left, sa's the auld man could hae a sup tae cheer him up, ye ken, he looks so sad like. Oh, Laird, Tim! isn't that a bonny lassie the auld chief o' the witches has wi' him? Do you doot they're witches, Tim? I'm no feered o' them at a', but I'm gettin' awfu' dry like, an' I wish I had a wee drappie just tae weet my whustle, an' tae gie the copper-colored gentry a smack or twa."

Good-hearted Tim by this time had sufficiently recovered himself to speak to Joe and his friends; and the foreman coming along everything was explained, and all were invited in to have breakfast, of which they partook with great relish, particularly Joe, Chief Mog-a-wog and his daughter.

The foreman gave Joe a letter of explanation to the company, and offered all three a comfortable passage home with Tim Lafferty. Joe accepted, but the chief declined and his brave daughter remained with him. Glances were exchanged between Joe and the lovely girl as they bade each other good-by, which carried with them as pure a love as ever passed from human heart to heart.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. CAMERON was a refined lady, the daughter of a British officer of high rank, a well-bred woman with attainments much above the average. She was possessed of a proud, haughty spirit, which rebelled against the fates and circumstances that compelled her and her children to do for a livelihood that which she considered should be done by those more fitted for it by physical adaptability and ancestral environments. Her home was a pleasant cottage, situated on the outskirts of one of the most charmingly picturesque little towns to be found anywhere in her majesty's Dominion of Canada. I shall not wait to give even a meager description of this lovely spot, but will hurry on with my narrative, attempting to portray, as best I can, the more important and thrilling incidents with which our principal characters were connected, and which occurred in and around this once favorite camping ground of the famous Iroquois, Huron, Mohawk, and Ojibway, where still, as the summer winds whisper through the tree tops along the pebbly beach of beautiful Couchiching, and a graceful seagull is seen gliding over the shimmering bosom of this once enchanted lake, or a solitary wild duck arises from its lonely hiding-place amid a clump of bulrushes uttering, as

it departs, a dismal, wailing farewell. One listening seems to hear soft voices of departed spirits echoing and re-echoing along the shore, each rippling wavelet murmuring a language of its own and telling soft, soothing tales of stalwart braves and dusky maidens plighting their troth, or stories of fast and furious warfare, where warrior met warrior, and tomahawks, war clubs, and scalping knives did their deadly work.

"Good-mornin', Mistress Cameron, an' hoo's yersel' an' the bairnies the morn? Aw doot ye'r no ower weel, or else ye mon o' heard the news, ye look sae droopie like."

"What news, Mrs. Craig? I have heard none, but I have felt a premonition for several days and there seems to be something awful in store for me. Have you heard anything concerning my son, Joseph?"

"Weel, Mrs. Cameron, there's a bit talk gaun the roons thet Robert Finch cam tae an awfu' endin', an' his faulk are near daft wi' the w'y he was speereted awa'. A'm telt—" Mrs. Craig was not given time to continue, the other's anxiety had been smouldering for so many hours that, now it had found vent, it burst forth with such vehemence that Mrs. Cameron's good neighbor was instantly overwhelmed with questions. And though secretly much pleased at being the first to impart the news of Finch's mysterious death—for this was all she had yet heard—she was entirely unprepared for the avalanche of impatient questions which were showered upon her. She replied, though greatly

confused:

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"Gae easy, wuman, gae easy; dinna blin me wi' yer speerin. A'm telt Finch gaed up in a fiery chariot midst the danglin' o' chains, the blowin' o' pipes, an' the blastin' o' bugles, surrounded by twa 'r three hunder imps an' grinnin' deevils. The soot-begrimed bodies i' their short sarks skippet an' skelpit an' gir'd the air, fair turn blue wie their unca sweerin'."

Mrs. Cameron at once made allowance for the Scotch woman's superstition and fondness for hyperbolic description of the "mysterious and uncanny doin's o' the de'il an' his hosts o' speerits an' witches," as the lady expressed it. "Why, Jeannette Craig, it cannot be possible that you believe such nonsense?"

"Do ye no beleave what a've been tellin' ye then, Mistress Cameron?" asked Mrs. Craig.

"Why, no, Jeannette. How could I believe such an absurdity? People don't go up in fiery chariots nowadays. And Satan and his imps appear in a much more secret and crafty manner than in the way you have described."

"What A've telt ye cam fra guid authority; bet since ye'r no beleevin' 't a'l bid ye gang doon the toon an' learn the fae's yersel'. An' noo A'll leave ye to yer ain speerin glumness."

"Don't think I doubt your word, Jeannette. I am quite sure you have been told this story, but it is too unreasonable for credence."

The indignant Mrs. Craig arose and left before Mrs. Cameron had finished speaking, slamming the door behind her.

A gentle rap, a short time afterward, aroused Mrs. Cameron; and her minister entered the

room, which was, by the way, a cozy apartment, not lavishly or richly furnished, but it bore evidence of a refined mind and deft, willing fingers.

"Mr. Grayling, I am so glad to see you. I am very despondent to-day."

"I am afraid you work too hard, Mrs. Cameron," said the good man, after seating himself.

"Oh, I don't care how hard I work, if I can but keep my family together, and give the little ones a fair education. Nor do I care how hard my children have to work, so long as their strength is sufficient for the tasks allotted to them, for I think honorable employment is the great safeguard against idle, wicked habits, and dangerous or evil associations, and certainly no disgrace to any one; but it is hard to see one's children compelled to adopt menial occupations for which they have neither strength nor adaptability, when they are fitted for quite as useful pursuits in which they could achieve success without the exhaustion of their entire stock of youthful energy. Joseph has to work far beyond his physical powers for a mere pittance, and his employment throws him among companions who are not the best for a young man at the age when impressions are dangerous or otherwise, according as they are evil or good."

"Never fear, Mrs. Cameron, your son is a good lad; he has a strong mind and an honest heart, and there is little danger of such young men allowing themselves to be led astray by wicked companions. Home teaching under the God-fearing, God-loving guidance of good parents,

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especially a Christian mother, is what counts in the after lives of men and women. This fortifies the child against temptation, and has the greatest power for the right in all the world. So be of good cheer; something may transpire that will enable Joseph to find more fitting employment. The Lord has his own way of accomplishing things; and what we think is for the worse frequently turns out to be the best possible thing that could have happened. Faith and courage are the two great essentials; and these reinforced by health and a steadfast, willing spirit, are capable, almost, of removing mountains."

The clergyman talked in this manner to Mrs. Cameron until she was quite herself again. He was about to leave when Mrs. Craig came rushing in, a smile of triumph on her face as she exclaimed:

"It might be that ye'd beleeve a body the noo, when A cam tae tell ye that ye may be thankfu' tae yer maker fer sparin' yer ain lad's life."

Mrs. Craig was telling all she had heard as Joe himself appeared.

The young man related in a graphic manner some of his terrible experiences, not forgetting to paint Forest Lily in the most brilliant colors. Such a glow took possession of the youth's face when he mentioned the Indian girl's name, and his voice grew so soft and full of pathos, that it left an impression on the minds of the elder people. The young man's experiences had been of such a thrilling nature, and he related them in such an intensely dramatic manner, that the younger children, who had rushed in when they



heard their brother's voice, one moment shrunk back with fear, then clapped their hands with delight at the daring bravery of their brother and his noble rescuers. But, when he reached that portion of his narrative where Finch had disappeared through the roof of the caboose amid clouds of fire and smoke, excitement among his listeners ran high in the extreme. Mrs. Craig's eyes almost started from their sockets. The children clung to each other and to their mother, as if they expected that at any moment they too might be carried off. Even the good minister was visibly affected, and several times said "Amen" in a solemn, earnest tone, as though he rather admired the unusual actions of his satanic majesty in this particular instance.

As Joe concluded, Mrs. Craig jumped from her seat and threw her arms around him.

"Aw, laddie, laddie!" she exclaimed, "the Lord be praised! bet ye had a narrow escape, an' thankfu' we a' are for yer safe return. The de'l be praised, tae, fer the speeritin' awa o' thet scamp o' a Finch. It was aye ma opinion thet faulk were o'wer hard like on the puir de'l. It may be thet he'll get credit noo fer what he's din."

"Amen," said the minister, and the children gave a great "hurrah."

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### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Duncan McFadden, or "Oatcake," as he was sometimes called, saw Tim leaving the headquarters for home, he determined that he would remain no longer where he had witnessed "A fellow mortal taen awa' by the de'l."

Tim was very glad to have the Scotchman for a companion on his return journey, for he had not had an opportunity of talking over the scenes of the previous night with any one, and was unable to reach an intelligent conclusion himself.

Tim was as kind and honest a man as ever left Erin's Isle. Dunk, though uncouth, had quite a sense of humor, and was good-natured to a degree. The two had been companions, more or less, for several years and a firm friendship existed between them, although one was as Scotch as oatmeal, and the other as Irish as buttermilk. They both had great reverence for the deity, an equally great fear of his satanic majesty, and rather more than an ordinary fondness for "A wee drappie o' speerits," as Dunk expressed it.

Tim enjoyed a "drap o' the craythur" as well as any person on earth, but he had a pride which forbade his overstepping the bounds of propriety except on rare occasions. Not so with Dunk. He was not more partial to his "wee

drappie" than Tim, but his troubles and sorrows were all changed into pleasures and joys under its influence, or it aroused his bump of caution, and made him fearless, shrewd, or witty and jovial.

"Indade an' it's meself 'll be pleased moightily to have ye wid me on my thrip home, Misther Dunk, so it is, an' Joe an' meself 'll enjoy yer company immensely, so we will."

This was Tim's reply to Dunk's request for a ride to the town of O—, where both made their homes when out of employment.

When they reached the valley where the winter sun shone on the bare white bones of Joe Cameron's ill-fated horses, Joe with difficulty controlled his feelings. He thanked God for his own narrow escape; then his dark eyes flashed, showing his mind intent on retaliation. Tears for an instant moistened his eyelids, then, as he thought of the scene enacted in yonder clump of birches, he became absorbed in thoughts of the artless girl to whom he believed he owed his life.

None of the men spoke as they drove through this dismal portion of the forest, except the words of assurance addressed by Tim to his frightened horses, as they snorted and shied at the ghastly battle ground where their unfortunate fellows had fallen a prey to the wolves.

Dunk gave Tim a slight nudge to attract his attention, and the two silently studied the younger man's features as he passed from one mood to another, so completely isolated from his surroundings by his own thoughts that every impression from within was plainly depicted on

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his handsome, open countenance, informing his friends as plainly as words that revenge, sorrow, mystery and love, each in its turn, was struggling within him.

Finally, when the travelers were a mile or more distant from this place, Joe aroused from his reverie and said:

"You don't think, boys, that Bob Finch was actually spirited through the roof of the caboose, and killed, do you?"

At this question, which was unexpected, the two men started, neither replying. Dunk had considered the affair a dispensation of Providence; but Tim could not quite arrive at the conclusion that Bob might not file an appearance at any moment and attempt a repetition of the unpleasant fistic dose he had once given him.

Joe alluding to his unanswered question said:

"For my part, I can't believe such a thing possible, and would not be surprised to see Finch show up at some one or other of the stopping-places along the road."

At this Tim rubbed his swollen eye in an affectionate manner, as though assuring that sable optic that it had nothing to fear so long as his legs remained intact; and a ludicrous smile passed over his comical-looking visage, which was still swollen and discolored as a result of his recent pugilistic encounter with Finch.

Dunk drew a flask from his inside pocket and passed it to his Irish companion, remarking:

"Tak a wee drappie, Tim. Siccan a experience as we've passed through ca's for a bit artificial stimulation."

Tim seized the flask and placing it to his lips pulled so vigorously that Dunk became alarmed and took it from him. He drank a little himself and, after inviting Joe to take a "wee taste" which was declined, he gave the bottle a loving glance and returned it to its former hiding-place near his heart.

The contents of the flask soon took effect, and Tim was the first to speak. He seemed to have forgotten Finch entirely, and began by saying:

"Sure, an' it's meself that's traveled from the county Kilkenny, an' never the aqual ave the owld nagur chafe or the loiks ave the purty daughter did I ever hear tell ave atal, atal."

Joe replied:

"The chief is a fine old gentleman, isn't he? I shall never forget his great bravery and kindness."

"An' sure, ye'll not be afther forgettin' the purty gurl, Joey, me bye, aither, so ye won't," said Tim with a twinkle in his uninjured eye.

"Oh, no, I never shall forget her, for she showed as much bravery as her father. I think her the nicest girl I ever saw. It seems so strange to find such as she in these wilds, among such dangerous surroundings."

"Ah, laddie," said Dunk, "the surroundin's an' dangers may na be canny tae oor kind, but there a nature tae yon bonnie lass, and she might na be happy or weel content tain awa fra them. She's a sweet flower bloomin' among rank weeds, an' her father's a graun specimen o' mighty manhood; but, lad, they're wild creatures ye ken, an' wad droop an' dee gin they war put amang

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faulk no o' their ain kith an' kin, an' whar they  
could na roam free like amang the craigs an'  
ower the mountain taps, an' through the green  
valleys o' their native heath. Na, na, it wodna  
dae tae tak them fra their ain hames." And as  
the kindly Scot thought of his "ain boyhood  
days amang Scotia's heather hills," a large tear  
coursed down his bronzed face.

No matter if these sentimental emotions were  
aroused by the contents of the little bottle, they  
had been there all the time though latent. The  
spirits had merely awakened and put them in  
motion. They meant that the man loved his  
native land. This proved he had a soul. The  
words, however, had a marked effect on Joe,  
exactly as Dunk intended they should; for the  
keen Scotchman perceived danger ahead for his  
young friend, should he allow his affections to  
become entwined around the heart of the wild  
flower, Forest Lily. But Cupid's darts had  
already done their work in Joe's heart, and no  
matter what well meaning friends might say or  
think, such love would brook no interference  
from any one, nor become cooled by a danger,  
regardless of its intensity.

Tim and his companions were some hours later  
in starting from headquarters than any of the  
others, hence were miles behind and alone on  
the road.

The weather had been extremely cold for some  
days, but a general thaw had set in all over the  
country, as is frequently the case toward the  
middle of March in northern Ontario.

The section of which I am writing is very

rough and mountainous, and many small streams coursing down between the great moss-covered rocky hills empty themselves into the creeks, rivers and lakes with which the country is abundantly supplied. Many of these creeks and rivers are extremely swift at all times, but, when swollen by the melting of a tremendous mantle of snow, they amount in many instances to mighty cataracts, and toss their sparkling spray and glittering foam high against the sides of craggy rocks, which, loaded with various ores, form in the glitter of the sun a wondrously beautiful contrast to the inky-black waters which gurggle, and rush, and tumble beneath.

The road over which the cadgers traveled crossed many of these streams. Sometimes roughly constructed bridges or stationary catamarans were used. But where the water ran sufficiently slow to permit of its freezing solidly they crossed on the ice. Lakes, too, no matter what their size, were selected to form as great a portion of the road as practicable, for on these the surface was level, and the sleighing unequaled.

Where a stream entered one of these lakes, a current usually extended entirely across, or lengthwise of the lake, continuing then on its way to other waters. In such cases the ice over these lake currents was always thin and treacherous, except in the most extreme weather of mid-winter. A short distance from one of these small bodies of water, a group of log shanties had been erected by a lumber company, who having removed all their forest products left the

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buildings to be used by any wanderer who might  
happen in that vicinity.

These shanties had been used, too, at one time  
by cadgers, who took their noon meal there on  
the last day's journey in going to headquarters,  
but never occupied them at night. In fact, our  
friend Tim and many others could not have been  
induced to spend a night here, for there were  
well authenticated stories told and believed, that  
these partially decayed lodgings were haunted,  
and very much haunted at that.

Many were the blood-curdling tales told of  
them around big camp fires on cold winter  
nights, when the north wind was howling outside  
and sending the sparkling flakes of frost and  
snow in great clouds and drifts among the creak-  
ing pines and bending hemlocks, when the dis-  
mal yelp of some gaunt, hungry wolf would send  
a shudder through the sturdiest heart, and cause  
the superstitious ones among the burly listeners  
to skulk shiveringly off to their bunks, and wish  
that friendly old Sol would peep up in the east  
and bring them a new day.

A circumstance that made some people quite  
confident that spooks inhabited these shanties  
was the fact that some Indian chief of consider-  
able renown had been heard to say that evil  
spirits had existed there for generations prior to  
the building of the huts. Some hunter or Indian  
had named the place "Owl's Nest," because the  
shrieking voices which had so frequently been  
heard emanating from a particular portion of one  
of the buildings, strongly and strangely resem-  
bled the screech of that lonely bird of darkness.



Owl's Nest was situated amid a clump of tall evergreen trees, on a gently sloping piece of ground which marked the base of three densely wooded hills, and commanded a view of a charming little sheet of water called Lake Nipawa. A swiftly flowing river emptied into one end of this lake, and the current continued the entire length, where it again formed a stream of considerable magnitude, which moved rapidly over sunken rocks and bowlders, making, when the river was high, a wild, furious roar, and, when low, a musical murmur which once heard was never to be forgotten, because of the peculiar cadence of its soft, weird tones.

It had been thawing since early morning, and little streams were transformed from rivulets to rivers.

It was evening, and Joe and his companions were no further on their road than they should have been at high noon, but they determined to push on.

"Faith an' I never saw the loikesave the thaw this day. An' the poor bastes are leg weary. Sure a bite to ate would do them no hurt, I do be thinkin'," said Tim as he pulled up his tired horses in a suitable place for the proposed rest and refreshment.

Joe opened a lunch basket and commenced dividing its contents.

Tim had removed the bit from one horse's mouth and was about to remove the other, when the beasts suddenly snorted and became unmanageable. The cause of their fright was not then visible to the men, but off the animals ran. A

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number of frightened deer dashed by, and after  
they had gone the equines being tired soon  
stopped and were glad to rest and eat.

This episode put the men on the alert and  
caused them to be constantly prepared for other  
and perhaps more serious dangers, dangers un-  
thought of by them, but still not far distant.

## CHAPTER IX.

CHIEF MOG-A-WOG and his daughter left the headquarters on their snowshoes, making rapid progress over mountain trails, through swampy thickets, and wild, unbroken pathways known only to the aborigines of the country.

As the sun was beginning to hide behind the tall trees, and sinking lower and lower in the western sky, a number of deer went bounding by in the deep snow, but one of them was a little tardy and fell a prey to Forest Lily's unerring aim.

"My daughter good shot, ugh!" said the chief proudly. Then laying down the pack he was carrying, he commenced preparations for the evening meal, of which a portion of the slain deer was to form a part.

As the bright fire cracked and burned, sending fitful wreaths of smoke curling toward the rock-peaked hills, the stately old warrior sat upon a rudely fashioned seat, improvised by his daughter, his usually sedate though bright countenance showed him to be in a deep study. Lily noticed this, and, at times, gazed intently at her father, endeavoring to read what was passing in his mind. She had seen him in these moods before, but never unless something was at stake of more than ordinary moment. The girl a little.

She, too, was in a study, and she wondered if her father's thoughts were coursing the same channel as her own, or if he were cognizant of the consuming love which had sprung up between Joe Cameron and herself. She trembled with a vague fear as she thought:

"Perhaps my father will not permit me to see him again. No, my father is a great chief and a kind man; he loves me and will be reasonable. I will ask him; but—" Here the girl seemed to stop even breathing, though only for a moment, then she continued her reverie. "Perhaps Joe will think of me no more; will love some pale-faced maiden of his own people, and Forest Lily will be left to die of a broken heart. No, he will not do that. I love him, and because I love him I will trust him."

The chief was so absorbed in his own reflections that his daughter's almost audible soliloquy and intense emotion failed to attract his attention. Presently he arose, looked carefully over his ammunition, for a storm was brewing and a few drops of rain were already falling. He picked up his daughter's rifle, examined it closely, then said:

"We must soon start; dangers before us are great. My daughter knows not of these, but her rifle may be hot with firing, and her tomahawk red with blood before the light of another day. The waters are rising and dangers will be in our path as we go. For these the chief of the Ojibways cares nothing; he is a beaver in the water, and the terrors of the forest are to him as jumping squirrels or cooing pigeons. But some

bad pale faces have a lodge southward, and Mog-a-wog must find the place and learn its secrets. He must go alone, for many heads have many tongues and do much talk. My daughter no talk, her mouth is dumb when silence best thing; but she not risk her life unless can't be helped; ugh!"

"I am the trusted daughter of the great chief of the Ojibways. For my father's sake and for my father's love I will sacrifice my life and think it nothing. When Lily's rifle cracks or her tomahawk falls, a foe will die. My father must not go alone. I am ready."

When the girl concluded this speech she gave a quick start forward and threw her arms about the chieftain's neck. Fortunately she did so, for a loud report made the rocky hills echo, and a leaden bullet sped on its errand, passing through the maiden's beaded vest, and grazing the integument over the region of her heart. The chief and his daughter both dropped instantly to the ground as though shot dead. Neither moved a muscle. A flash of lightning followed by a deafening crash of thunder added to the sublimely thrilling nature of the scene. A moment after soft words of assurance passed from one to the other telling that neither was injured. Then the chief with his rifle firmly clutched, so cautiously raised his head that the movement was scarcely discernible; another lightning flash revealed the landscape to his practiced eyes, and in the distance a retreating figure was seen hurrying away, evidently assured that his bullet had accom-

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plished its fatal end, and robbed Chief Mog-a-  
wog of his pretty daughter.

"Ugh!" said the warrior in a significant tone,  
springing lightly to his feet, "a big storm soon  
come, but pale face, coward dog, gone. We  
must go quick now. Great lot to be done while  
dark."

Lily instantly fastened her garments about  
her more snugly, looked well to her weapons, and  
was ready to face even death.

The storm broke upon them with great vio-  
lence, so that they were driven to seek shelter in  
the hollow of a projecting rock, over which hung  
a thick matting of furry boughs. Here they  
were protected to a great extent from the terrific  
warfare of the elements.

The fierce lightning flashes kept the heavens in  
a continuous flame of fire, and dashed to splin-  
ters old sturdy oaks and lofty pines; the pealing  
thunder echoed from hill to hill, and mountain  
to mountain, sullenly roaring up the valleys, as  
if dissatisfied with all nature.

The furious gale uprooted trees, loosened  
rocky boulders and sent them crashing down the  
mountain sides. Wild beasts were driven from  
their lairs, and bounded, howling, screaming,  
and screeching from place to place, all making  
such a frightfully deafening din that Forest  
Lily instinctively clung closer to her father, the  
brave old warrior, whom nothing could alarm.  
The storm continued thus for several hours and,  
when it abated, the roar of many waters could be  
heard, as the swollen currents surged with mad-  
dening fury down and over a hundred water-

falls, carrying with them huge cakes of ice, trunks of broken trees and countless cords of splintered driftwood.

"I am afraid the bridges will be gone so that we cannot cross the stream," said Lily to her father.

The chief slipped out from their place of shelter, and straightening up his tall, stalwart frame, gazed steadfastly southward, listening intently. After a few moments he replied:

"If go quick, can reach worst place before very bad."

Immediately the two were up and away, winding hither and thither, to avoid fallen obstacles or thick underbrush. Nearer and nearer they approached the roaring torrent, and faster and faster their footfalls fell on the now hardening snow; for the night had turned cold again, and the rising moon lent a helpful light to aid them on their way. When they reached the seething river's bank the bridge was all gone but a few shivering timbers, which clung to their fastenings in an uncertain manner, creaking and pitching, as if at any moment they might break away and be carried down the furious stream. The chief and his daughter were undecided for a moment, then the latter said:

"We cannot cross, 'twould be certain death."

Her father replied:

"Mog-a-wog is the great chief of the Ojibways, and fears not death; he must do his duty. Will my daughter risk her life? She can follow."

"Forest Lily is the daughter of Mog-a-wog, the great and brave chief of the Ojibways and she

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will cross the angry waters first, and if she  
reaches the other shore, her father can come."

Before the chief had a chance to remonstrate  
the daring girl was bounding from log to log,  
one moment almost hidden by clouds of foam  
and spray, the next nimbly running along a slip-  
pery timber and, as it gave way and shot from  
under her feet, shouting with triumph she  
jumped to another; but now for a second she  
halts and braces every nerve for the final leap  
that must mean life or death. She's gone.  
She's reached the bank. She waves her arms  
high in the air and shouts with all her strength.

"Father do not risk it, or the angry waters  
will devour you."

But the brave old warrior does not heed the  
warning, and thrilled by the sight of his daugh-  
ter's wondrous courage, he plunges into the  
awful danger. The seething river was loaded  
with *débris* picked up from all along its wild,  
uneven banks. Large jagged pieces of ice, whole  
trees which had been uprooted by the storm and  
tossed like splinters into the hurrying stream,  
occasionally a wild beast vainly struggling for  
existence; this all mingled with the deafening  
noise made the scene as it appeared in the dim  
moonlight sublimely awful.

About midway across the stream the stately  
Indian stands on the only remaining abutment,  
and this a solid rock placed there by the hand of  
nature. On the further bank is Forest Lily.  
Her large, dark eyes are flashing with great ex-  
citement. Her countenance depicts intense  
anxiety for her noble father, who stands alone on



that slippery, treacherous spot. She glances up the river, an exultant shout escapes her lips. She raises her rifle and fires to attract the chief's attention. He does not hear it. Again she fires. The chief is about to give up the unequal struggle and plunge into the torrent, but hears a faint report and looks. He sees his daughter waving her hands in frantic efforts to attract his attention. He glances up the river and understands. A ray of hope lights up his face, for hurrying toward him, carried on the topmost wave, is a long tree that reaches almost from bank to bank. It is coming with great force, the bushy end almost scrapes the southern shore; the other end must strike the rock on which he stands. With superhuman effort he bounds into the air and lands directly on the approaching log; then he nimbly runs along the tree and springs into his daughter's outstretched arms. The two embrace in quite un-Indian fashion, fall on their knees and thank God and the angels for their marvelous escape. After a moment's rest the chief made a careful examination of his firearms, lest they had been injured by the wet; then he arranged two savage-looking knives, one in his own belt, and the other in a girdle he placed around his daughter's slender waist. A tomahawk, too, was securely fastened in each belt; then the old warrior strode off southward, simply saying to Forest Lily, "Come."

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## CHAPTER X.

Now we will take a peep into Owl's Nest, first that portion from which the sounds have been heard to come that have given the place its name. We find it inhabited by men; four are playing cards, another looking on. Lying on a black bearskin in front of a cheery fire, is another man. His general build is not unlike that of an Indian. His outer garments hang steaming before the fire, and he acts as though cold and wet. These men are all strong, muscular fellows, and not of the woodsmen type. He who sits at the table not playing cards is apparently about thirty years of age, must stand six feet two inches in height, and is proportionately built all over. He has a fine physique and a handsome face. His attire is odd, and on him exceedingly attractive; a buckskin vest, elaborately, and expensively trimmed; a velvet smoking cap; a neatly fitting jacket made of the same material; and buff, skin-tight breeches set off the whole. On each side of the vest collar is a coat-of-arms. A heavy gold chain passes twice around his neck, and dips into a pocket of his tunic. He is smoking a fragrant cigar and, as he raises his left hand to shake the ashes from it, his third finger exhibits a costly solitaire ring. The large stone sparkles brilliantly in the taper

light, and the man smiling, sends a series of smoke rings floating off toward the dingy ceiling. His handsome face has a glow of perfect health; his eyes are blue, and he wears a military mustache.

How strange to find such a man in such attire, and in such a place. Evidently he is a gentleman; perhaps of noble birth, most assuredly of noble mien and cultivated tastes.

The cards are merely a pastime. The men are jovial and good-natured, but their conversation is carried on in soft subdued tones.

There is no doubt from their actions but these men are trained to reticence and cautious quiet.

The man before the fire has fallen asleep. One of the four card players, after gazing at the sleeper to convince himself that the fellow is not feigning, says:

"I am afraid the authorities will be after us red-hot before long."

"What do you mean, Briggs?" asked the elegantly attired man, a serious expression now on his face.

Briggs pointed to the sleeping man and replied:

"Antoine tells me there was the devil and all to pay up at headquarters last night, and that that old Ojibway chief who sometimes goes through this country accompanied by a pretty squaw killed Bob Finch."

All the men gave breathless attention. The captain—for by this sobriquet the elegantly attired man was known—threw his cigar in the fire, and looked anxiously at the speaker, who continued:

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"And to make matters worse, Antoine came across the Injins and drawing a bead on the squaw shot her dead; he wasn't sure but he killed the old chief too, for they both dropped to the ground; then he took leg bail for security. When he got here, he was afraid he had done wrong, and didn't speak of it but to me, on condition that I'd keep it to myself. I thought it too important to keep, so now all hands know it, and we'd better prepare for war."

Captain McMarks arose from his seat, drove his hands into his trousers' pockets and lowered his head as if in deep thought. What a majestic-looking man he is? Such perfect muscular equipoise, such symmetrical proportion everywhere.

"By whose authority did the fellow do aught but what I sent him to do. Get up you hound, and explain yourself."

Saying this the powerful man gave the sleeper a kick that almost tossed him into the crackling fire.

"You have put machines in motion that will shortly bring the hounds of the law upon us, and put us to stretching ropes. Have I not warned everyone of you that blood must not be shed except in direst danger, or in self-defense?"

The sleeping man was almost paralyzed by the terrific force of the blow, but his speech and actions demonstrated that he was not a coward.

"Cap," said he, "you have called me a hound and kicked me. Curse you, you will pay for this with your life."

He jumped to his feet, and grabbed a saber that hung over the fireplace, jerking it from

its scabbard, he made a lunge at the captain and, but for the latter's agility, he must have been pierced to the heart.

"Fair play, fair play!" shouted the card players.

"Give the captain a chance," said Briggs, as he leveled a six-shooter against the head of McMark's assailant.

The man, glaring like a mad bull, hissed through his teeth.

"Get your saber, you duffer, and I'll make you eat it."

The captain uttered not a word, but coolly removed his smoking jacket and stepping to a long box took from it a sword incased in a beautifully mounted scabbard. He grasped the weapon by its jeweled hilt, and deliberately drawing it from its casement, said:

"Antoine, I ask for no quarter nor shall I give any."

The other scowlingly replied:

"You'd best take a different knife from that plaything. That might do for dress parade, but won't count where there's no quarter."

McMark made no reply. He ordered Briggs to stand aside. Then the battle began.

The captain towered above his lithe antagonist, but was not one whit the better swordsman. Save for the music of the clashing swords the quiet was stifling; not a word was spoken by any one. The four silent witnesses of this awful conflict stood with drawn pistols and stolid faces. They loved the captain, they liked Antoine, and determined to show "fair play." Not a man but

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had stood on board of a man-of-war in action,  
and the clash of sabers was not new to them.

As the antagonists realized each other's powers  
and their blood became heated by the terrific  
conflict, for an instant they halted. The captain  
wore an expression of pity, the other that of a  
ferocious beast. They saw the warm blood  
spurting and jerking from each other with every  
rapid heart beat, then sword and saber hiss and  
clash again, sparks fly from the gore-stained  
blades. An awful groan escapes from the lesser  
man—he staggers—falls and swoons away.

The blood-bespattered captain bent over his  
conquered foe and panting, said:

"Some stimulants, my men, some stimulants,  
quick!"

The command was immediately obeyed. The  
man opened his eyes, raised his hand weakly,  
and holding it toward the captain said faintly:

"Take my hand, I forgive you. Say a prayer  
for me, captain, my—my—heart is all—al—most  
—stopped—I can—not—see."

"My God, I cannot pray," said the captain.  
"Briggs, some of you—any of you—say a word.  
I cannot pray."

A man past middle age knelt down beside the  
dying man, and reverently raising one hand, in  
a voice full of emotion and pity whispered a  
short prayer. He ceased and all his companions  
echoed "Amen."

With a groan of anguish, Captain McMarks  
seated himself in the shadow of some empty  
casks and wept like a child.

Two of the sturdy fellows raised their dead

companion and placed him on a number of fur robes near where the card table stood; they closed his stiffening eyelids forever.

Hot water, towels, bandages, balms, and salves were produced, and rough but willing hands pressed their services upon their bleeding, bewildered leader.

"Let me die, my men. I don't deserve to live. I have murdered one of our number."

"No, no, captain, not murdered. Antoine got fair play, and died in battle like a hero, and what more could any brave man ask?" said all the men in a breath.

After the captain's wounds were dressed, Briggs, who was second in command, said in a voice of authority:

"Now men we have serious business on hand, and as the captain is tired, I'll take the chair."

Without further ado, he said:

"When Antoine was sent away yesterday, his orders were to go to headquarters; make careful note of everything and bring back a full report. He did this, but he also killed the daughter of one of the most powerful chiefs in the country. It is my opinion that this same chief is in the employ of the government, and more than likely is scouting about the country, trying to find this place and us. There is no shrewder man in Upper Canada than Chief Mog-a-wog, but with our accessories we could either have eluded him or pulled the wool over his eyes, had we not aroused the spirit of hatred and revenge that is sure to follow the shooting of his daughter. I am as sorry to see Antoine lying there stiff as

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any of you; but he was not murdered. He had  
the same show for his life as the captain, although  
he did not deserve it, for he disobeyed orders,  
the punishment for which is death. In my opin-  
ion we should make arrangements at once to de-  
fend ourselves, for no doubt Mog-a-wog will  
have a regiment of redcoats, or some howling  
redskins, upon us before we know where we are,  
for he certainly will attempt to avenge his daugh-  
ter's death. Captain, take the chair, and let us  
decide without delay what is best to do."

McMarks arose and said:

"My men, it may be that we are unnecessarily  
alarmed, still precautions must be taken at once,  
and I feel from your actions to-night that I can  
still depend on each one of you doing his duty in  
an emergency."

"Ay, ay," echoed every voice. Just then a  
strange noise was heard without. It seemed to  
be a peculiar signal. Instantly every man was  
on his feet, with weapons drawn ready for im-  
mediate action.



## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the episode with their frightened horses, Joe Cameron and his companions ate their lunch, then proceeded on their journey. They were very shortly afterward compelled to seek shelter from the approaching storm, which was soon spending its fury in the prodigal manner described in a former chapter. Dunk was very much frightened and prayed at the top of his voice:

"Haud yer hand, an' dinna smite me! A've din wrang in mony a w'y, but noo A've mented ma w'ys. A hae Lord; an' A'll no weary ye wi' ony mair sins of omission or commission. A've no been ow'er free wi' the askin' o' favors, in times past, sa dinna grudge me this very spesball request. Dae stop this awfu' storm, an' spare thy servant an' his freens—Amen."

Tim endeavored to pray even a little louder than his Scotch friend, saying:

"Howly St. Peter, spare the loife ave poor Tim O'Lafferty, an' don't kill the bye atall, atall, aither by lightnin' or other lingerin' death loike."

A crash louder than any of its predecessors followed and seemed to strike both the exhorters dumb, for they stopped and sank into helpless heaps. The younger man remained entirely self-

possessed, though thrilled by the awful sublimity of this most terrific encounter of nature's forces, and rather enjoyed its mighty grandeur, paying little attention to his fear-stricken companions, except to mutter:

"I wish they had left that infernal liquor alone, it has made them foolish."

After the storm had about spent itself, the young man said:

"Now, boys, the storm is over and we must be off."

Dunk rose to his feet, and taking the flask from his pocket was about to drain it when remonstrated with by Tim. Dunk looked fondly at the precious bottle and was replacing it, when the Irishman with a grin snatched the flask and drank it dry. The wayfarers started on their journey, but were soon brought to an abrupt standstill, for the cyclonic storm had blocked the road by heaps of fallen timber and brushwood; so that nothing remained but to retrace their steps or proceed on an old road formerly traveled by the cadgers. This road crossed Lake Metawa and passed very near Owl's Nest. The lake was one of those perfectly safe to cross one day and the next extremely dangerous. Joe was aware of this as, in fact, was Tim; but the latter was made foolhardy by the contents of the flask, and having Dunk to agree with him, the opinions of the two outweighed the better judgment of the younger man; and although he was absolutely devoid of fear he entered a protest, feeling that the danger was very great:

"I'm afraid we'll not be able to cross Lake

Metawa in the dark. The freshets always affect it very much, and I look upon attempting it as a risky piece of business."

"Sure we must be afther takin' the ould road, and when we cross the lake beyant, we can get back on this agin, an' not afore. Sure the oice is sthrong if there is a fut av water on it; an' it's meself thet do be thinkin' we'd betther be aff purty quick at thet."

This from Tim decided the matter and the old road was taken.

When they arrived at the lake the ice had not receded from the shore and it proved to be thick and solid, although covered with several inches of clear water. The horses at first refused to enter the water, but Tim's persuasive powers prevailed, and the perilous journey over the lake was commenced.

Stars were now twinkling and the moon was sinking far beyond the western mountains, but shed a mellow light over the glistening waters. Splash, splash was the music made by the hoofs of the timid horses as they briskly trotted over the submerged ice. Of a sudden a deafening roar echoed from shore to shore, and instantly the water began to rise. The horses snorted, whinnied with fright, and refused to proceed another inch.

"The ice is breaking up; let's turn and get back to the shore again," shouted Joe.

"The devil a turn," was Tim's dogged reply, as he cursed his horses for their cowardice, and applying the whip vigorously sent them galloping over the slushy roadbed. Joe rose to his

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feet and kept a sharp lookout for open water ahead. Tim was wild with excitement, and kept lashing and cracking his whip with great energy, urging his horses on to their utmost speed. But Dunk was quite indifferent to his surroundings, and lay on a large buffalo robe in the bottom of the sleigh.

Another loud roar was caused by the air beneath the ice; and a command from Joe rang out over the lake:

"Stop your horses, Tim! stop quick, you are driving into open water."

The Irishman checked the galloping animals, and rising to his feet shrieked:

"Howly muther! but we're in fer it sure!"

They had reached the center of the lake, and before them was a fast-flowing current of deep clear water, beyond which the lake's frozen bosom seemed to be undisturbed. On either side, and in their rear the ice was breaking into large cakes, the piece on which they stood was sinking. Dunk was now on his feet, and all three realized that they were face to face with death.

"We must lave the bastes and shwim fer our loives," said Tim, shouting like a wild man. Without further ado the poor fellow, frenzied with excitement plunged headlong into the seething current, and instantly disappeared. When he arose to the surface of the freezing stream he was some distance from the others; they heard him cry for help, but they could render him no assistance, and saw him sink beneath the cold waters and disappear.

Joe held the horses firmly, and lest the Scotchman should follow the foolish example of the unfortunate Tim. He assured him that he was safe so long as he clung to the sleigh, this said to inspire hope and courage.

The young man's forethought and bravery stood him in good stead at this time. The great piece of ice on which they stood was sinking, but surely veering around in the current. Joe noticed this, and shouted:

"Brace yourself, Dunk!" then to the horses, "Get up there!" and he applied the whip vigorously to the terror-stricken animals, who, seemingly inspired by the courage and determination of the driver, bounded forward, splashing and lunging in their herculean efforts to reach a place of safety. This they accomplished, and Joe realizing the danger of a moment's delay, galloped them on till they were firmly landed on mother earth.

The awful strain over, a few moments were spent in considering what was best to do, when Joe said:

"I think, Dunk, we'd better make our way to the old shanties, and put up there till morning. We can build a fire and dry our clothes; house the horses and feed them; then at the peep of day come back and do our best to find poor Tim's body."

Dunk replied:

"A'm no afeared o' ony leevin' thing on airth, bet when it comes tae a battle we speerits an' spookes, A'm no deein' tae be in 't, an' A've been telt Owl's Nest's a tearable place."

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"I'm not afraid of spirits, Dunk. They won't hurt us any; so we'd best try to reach Owl's Nest as quickly as possible. I feel terribly bad about Tim. If the poor fellow had not been so rash he could have been with us now."

Dunk made no further remonstrance, and the two, with heavy hearts for their lost companion, started for Owl's Nest.

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## CHAPTER XII.

CHIEF MOG-A-WOG and his daughter were now occupying a secluded position, which in daylight commanded a view of the entire group of shanties, known as Owl's Nest. The chief had fully concluded that one of those huts, at least, was inhabited. He decided to approach this one first. It looked the least of any like the present abode of man, but this did not deceive the wily old warrior. The building seemed to dip almost if not quite into the base of one of the mountains, and was completely covered and walled in by large evergreen trees. The branches of these trees met over the roof, and formed a dense, almost impenetrable thicket.

It was from these branches that the screeches so frequently heard were said to emanate; and here the chief determined to commence his investigations. As a safeguard he stationed his daughter at the spot mentioned, instructing her to keep a sharp lookout, and shoot down any one who might appear.

This was thought necessary in self-defense, for no one was supposed to be there but a gang of outlaws, whom the chief had orders to capture at any cost, and he had been warned that these men had so much at stake that they would not hesitate to take life if necessary for their own safety;

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and his experience a few hours before confirmed this opinion, for he had no doubt but the man whose bullet struck so near Forest Lily's heart was a member of the gang.

The chief left his daughter's side, apparently without a thought of fear; he wished to inspire confidence in the girl. He knew she was absolutely fearless in an emergency; but he had not informed her of the desperate character of the men with whom he expected to deal, lest she might insist on accompanying him and unnecessarily jeopardize her life. He cared nothing for himself, if he could but discover who these men were and what they were doing. The chief trusted in his daughter's skill to obtain all necessary knowledge after he had paved the way, should he lose his life.

Forest Lily gazed anxiously after her father. His actions and demeanor had been quite unusual, and she fain would have followed him; but she had received her orders and these she would implicitly obey.

"I fear for my father's safety," she whispered to herself, "but he is the great chief of the Ojibways, and knows best. Beware, bad men! that you do not harm Chief Mog-a-wog; Forest Lily is watching you as a lynx would watch its prey."

And the half-wild girl's eyes flashed with a savage light as she held her trusty rifle ready. She hears a voice, and starts.

"It's no the Injin lass A'm tellin' ye, it's a speerit, as sure as death!"

The maiden listened for a second and then dropped to the ground. An instantaneous flash,



and the hills and valleys echoed with a sharp report; the owl-like notes, so often heard, screeched forth from the balsam thicket; and a tremendous roar followed by groans and prayers issued from the throat of Dunk the Scotchman. Chief Mog-a-wog bounded back to where he had left his daughter a few moments before.

She had risen to her feet bewildered. It had all occurred so suddenly. She recognized two voices; one was Joe's; none other could affect her as that had done; none other could bid her heart stand still and be obeyed, or cause it to throb with such intensity.

All now was silent as the grave. For a moment the brave girl was cased. Her father asked for an explanation. With one hand on her beating temples Forest Lily gazed into gloomy space, for in this portion of the forest it was dark. With a sudden impulse she exclaimed:

"Come," and bounded off like a young fawn toward the spot to which she had sent her death-dealing rifle ball.

"Be canny, lad, be canny! A'm bleedin' just awfu'," greeted the ears of Forest Lily and her father ere they had proceeded many paces.

"Who shot Oateake?" asked the chief.

Forest Lily threw herself at her father's feet and in a beseeching manner said:

"I would not disgrace my father by telling him a lie. I shot the pale face. It is all wrong; it was a mistake—I am ready to die for my blunder."

The chief pushed her away, not roughly but firmly, and advancing examined Dunk carefully;

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then with a cynical smile, and in his own peculiar way said:

"Ugh; Forest Lily papoose again. She no much shot any more. Oateake much scared, that's all. Good!"

Then with a troubled expression he cast his eyes toward the ruins. This unlooked for circumstance he feared would notify the enemy of his presence.

Bending over Dunk, the chieftain said:

"Oateake shoulder got hole in. Must be fix up. We go to old wigwam, build fire, make warm, then Oateake feel good and laugh much. Come." The chief picked the burly Scotchman up as though a child in weight, and proceeded to the nearest shanty.

Joe, partly through bashfulness and partly from sympathy for Forest Lily, had said nothing.

Meanwhile the maiden stood in a disconsolate way, leaning on her rifle, a look of deep chagrin on her pretty oval face. An expression of sorrowful inquiry stole from her dark eyes in the direction of young Cameron, as though asking:

"Will he hate me for this? Or will he love me still, as I love him?" The innocent girl's affection was so intense in its character that it was with difficulty she restrained herself from falling at his feet and asking his forgiveness for what she considered an unpardonable crime.

"If I had made a greater mistake and killed him I love, I would pierce my heart with this sharp knife and ask the cawing crows to pick out my false eyes and the wolves to tear the flesh from the arms and hands that did such fool work."

The Indian girl said this only to herself, but Joe's keen young ears caught its meaning. The moment was propitious. The young man impulsively clasped her in his arms, and fervently kissed away the burning tears that trickled down her lovely face.

"Darling, it was a mistake. Do not worry yourself; little harm is done, and you cannot be to blame."

"Howld an, Joey, howld an, or be the powers o' St. Peter ye'll kill the purty nagur huggin' 'er loike an ould bear."

"For heaven's sake, Tim, is that you?" was all Joe in his astonishment could find words to utter, grasping the Irishman's hand in great delight. Forest Lily darted off like a startled hare after her father. When she reached the shanty where he had gone, she addressed Dunk in her soft musical voice, expressing deep regret.

This was met by a grim smile from the chief who, in a half-playful manner, which put the girl's mind more at ease, said:

"Papoose not much good shoot, they no kill."

This spoken in Mog-a-wog's broken idiom, and intended for a joke, sounded so funny to Dunk, that he laughed outright, saying:

"She's a bonny lass, an' ony king o' the witches might well be proud tae ca' her his ain; bet losh, save us! wha's a comin'? wha's a comin' bet Tim? It's Tim, as sur'n as A'm a leevin' mon, an' droopin' wat fra heed to heels."

Despite his wound, Dunk arose and those two honest fellows hugged and kissed much to the amusement of Chief Mog-a-wog, who, had he

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looked back, at that moment would have seen Joe and Forest Lily slyly, but none the less thoroughly, enjoying much the same kind of bliss.

A roaring fire was soon sending forth its genial heat. This might have looked unwise on the part of Chief Mog-a-wog, he being on the threshold of his enemies' haunt; but it was really a ruse to throw them off their guard; and answered two purposes: one to warm and to dry the wet cold cadgers; another to allay apprehensions on the part of the outlaws.

Forest Lily, true to nature, had placed her rifle in such a position that she could grasp and bring it into use, instantly, as did her father. They did not look or act as if suspecting danger, but were prepared for it should it come.

Joe had dressed the Scotchman's wound, and was chatting pleasantly with Tim, who was trying to dry his wet clothing as best he could. The chief sat near Dunk, and the two were endeavoring to converse, but making rather sorry though comical work at it.

Suddenly a man rushed by the open door, and immediately that shrill, peculiar, screech owl cry pierced every ear, echoed and re-echoed through every crevice in and about the old camp, and from mountain to hill outside. In a twinkling the Indians were in possession of their rifles and out into the darkness. The mysterious screeching almost frightened Tim to death, and had quite an alarming effect on the Scotchman.

Be it said to the credit of these men, that no living creature, man or beast, could have fright-

ened them in this manner; but they thought something supernatural was surely at work, hence their alarm.

Joe was attempting to allay their fears when Lily and her father appeared, stealing noiselessly back from a fruitless search. The chief looked at the shivering men, half in pity, half in contempt, and said:

"Ugh! Ontcake, papoose, so other man; better wear petticoat and be squaw."

Joe smiled at this, although himself at a loss to account for the strange noise, and the presence of the figure he had seen pass the door. Turning to the chief, he asked:

"Did you see that man that rushed by the door?"

Mog-a-wog replied:

"Saw man; not sure if know him. Soon find out. Mog-a-wog make some reconnoiter. All stay here till Mog-a-wog come back."

The chief addressed his daughter for a moment in their own language, then examined his weapons carefully and stealthily glided out into the darkness.

Forest Lily stood irresolute for a few minutes; her young face was a study. She had seen the figure pass the door, and this assured her that men, and probably very dangerous men, were really near; and she knew that an encounter between them and her father, at least, must soon ensue.

"Should I remain here and let my father brave these dangers alone?" she asked herself.

"Yes, my father is a great chief, and he has

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commanded me to do so. It is not like him;  
but Forest Lily's duty is plain. She must obey,  
do her best, and blunder no more."

The girl approached the doorless doorway.  
The March wind was sighing and soughing.  
The dismal howl of some forest denizens could be  
heard echoing far over the hillside. The roar  
of waters rushing, seething and splashing in the  
distance helped to make the situation lonely and  
weird. The maiden glanced back into the hut;  
the men were talking earnestly. She thought at  
first none of them noticed her actions; but, yes,  
Joe was watching her. A smile lit up her pretty  
face when she noticed this. Her eyes, despite  
her efforts to control them, sent darts of love  
across the dingy old room. She passed outside,  
and with the stock of her rifle resting on the  
ground, looked and listened. She loved her  
sedate, noble father with all the filial love of  
which her wild, child-like nature was capable,  
but a new love had suddenly crept into her life.  
It was transforming her into a different being;  
it had already been the indirect cause of a mis-  
take on her part, which might have destroyed  
the life of its very object. She had never been  
guilty of such carelessness before; neither had  
she ever fired wide enough of the mark to wound  
when she meant to kill. Heretofore she had  
loved to be her father's "little papoose," his  
"trusted child." And for several years she had  
been his one and only companion, his private  
secretary, as it were, almost a strong right arm,  
on which the aged warrior loved to lean, and  
leaning produced not a burden, but an infinite

pleasure. The Indian girl had always loved to say:

"My father is the great and good chief of the Ojibways."

A change had come. Her father who had ever been her ideal was as dear to her as ever, but her affections were divided. A few days before she could not have stood there and allowed him, crafty though she knew him to be, to undertake alone the dangerous task of unraveling the secrets of that lawless band, in the very fastness of their wild mountain home. Now she was doing this very thing, and she felt the reason to be that if she went her heart remained behind.

"My father suspects this and has bid me stay, lest another error of mine defeat his purposes."

She stood in the gloomy solitude, these and other thoughts to which she had hitherto been a stranger passing through her mind. A rustling in the balsam thicket attracted her attention. Instantly the rifle was at her shoulder, and a faint click told that the hammer was raised. Forest Lily had a determined expression on her face now.

Her keen eyes peered through the gloom, her well-trained ears listened intently. None save one possessed of a cat-like vision could have discerned an object moving among the balsam tree tops; but the Indian maiden had discovered something, surely a man. Could it be her father so carelessly exposing himself? No, she thought not. It must either be the man that passed the door, or some one put there to watch. Would she shoot? She hesitated, then muttered:

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"I must have patience. That cannot be a lookout, the darkness is so intense he could see nothing."

The girl gave a quick start, a flash of intelligent surprise rested for an instant on her face, then she smiled. The figure suddenly disappeared and Forest Lily had made an important discovery.

"I will now beckon Mr. Cameron and tell him that I am my father's pride once more. I will shoot the deer, and chase the bounding fawn. I will paddle my canoe over the bright waters of my father's country. I will be an Indian maiden, not the squaw of a pale face. My father, the great chief of the Ojibways, will not again call his daughter a papoose, because she has allowed her heart to deceive her eye, and make unsteady her well-trained hand." She hesitated, but only for an instant. She deemed the struggle with her heart over, so she turned and re-entered the log hut. Joe was approaching.

"Lily," the young man said, suspecting that the chief must have some special work to do, "if I can assist your father in any way, I am entirely at his service."

For a moment the girl's eyes sparkled, then changed; she replied, her voice full of a soft musical pathos:

"Mr. Cameron, my father left a message for you." The girl's bearing was more reserved and haughty than Joe had noticed before. A dim flicker from the burning embers shed a hazy light upon her graceful figure. This added a charm-



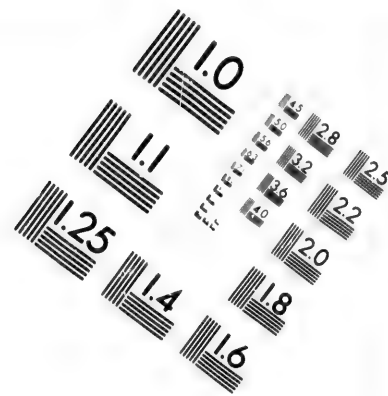
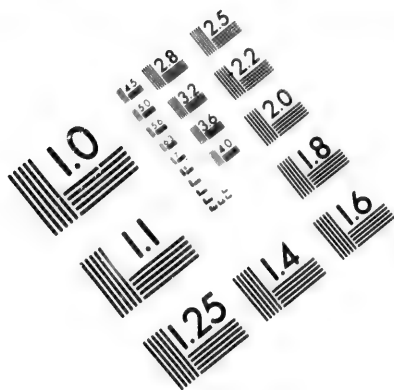
ing witchery to the girl, and as she stood garbed in her pretty native costume, Joe longed to take her in his arms and press her to his heart; but no, there was something about her now that forbade the slightest liberty. He felt that a change had come over her. He was enraptured, but dare not show it. This wild girl had the brave youth in her power. He was her slave, but he could not tell her so.

"Mr. Cameron," the girl began, and she spoke measuredly and precisely, "a band of wicked outlaws, I know not their number, have their haunt not far from here, perhaps within the hearing of my voice. My father, the great chief of the Ojibways, is commissioned by the government to learn their secrets and capture them if possible. The ghosts of which your pale face friends are so frightened are living, dangerous men. My father bade me tell you this, and bade me remain here till his return; but he thinks me a papoose now, a silly young squaw dying of love and no more fit to fight like a brave, as I, though a maiden, have been taught to do. I am a redskin girl, but not a coward, and, until to-night, since I have been old enough, I have been to my father a brave and a warrior. I would not lose my father's respect. I could not lose his love, he loves me too deeply for that. I cannot remain idle here and allow him to risk his life alone. I have discovered a secret dear to the outlaws, and my father must be made aware of it at once. Remain here with your friends; I will come again. You may need our help. I and my father may need yours. Forest Lily is an Ojib-

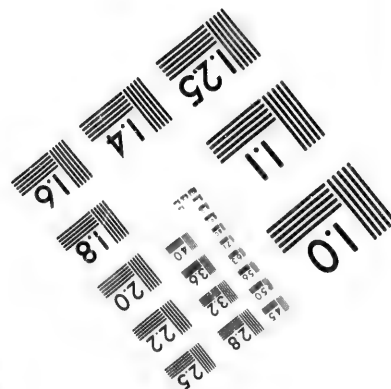
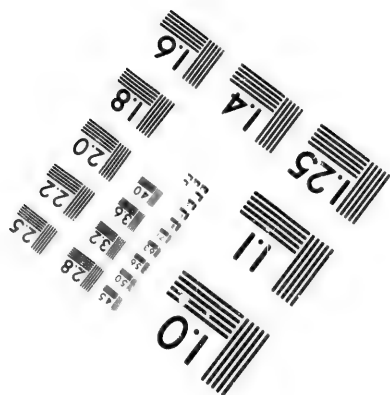
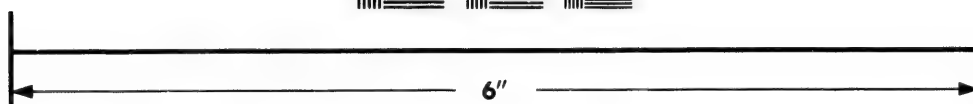
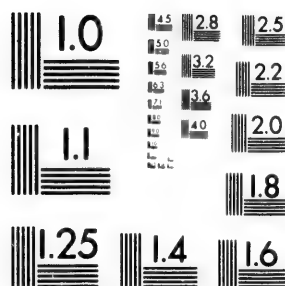
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way girl again, her love for the pale face youth is great, but it is buried forever. Good-by."

Before Joe could realize what the girl had said, and her real meaning, she was gone. His mind was bewildered. Some of her words had pierced his soul like poisoned arrows. They did more; a little while ago he was a boy, now he is a man.

He realized that he had never seen so brave, so dutiful a girl as the graceful creature who had just glided from his side into the gloomy, dangerous night. But there was work to do, and Joe's heart was as brave as a lion's; he never allowed sentiment to interfere with duty.

"Circumstances have placed me where I may be of service to the old chief. I may, too, be able to accomplish something which will merit governmental recognition."

His young breast was now fired by ambition. He stepped quickly over to where Dunk and Tim were smoking their pipes and warmly discussing as to whether St. Patrick was of Scotch or Irish parentage. The young cadger hurriedly informed them of the dangerous work they might at any moment be called upon to perform.

"Wait, Joey, me bye, an' it's meself 'll make the outlaws think they're at Donnybrook Fair, or me name's niver Tim Lafferty atal, atal."

Dunk rejoined:

"An' faith! ye can coont on me tae. A'll fight till a' dee."

These men were unarmed except for the weapons provided by nature, and these could be

of little service coping with leaden bullets and keen-edged blades.

"By gob! Dunk, but we'd betther be afther huntin' up some sthiks, a shelala——"

Tim did not finish. The figure they had seen passing the door a short time before came stalking in, but he apparently did not see them. Suddenly he stopped, looked about for an instant, then wheeled and fled.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the outlaws heard the unusual sounds after the killing of the man Antoine, it filled them with intense concern.

To be apprehended for being engaged in an unlawful occupation was serious enough, but to be caught with the body of a murdered man in their possession was quite another matter, and one which they were all aware would place them in an unenviable position before a British tribunal. An order to face a hundred booming cannon or to scale a rampart lined with glittering bayonets would not have disconcerted them as much.

"Do not lose your heads, my men," said the captain. "We have stood together before in battle, and can do it again. A few skulking redskins should not frighten us. We'll fight like soldiers and, if we must, will die like men. So cheer up, and get your sabers and carbines ready for action."

The effect of this speech was magical. The captain felt that danger was imminent, but to convince the men of his own unconcern he calmly lighted a cigar and moved about as one preparing for some trivial amusement. In a moment he said:

"I am surprised Fin has not yet returned."



He had scarcely spoken when a strange-looking creature appeared from somewhere. None were surprised at the sudden appearance of the man, but all intensely interested in what he had to say. He addressed himself to the captain. His voice was peculiarly guttural; his language broken English. He informed the captain that a number of cadgers had lodged in one of the old shanties, had built a fire and were making themselves comfortable.

"Did you see no Indians?"

"No."

At this moment the man's eyes fell upon the blood-stained body of the dead Antoine. He started, uttered a heartrending shriek, partly human, partly owl-like, then he fell. His eyes became bloodshot, his features hideously distorted. The sight was a sickening one, and made a strange impression on the already unstrung nerves of the men. Briggs was the first to speak.

"I'm not superstitious, but I tell you, captain, things are going queer to-night."

The captain scowled at his lieutenant's cowardice, and said:

"I suppose we'd better give up the ghost, first go off, particularly in face of the fact that we have not the slightest evidence of real danger." Then in a commanding voice:

"Briggs, see that Fin is securely gagged and bound, that he may cause no further trouble. Then arm one of our best men, and send him to make a careful reconnoiter. Stow Antoine's body away for the present, and place this idiot

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FOREST LILY.

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when properly gagged with him, then see that everything is put in readiness for a successful defense. Arrange things so that if we should not be victorious, a safe retreat may be made. I expect my orders to be obeyed to the letter."

Briggs immediately set about carrying out his instructions. The unfortunate Fin was bound, gagged and disposed of. A stalwart, soldierly-looking fellow was selected for the reconnoitering, armed to the teeth and immediately dispatched. Shortly afterward, Briggs reported:

"Everything is done according to order, sir."

In the meantime the captain sat at a stand, and with pen and ink wrote page after page as fast as he could make his fingers fly.

The men lit their pipes and sat smoking, each one glowering at the fast-dying embers on the rude old hearth. The trees outside could be heard swaying to and fro in the March wind. Every little noise and every imaginary sign, which at other times would not have been noticed, was now looked upon as an evil omen. The captain paid no attention to anything but his writing. Presently he arose from the table, lighted another cigar, then paced backward and forward across the room, evidently in concentrated thought. Finally he stopped in front of Briggs, whom he addressed in a voice indicating that he feared eavesdroppers:

"Briggs, when did you say those people would receive our goods and turn them into gold for us?"

"As early as it is possible for us to navigate the streams and reach the big lakes in safety."

"That means that they are prepared to receive the goods at any time we can deliver them?"

"I think so."

"Perhaps, Briggs, instead of showing fight, it might be better to attempt the defeat of the enemy by other means. Indians are fond of fire-water, and there should be little difficulty in filling up those cadgers; for no matter how innocent those fellows may appear, they will require looking after as well as the redskins. Do you think we could succeed in this?"

"It would be taking a good many chances; but, perhaps, it is worth the trial."

"Very well then, we will try strategy first, and if we fail, then it will be war to the death."

"My men put everything in order. Bring out a few bottles of old forty-five, and when all is ready, draw the 'curtains' and let the strangers see that there is life in the mountains and a welcome awaiting all comers."

Having finished these and other instructions, the captain folded the manuscript he had written into two parcels; sealed and addressed them separately. He placed one in an inside pocket and handed the other to Briggs, with orders to mail or deliver it the first opportunity, should he (the captain) fall, or be taken prisoner.

For a number of years these men had lived here in secret. They were known to be somewhere among the mountains; but what was their calling, where their exact habitation, or how they gained ingress or egress, were unsolved mysteries.

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laws, and had confidence that Chief Mog-a-wog,  
if given *carte blanche*, would succeed in dis-  
covering all these things, capture the men, or  
formulate safe and proper means of doing so.  
They did not expect him to undertake such a  
thing single-handed. But the wary old chief had  
his own way of doing things, and his success  
was usually phenomenal. He had long thought  
that these men were hidden under the moun-  
tain, and were unlawfully manufacturing some  
article of commerce; or had discovered and were  
awaiting an opportunity to dispose of a hoard of  
treasure, that was supposed to have been hidden  
there by some Ojibway chiefs who, centuries  
since, had departed for the happy hunting  
grounds.

Chief Mog-a-wog felt confident that one of  
these old shanties was the anteroom to a cavern  
which penetrated the mountain and was a store-  
house for ill-gotten gains or Indian treasures and  
relics.

True, Owl's Nest had been examined again and  
again and nothing of an interesting nature had  
been discovered, nor had the slightest evidence  
been found to support any theories thus far ad-  
vanced; until now that the shrewd old Mog-a-  
wog had taken the matter in hand and was giving  
it his own personal attention.

The night was well-nigh spent and that intense  
gloom which is the sure harbinger of the morn,  
had settled over hill and valley.

Joe and his companions were consulting as to  
whether the figure that had come in so suddenly  
and as suddenly departed was a specter, or of

ordinary flesh and blood. Tim and Dunk contended that no man, a regular resident of this sphere, ever acted or looked as that man had done; and Joe was equally certain that the fellow was a living mortal, and really in search of them; and considered it necessary that he and his companions should have some kind of weapons with which to defend themselves, even if these should be nothing better than stout clubs. Consequently he immediately went in search of such, and not finding any suited to his purpose near at hand, he walked a considerable distance from his companions. Being unfamiliar with his surroundings it was not surprising that he soon missed his way in the dense darkness. There was not a ray of light escaping from the hut he had left; but the snow sufficiently illumined the valley so that objects near the ground could be distinguished at short distances. After several vain attempts to regain his companions, and knowing that daylight was not far distant, the young man decided to rest himself. He leaned against the trunk of a large tree. His mind was occupied in a *résumé* of the past day or two. He wondered what manner of link was about to be forged now and added to the peculiar chain of dangerous incidents which had been thrown about him since he left his mother's home. There was the wild ride down that steep, winding hill, the huge load each instant gaining momentum as it sped furiously toward impending doom, the sudden pitch high into the air, a blank; then that moment of exquisite delight when consciousness had returned and his eyes

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fell upon the pretty creature who was minister-  
ing to his needs. Even now the thought thrilled  
him and his pulses throbbed with love and hope.  
Then the stinging blow dealt him by that arch  
fiend Finch almost caused him to stagger now,  
so vivid was the recollection of it. Again he  
saw the big-hearted Tim championing his cause,  
and fighting for him with the fury of a demon.  
Then the fight with the treacherous lynx, fol-  
lowed by the terrible battle with the horde of  
ravenous wolves. This caused a sickening sensa-  
tion to pass over him and he felt faint. The  
woods, the mountains, the valleys, everything  
began to turn around and around. Exhausted  
nature yielded and the brave young man sank to  
the ground. Again in vision he is beneath the  
white birch trees, the flickering light from their  
burning trunks throw fitful shadows all around.  
Now his soul is pervaded by a calm contentment,  
for with him is the pretty Indian girl. A re-  
sponsive cord is vibrating between their hearts  
and the sweet melody soothes him off to deeper  
sleep. He floats down a glassy stream in a bark  
canoe, and she, the echo of his heart is with him.  
On, on, over the sparkling waters they skim,  
merrily laughing, talking, singing. The splash  
of the paddles beat time to the simple love song  
of the happy pair. The shadow of an overhang-  
ing bough for an instant hides them from the  
twinkling eye of a faucy bluejay, and here a  
stolen kiss brings forth a warning note from a  
little katydid. In an instant all is changed; a  
monster appears; what can it be? what evil thing  
is that? With a shudder the young man almost

wakens; he tries to open his stiffened eyelids; but they refuse to obey his will. Is he awake or dreaming now? Surely awake, for he sees, crouching some fifty feet away, a stalwart stranger armed to the teeth. The gloom is intense, but the faint glimmer of light from the earth's snowy mantle shows that the man is raising his carbine? his practiced eye glances along the weapon's glittering barrel; the woods and mountains echoed with a loud report, and brave Joe Cameron knows no more.

The fire in the hut where Tim and Dunk were awaiting Joe's return had burned to a few dying coals, and the men becoming anxious decided to go outside and investigate. Tim was the first to step out into the darkness, and he looked toward the little lake which was the direction he supposed Joe had taken. It happened that Dunk looked the other way, and for an instant was dumfounded; for directly before him was the old log house which was supposed to be haunted, and now from several openings in the roof and sides poured streams of brilliant light which shed their rays over the glittering snow in dazzling brightness. The intervening balsams waving to and fro in the wind made numerous shadows and strange fantastic figures dance and caper on and over everything. A superstitious awe took possession of the Scotchman. He said nothing, but seized Tim by the coat collar so suddenly and with such a powerful, rigid grasp that the startled Irishman cringed down and shrieked as though Beelzebub had laid hold of

stiffened eyelids; ill. Is he awake or wake, for he sees, away, a stalwart. The gloom is in- of light from the that the man is rais- d eye glances along rel; the woods and d report, and brave .

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him. The stick he held in his hand flew from him, and he attempted to take sudden leave of his surroundings, when Dunk spoke preventing him from doing so. Tim's peculiar antics had touched a vein of humor in the Scotchman and for an instant dissipated his fears.

"Losh, mon! what gared ye dae that? A'm no gaun tae swallow ye," said he.

This partially allayed Tim's fright, and turning round he saw the cause of Dunk's surprise. A moment after the lights vanished, and four men could be seen cautiously stealing from the building; two taking one direction, and two another, but all coming toward Tim and his companion in such a manner as to surround them.

"Are they spooks, or are they humans? If men A'd feicht till A'd dee. If ghaists, losh save us! losh save us," said Dunk. To which Tim replied:

"Howly murther! Howly St Peter! but the imps of the black pit are after us."

The lights appeared again and the captain stepped out from the door. He was gorgeously attired, and armed with a stout sword and a rifle. His appearance was well calculated to produce a mingled feeling of admiration and awe, especially under existing circumstances. He raised a whistle to his lips and a few notes like the call of a night bird brought his four men to a halt, as though to await orders. Advancing a few steps the captain said:

"My men, surround the fellows and capture them alive."

"Five to two, be gob!" shouted Tim. "An'



it's black devils ye are and not spooks atal, atal. Come on, ye thaves o' the war! Come on, ye bloodthirsty imps o' the pit! Come an, ye pug pups, come an!"

After this vigorous *defi*, Tim again picked up the huge stick he had let fall and flourished it about his head in true Donnybrook style.

The sight of the warlike captain, and the sound of his commanding voice also aroused the ire of the doughty Scotchman, whose wiry, muscular form now seemed to extend upward till it towered above that of his companion. He had no weapon of any kind, but threw off his coat; this reminded him that he had a wounded shoulder, but nothing daunted he spat on his hands, closed his great bony fists, giving a little jump as if about to dance the Highland fling, then planted his feet on the ground and hissed through his teeth:

"It'll no fare well we ony o' ye black-mugged scoundrels if ye attem' tae meddle we oor liberty."

"On my hearties! close in!" called the captain. The outlaws laid down their firearms and rushed on the cadger and his companion. It should not have been a difficult task for four such men to overpower half their number, but it was; and more than once during the encounter the captain's rifle was raised and leveled at the towsey red head of Dunk McFadden.

The Scotchman fought like a demon, and many were the bitter curses of the men to whom he paid his respects. Time and again a glittering knife blade was seen to rise in the air, making

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ready for a plunge into his heart, and as often  
the deadly thrust was prevented by the vise-like  
grip of his huge, bony hand.

Tim's stick was put to good use, and it re-  
quired the constant attention of two of the best  
men to keep him from doing great damage. At  
last his voice rang out:

"He'ld an ye murtherin' pups! howld an, or  
be the tail o' Biddy Murphy's pig I'll strangle  
ye."

Then there was a hush and it became evident  
that the outlaws had been victorious; the two  
brave fellows were silenced.

"Bring them in," said the captain, uttering a  
laugh of triumph. The men obeyed, and as soon  
as they had carried their victims indoors the  
place instantly became dark, so far as could be  
seen from the outside.

An hour or two afterward, when the darkness  
had given way to perfect light, a tall, lithe figure  
dressed in the garb of an Indian appeared on  
the scene. He first entered the old building  
where Joe and his companions had warmed  
themselves and dried their dripping clothes;  
here he remained but a short time, then having  
proceeded a few paces from the door he noticed  
the spot where the struggle had taken place an  
hour or two before. He bent low and examined  
the ground carefully. Presently he arose and  
said with great emphasis:

"Ugh! much big fight. Perhaps, some one  
killed. Maybe bad man, may be good, can't  
tell. Mog-a-wog been fooled. Be fooled no  
more."

Then falling on his hands and knees, he crept cautiously toward the outlaws' hut. As he drew near, he halted at intervals and placed his ear near the ground, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the least sign of danger. Finally he reached the building, and again listened; but did not appear satisfied, for he crept around from one place to another, using every strategy known to his Indian experience to learn if there was any person inside.

Thus far the chief's investigation had given no results, and his face bore an expression of disgust. He arose to his feet and went deliberately to the door and tried to open it. The old fastenings easily yielded to pressure and, seemingly alarmed, he sprang quickly back and ran around the corner of the hut. He waited a moment then with curious eyes peered around in the direction of the door. The old warrior was evidently quite puzzled.

"Believe pale face must be dead. Saw where they fight. Think my daughter not dead. She make much big noise before she die, and Mog-a-wog hear her. She kill much, many pale face, too. She quick as lightning flash, cunning as red fox, and savage as she lynx when much mad. Mog-a-wog make place hot."

There could be no misunderstanding the old chief's last words. He gathered an armful of birch bark and another of fagots and piled them in a little heap directly in front of and against the door of the hut, then set fire to them. Soon fork-like flames darted upward, licking and consuming everything within their reach. The

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chief then retired to a hiding-place, where with one keen eye glancing along the barrel of his rifle, he held himself in readiness to fire upon the first one of his enemies attempting to escape from the burning building.

Mog-a-wog's position afforded him a full view of the entire structure so that any person attempting to leave it incurred the danger of receiving a bullet from the Indian's gun. He lay as motionless as a piece of rock save for the restless movements of his keen black eyes, which were ever on the alert for the slightest sign of danger. The moment was a momentous one.

The dusky warrior was not certain but the fire he had kindled would destroy his own friends, perhaps even his daughter whom he almost worshiped as a god; but his nerves of steel neither quaked nor trembled, though his heart at times rose in his throat as though it would suffocate him. Soon he became unusually careless of his own safety, and with an exclamation of impatience he stood up, recklessly exposing himself to the mercy of his enemies, if perchance any were within rifle shot.

The roof of the old building creaked a good-by to its old associates, the trees, the rocks, and the mountains; then swayed and fell with a sullen thud, sending countless millions of sparks flying over the tree tops.

At that instant a crash, then a series of explosions rent the air, till it seemed like the cannonade of an army or the bursting of a mighty magazine. Limbs dropped from the trees cut off by flying missiles, and a large branch fell from

the gnarled oak behind which the chief had taken refuge.

For a moment the terrified warrior lost his presence of mind. The din was terrible, so unexpected, so different from anything he had ever seen or heard before, that he became nonplussed and well-nigh dazed.

Louder and louder roared the flames, and higher and higher they climbed as they caught in the tall balsams, licking the lacy leaves from every sprig and bough. Crash, crash, boom, boom, went volley after volley. Logs were pitched high in the air and shattered to atoms. There was no method to the cannonade, no system to the explosions. Apparently no object gained or sought, unless it was the total annihilation of everything within the confines of Owl's Nest.

In the midst of this roaring din there arose that awful screech-owl scream. It sounded as if miles away, still it penetrated every nook and cranny of the surrounding valley and echoed from tree to tree, and rock to rock, then died away, carried on the morning breeze over the beautiful lake beyond. Chief Mog-a-wog, who ordinarily knew no fear, could stand this no longer; he uttered a long wailing cry, wheeled about and bounded like a frightened deer in the direction of the lake. When he reached a certain spot he heard a low whinny. He halted; the call was repeated, and he walked in the direction from which it came. On entering a thicket of low balsams and scrubby cedars, he discovered Tim Lafferty's horses, tethered where

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Joe had left them the night before. The animals  
were entirely hidden from view, and a stable  
itself could hardly have afforded them a better  
shelter.

The chief seated himself on the sleigh and sank  
into a troubled reverie; matters had not gone at  
all as he expected. He had discovered the band  
of outlaws at Owl's Nest, but felt that they had  
killed his friends. He knew, too, that his hands  
had applied the torch which had, in all probabil-  
ity, exterminated the lawless gang; but, per-  
haps, he had also destroyed his own innocent  
friends. And his daughter? At thought of her  
he became frenzied. Had she, too, been taken  
prisoner? Had he, her father, been the means  
of causing her death?

Seldom have tears been seen coursing down  
the bronzed cheeks of an Indian, but the old  
chieftain wept bitterly. His frame shook and  
quivered like the leaves of a willow, and his  
deep groans, so full of sorrow, pathos and re-  
morse, startled the timid horses, who with  
inquiring looks turned their heads to find the  
cause of such bitter grief. The aged sachem  
now thought Forest Lily was dead—murdered,  
and perhaps he himself was the murderer. Sud-  
denly in an outburst of self-reproach he ex-  
claimed:

"Mog-a-wog no good dog. He not fit to live.  
He must die."

He drew a scalping knife from his belt, and  
was about to plunge it to the hilt in his own  
breast, when the yelp of a hungry wolf startled  
the horses. They lunged backward, unbalanced

the old man as he stood on the sleigh, and he fell heavily, driving the knife blade deeply into one of the planks on which he had fallen. The keen-edged weapon snapped in twain. He threw the broken knife from him angrily, starting some carrion crows from their hiding-place. These went cawing off in the direction of Owl's Nest, to seek the bones or shriveled flesh of any roasted victims that might be there.

The chief, his anger partially assuaged, sat down on the sleigh, the bottom of which was covered with a goodly coating of straw. He had seen many summers, and the terrible excitement of the last few hours, following the great exertion of several days and nights, told heavily upon him. Exhausted nature succumbed, and Mog-a-wog, "the great chief of the Ojibways," as his daughter so loved to call him, was fast asleep.

On the warrior slept. The fleeting moments turned into hours and the sun was fast sinking in the western sky. In his dreams he was young again, scaling the mountain pathways in quest of game, gliding over the spotless bosom of the plains on his snowshoes, chasing the wild buck, paddling over the glassy waters of his favorite stream, and shooting the rapids in his birch canoe, or gathering together his young braves and teaching them the art of Indian warfare. Again he was in the thick of battle where tomahawks were flying and scalping knives were red with blood. A hundred warriors have bitten the dust, and he is home again, recounting in his wigwam the victory won. By his side and listening to his every word with rapt attention sits

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his young squaw wife, and on a mat of furs play  
two pretty babes, one a dusky little creature, the  
other not so dark, a papoose even to the liking  
of an Indian chief. The features of this little  
one even now make him start. He sees plainly  
the face of his heart's own darling, Forest Lily,  
his pride, his joy. He moves uneasily; his  
whole great frame quivers, for he sees his lovely  
daughter bound hand and foot by ruffian pale  
faces. He sees an Indian chief, one of his own  
tribe, stealthily creep to a cabin door wherein  
the helpless girl lies bound; he sees him start a  
roaring, hissing fire, then with eyeballs bulging  
from their sockets, the dreamer sees the destruc-  
tion of all that is dear to him on earth. The  
voices of great chiefs who have gone before cry  
out in anger, and these long dead warriors arise  
from their sepulchral tombs, and toss the flaming  
logs to mountain heights. In very wrath they  
bear upon the ruins the belching ordnance of the  
gods, and their flying tomahawks cut the  
branches from the unoffending trees. Again the  
chieftain's body quivers at the sight; he makes  
a desperate struggle and awakes. 'Tis well, a  
pair of glistening eyes are watching him. The  
Indian is himself again. With incredible swift-  
ness he seizes his rifle and the glowering beast  
drops in a lifeless heap.

This circumstance was fortuitous; it changed  
the current of the chieftain's thoughts; it saved  
him the pangs of remorse which must have fol-  
lowed his awful vision; and it aroused in his  
wild nature a spirit of revenge, with that ex-  
treme caution and forethought which had hereto-  
fore made him famous.



Mog-a-wog was a warrior again; he drew himself up to his full stature and looked the grand old man he really was. He took from his pocket some pemican, and ate it with a relish, then sipped from a flask some strengthening cordial. He gave the horses a supply of fodder from the sleigh, stroked their necks, and spoke a few kind words to them. Then uttering his usual "Ugh!" started swiftly off in the direction of Owl's Nest.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Forest Lily left Joe at the door of the old shanty, and reached a spot where she felt safely alone she sobbed like a child. The innocent girl had been deeply cut by her father's half-playful remarks, and she imagined that Joe's attitude toward her was changed. He had permitted her departure without any of the little marks of affection that her young heart so much yearned for. She had not noticed her own haughtiness, nor the effect which the alarming news she had imparted must necessarily have produced on the young man. She only knew that she felt disappointed, chagrined, and heart-sick.

In this state of mind the poor tired girl sat down and cried. Her father had called her a papoose, which meant to her that she was a careless or foolish child, and no more trustworthy. And she was fearful now lest Joe should take her at her word, look upon her henceforth, not as a sweetheart, but as a young Ojibway squaw, quite unworthy of him. She could face death with a smile were he grappling with her for her life; but she could not bear the ridicule of her father, nor a slighting glance from her newly found lover, the first and only being who had

shared her affections with the fond father of whom she was so proud.

When the first flood of tears began to subside, a dim uncertain light dawned on her mind. Perhaps Joe would come out and look for her. If he only knew how welcome he would be, certainly he would come. How she would endeavor to convince him that no matter what she was to him in the future, she would always love him or no one. As these thoughts revolved in her mind, her self-composure gradually returned.

She heard the distant howlings of forest denizens. She heard the scething waters rushing over their rocky beds. She heard the dismal wind sighing and moaning among the trees and shrubs, coming in fitful gusts over the bleak mountain peaks, laden with the perfume of balsams and with the aroma of approaching spring. All of these she had listened to and felt from childhood's earliest hours, and they were very sweet music to her soul. Many times they had lulled her off to sleep as she swung to and fro in her wee birchen cradle fastened to the friendly bough of some forest tree; but this was not the music she yearned for to-night. She listened for her lover's footfalls on the crisp snow.

"Perhaps, he will come and look for me," she thought; but the thought was born of the wish. Joe was not coming, and Forest Lily was not to have an opportunity of recalling her words to him at their last meeting. Suddenly her mind reverted to her father.

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him?" she said, almost aloud. "I am not doing my duty, sitting idly here, and my father, perhaps, in the greatest danger. Joe does not love me and is not coming. I will smother my feelings and hide in my bosom my love for him, so that none will suspect its existence. If we meet again I will declare myself as becomes the daughter of a great chief, I will show him that I am not fickle. My father is the great chief of the Ojibways, and has lands, and horses, and cattle, and influence, and wealth. I have visited the houses of refined pale faces, and learned their language and customs and manners. They have told me I am comely, and when I look in the glassy brook I know they do not lie. If Joe loves me, some day I will make him happy."

Concluding her soliloquy with this vow, the young creature started in quest of her father.

The girl had been trained to every artifice and strategy of Indian warfare. She was instinctively crafty, far-seeing, and fearless; agile as a cat and, while frail and slender in appearance, her shapely muscles stood out like seasoned whipcords. She brushed back her raven locks, then swiftly glided through the darkness, in the direction of the thick clump of balsams before mentioned. When she first reached the place nothing of importance could be learned, nor could she discover how it was possible for any one to obtain the lofty position occupied by the strange figure she had seen there a short time before.

As she stood on the ground intently gazing upward her eyes distinguished a black object.

At first it remained motionless, but soon moved slowly and cautiously along the large limb on which it rested. The maiden instinctively raised her rifle, but lowered it again. Presently the head bent slightly over the limb and a pair of eyes were fastened upon her. They met her own and her heart-beats quickened, but she neither flinched nor trembled. She stood as though charmed by the creature and riveted to the spot. At last slowly and with the greatest care she raised her rifle from the ground. The movement was almost imperceptible, still the weapon was soon at her shoulder, and in a position so that the brave girl could send a bullet crashing through her enemy; but the enemy seemed to divine her intention, and quick as a flash made a dart forward and was gone. This sudden disappearance surprised Forest Lily very much. Where had the creature gone?

"Surely I could not have been mistaken. I must get up there and investigate. It is dangerous, but Forest Lily is not afraid." Soliloquizing thus the girl examined every tree carefully. In the center of the clump stood a huge tamarack. The branches of the tree intermingled with the balsam boughs above, so that one was not distinguishable from the other. On and around this great tamarack the girl's attention was centered. She was about to leave it, a baffled expression on her pretty face, and had stepped away a few paces when she returned and tapped lightly on the ancient trunk, then listened. She obtained no result at first, but repeated the maneuver several times. At last her

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face brightened, and making use of her father's favorite expression "Ugh!" she left the clump of trees and ascended the mountain side till she arrived on a level with the limb from which the fiery-eyed creature had so suddenly disappeared.

"I am confident there must be some means of reaching that place, and I must find it."

The maiden soon succeeded by the aid of a half-fallen sapling in climbing till she reached a stout branch some sixty feet or more from the ground. Then with incredible swiftness she proceeded on her perilous journey, springing from tree to tree, now creeping like a huge serpent among the dense evergreen boughs, then walking erect along the branch of some stately old maple, oak or elm. No one but a being with nerves of steel could have accomplished such a feat; but Forest Lily was not a casting from an ordinary mold. She could laugh at what would curdle the blood in the veins of the bravest man, or make the heart of a hero stand still.

As she bravely entered the clump of balsams she for the first time looked down. This almost cost her her life, for her head turned dizzy and she almost lost her balance. Soon this was regained, however, and she found herself standing on a large crutch-like limb of the old tamarack.

Forest Lily moved cautiously now, momentarily expecting to encounter an enemy of some kind. She was not disappointed, for directly in front of her could be seen the same pair of fiery eyes which she had met when on the ground, but they disappeared immediately, and a triumphant gleam crossed the girl's face. She felt

that she had found a secret entrance to somewhere, probably the outlaws' cave, for here was the place from which she had seen the human figure disappear an hour before. There was an opening in the tree trunk and it was ample for the admittance of a large person. Where the owner of the fiery eyes had gone, Lily thought she could follow. Before commencing her downward journey she pushed her head into the opening and listened. Strange sounds could be heard, and she felt a warm atmosphere rush against her face. The girl's whole frame quivered with expectancy, and her heart thumped like a sledge hammer. She wasted no further time, but devoutly whispered a little prayer, then was soon hidden from view in the great hollow tree. Soon her feet rested on a projection or step, and though the darkness was intense it was found that these existed at regular intervals, forming a ladder which made the descent comparatively easy. Occasionally as she proceeded, the young girl stopped and listened, but could hear nothing except a peculiar moaning noise.

Thus the chief's daughter continued to go down, down, to where she knew not. As she descended she exercised more caution. At last after having counted forty steps, which she judged were some two feet apart, the bottom was reached, and Lily found herself in what she supposed was considerable of a room. The place was so intensely dark that even her well-practiced eyes could not penetrate the gloom. She tried to peer up through the tunnel-like passage from which she had just emerged, but not a

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glimmer of light could be seen. A faint noise as of distant voices attracted her attention, and she cautiously glided off in the direction from which they came. As she crossed the floor of the apartment, she discovered it was of smooth stone and partially covered with soft furs, serving the place of rugs. Curiosity took the place of fear, and she determined, at all hazards, to light a match. The match only for a moment illumined the place, but in that short time the Indian maiden saw enough to arouse her eager desire for further inquiry. Match after match was made use of until a fairly thorough examination of the entire apartment had been made. And still her intense curiosity was not satisfied. Her supply of these transient little lights was running low, but she would use another and take one more look at the place which might prove to be her sepulcher.

As she was about to do so, the voices before spoken of became quite distinct, as though a door had been opened between herself and them. She even heard angry words, but could not catch their meaning. An instant later she heard soft footfalls, and felt the presence of some one in the room. The alarmed girl crept noiselessly to a remote corner, and crouched behind a sort of whatnot. She raised the hammer of her rifle and held the weapon in such a position as to cover the body of her visitor the instant he made a light of any kind and became visible to her.

The click of the rifle lock, soft though it was, startled the newcomer, for he stopped and exclaimed:



"What was that?" After listening intently for a few moments, he continued, speaking quite audibly:

"I thought I heard a click. I declare I am frightened at my own shadow to-night, and well I may be, for I am a murderer, and I suppose the pangs of my guilty conscience will haunt me till I die. But now that I have begun I shan't stop. One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. I shall take no chances of being captured, if I have to kill the whole party. This wicked old world won't miss them much. They are probably no better than we. Yes, Briggs was right, they must die, every one of them. My God! I hate to take human life, but it can't be helped.

"Perhaps it is better after all that Antoine killed that Indian princess. She was so deuced handy with her gun, and might have done some killing herself before we could have put a stop to her shooting. I would rather fight half a dozen men than one woman, if the woman is a real fighter. D——n it, though, we might have taken her alive, then I should have had a companion here in my exile. The boys say she is as pretty as a picture. After all Antoine got his deserts, he had no business robbing me of so great a prize. By George! I thought I heard something again. I believe I'll strike a match. No, I won't either. Sometimes darkness is preferable to light and this is one of the occasions. I'll be damned! There's that noise again; I'm going to have a light!"

The man lighted a match and holding it over

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his head made a quick survey of the room, but he failed to see Forest Lily, and well for him such was the case, for a bullet would have pierced his skull the instant the girl saw she was discovered. The captain's soliloquies made her aware that she had a great and dangerous work before her, which must be accomplished, both with caution and alacrity. The man's majestic bearing and refined appearance did not seem to coincide with the cold-blooded language she had heard him utter. He was about to cast himself down on a couch of furs, but stopped, saying:

"It's no use, I can't sleep. The affairs of to-night have unstrung me. I'll take another drink of cognac, then go and order the job finished. It's hellish work but must be done. Briggs can do it; he is a devil incarnate when aroused."

The speaker groped his way to a shelf and took a deep draught from a decanter, then left the dungeon-like chamber as he had come.

Forest Lily, as soon as she felt safely alone, lighted another match, and to her great joy discovered a dark lantern on the whatnot behind which she had taken refuge. By the aid of this she made a thorough examination of the room. The place and its contents were a revelation to her. The walls were hung with a large number and great variety of beautiful furs and robes which had been taken from the different furbearing animals with which the country abounded. Strange designs were wrought into the walls themselves; these were gilded and tinted in an exquisite manner, showing the prints of well-trained artistic hands. Every

manner of Indian curiosity and relic was to be seen in different parts of the room, and even the grinning skull of some warrior long since dead adorned a small mantel, beneath which fire at one time or another had sent glowing rays flitting about the apartment.

Forest Lily could have devoted hours to an inspection of this strange place, but duty forbade. She found an exit, and supposed it to be the one her recent visitor had taken.

It was a low passageway. After proceeding some distance it came to an abrupt end, being entirely closed by a heavy door, which, however, yielded to firm pressure and opened into a small chamber. Running along one side of this apartment was a gently flowing stream of clear water some ten or twelve feet in width. This was evidently an underground river and navigable for small craft, for carefully placed on the smooth rock floor were three bark canoes fully equipped for use. Two of these were large enough to carry six or eight persons. The other was a frail little craft capable of holding two with comparative safety. In the bottom of this canoe were a number of tanned skins, a paddle, a small anchor with chain attached, some fishing tackle, also a rifle and considerable ammunition.

Forest Lily examined these little boats carefully, and concluded that they had not been in use for some time. She could see no object in going either up or down the stream, for as she approached this place the voices had become less distinct, and she wished to get as near them as possible, hence she determined to retrace her

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steps, but she found that the door by which she had entered the room could not be opened from her side. She exerted every particle of her strength, but the door would not yield. The girl wasted no further time but launched the small canoe, and deftly stepping into it, she, with a dexterous stroke of the paddle, sent her frail bark bounding into the utter darkness of that tunnel-like water passage. Over these hidden waters the anxious maiden darted till she felt a light breeze fan her burning cheeks and noticed a faint glimmer of light. This she thought was evidence that there was an opening to the outer world very near at hand. She paddled on more cautiously now, momentarily expecting to be ushered into daylight, but at that moment her canoe veered suddenly to one side, then made an almost abrupt turn. Thanks to her experience and agility on the water, the canoe did not capsize, although it came dangerously near doing so. The place was again as dark as pitch, and off to one side could be heard the rapid rush of waters, while the canoe seemed to be resting in a quiet pool or eddy. The girl raised herself cautiously to her knees and listened. The dark lantern was in the bottom of the canoe with the light shut off, and she was about to reach for it when she imagined she heard a human voice or voices.

Everything was as still as the tomb but for the noise made by the running waters before spoken of. The girl was becoming intensely anxious, not for her own safety; she cared little for that, but her father's; and although she tried hard,

at times, to make herself believe otherwise, the picture of Joe rose before her continually, and something told her he was in great danger. Her investigation thus far had amounted to naught. The wall of the cavern could be felt on one side but not on the other. Lily discovered the reason for this to be because a ledge or landing existed there similar to the one from where she had taken the canoe.

She was revolving in her mind whether it would be best to turn her canoe about and follow the stream further down, attempt to retrace her way back and try once more to open the obstinate door, or creep on the stone landing and by the cautious use of the dark lantern investigate in that direction.

At that moment she heard the creaking of hinges and several angry or excited voices. The girl clutched her weapon and crouched lower in the canoe. A dim ray of light was now shed partly across the strange apartment which she occupied. She raised her head in the most cautious manner and peered in the direction of the voices. She saw that this landing was a counterpart of the other, and from it opened a door or gate, but beyond the gate was a room of considerable size, and just entering it were three savage-looking men, two were bearing a fourth who was gagged and bound. Lily's heart for an instant stood still, and had she been other than an Indian girl she might not have suppressed a scream which, as it was, almost escaped her now ashen lips. Unconsciously she made a sudden move which caused the canoe to grate against the

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wall of the cavern. This slight noise attracted the attention of one of the men. That man was Briggs. He held the light in his hands and going quickly to the opening near which Forest Lily crouched in her canoe, he endeavored to open the long-since-used gate, but it obstinately refused to obey his most strenuous efforts in that direction. With an oath he angrily threw down the light and called on one of the other men for assistance.

Forest Lily, taking advantage of the darkness and noise made by the outlaws, turned her canoe about and shot up the passageway from whence she had come. The men relighted the candle and with their combined strength succeeded in forcing the gate open. With light in hand Briggs made a thorough examination of this portion of the cavern and convinced himself that the noise had been imaginary. Had he seen the pair of keen black eyes that were watching every movement and his every expression, almost reading his very thoughts, he would not have exposed himself in such a foolhardy manner, for Briggs was a shrewd, clever man, honest if honesty at the time seemed to be the best policy, dishonest if he concluded that this was to him the most advantageous. These with bravery, determination, and craftiness made up the sum of his attributes both good and evil.

"There's nothing here," he said to his companions, "but I swear I thought I heard a suspicious noise."

At that moment the muzzle of a Winchester was covering his left temple, and an eye keener

than that of an eagle was glancing along a rifle barrel as steady as if riveted to a solid rock.

"White man die," hissed from the lips of Forest Lily. Her finger was pressing the trigger of her rifle, but for the first time it failed to respond to her touch, and the failure, although but for an instant, saved the life of the most dangerous man in the whole gang. In some strange manner a small chip of wood had insinuated itself behind the trigger so as to interfere with the workings of the rifle lock, and to this accidental occurrence Briggs owed his life, for the girl did not raise her weapon again, but having discovered why it did not go off at her bidding, she attributed the strange circumstance to the workings of a Supreme hand, and quickly decided to watch closely and await events.

The men turned on their heels and re-entered the room they had just left. Forest Lily could not see them now from her present situation, but shortly afterward she heard the door creak on its hinges and the light suddenly disappear. She caused her canoe to glide noiselessly up to the landing now, and halting for a moment to listen, she stepped lightly on the smooth stone and pulled her feather-like craft safely up, so that it could not float away.

"I must do something," she said almost aloud. As if in answer she heard a low moan. It did not sound like the groans she had heard before, still seemed to come from the same direction. Forest Lily then stole over to the gate that had caused Briggs so much trouble to open, and found that the men had not fastened it. She

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advanced a few steps and heard heavy breathing  
coming from several directions. She raised her  
voice slightly above a whisper and said:

"Joe are you here?" She was quite violently  
startled by a series of muffled groans and strange  
voices, all in an imploring manner attempting to  
make themselves heard. This lasted but for an  
instant, however; and one voice, the tone of  
which, though changed, she at once recognized,  
attracted her attention; and despite the gloom  
she glided over, and almost in a twinkling she had  
severed the thongs which bound Joe Cameron  
hand and foot and which held in his mouth a gag  
of wood. She whispered:

"Keep quiet, not a word and I will release  
you," and the next instant he was free. The  
intrepid girl grasped Joe firmly to steady him,  
for he was stiff from having been bound, then  
almost carried him to where she had left her  
canoe.

"I have a canoe here," she said softly, and  
leading him over she put his hand on its prow.  
"I will push it into the water, then get in and  
you follow. Be careful and not upset it; it is  
very frail and light."

In a moment the two had taken their places in  
the canoe, and the maiden had driven it far up  
in the passage toward the first landing-place she  
had discovered. Joe was benumbed from the  
effects of the thongs that had been fastened  
about him so tightly, also more or less stupefied,  
and did not seem to realize his position or who  
his companion was. But soon he regained his  
alertness and spoke.



"Forest Lily, dear girl, where did you come from, and where are we?" he asked.

"Hush," said the girl in a warning tone. "Bad man near, and dear Joe must make little noise if he wish to live. I know not where we are, but we will be killed if caught. Must be careful, not let bad man catch us. Must be very quiet. Joe do what Lily say and she think we get out all right. We now go back and look at place where Lily got Joe. Some more men there sure. I think they tied up too. If good man we let them loose; if bad we kill."

This was said in a soft whisper, and in a hurried manner. The Indian girl, although capable of speaking almost pure English, usually when at all excited made use of that short idiom peculiar to her race. She now paddled the canoe back to the ledge and stopping it said in a whisper:

"Listen!"

After a pause of a few moments, she said:

"Joe stay in canoe, and hold it close to big stone. Lily got little lamp. She take it and go in room and make good look. See what is there."

"I will go too," said Joe.

"No, no. Joe do like Lily say and, if bad man come back, Lily jump quick in canoe and shoot head off two or three. Make know Indian girl not dead yet."

The young man was weak from exhaustion, and he quietly obeyed Forest Lily and remained where he was.

The girl took the dark lantern and proceeded

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with catlike tread on her mission of investiga-  
tion. From where Joe was watching he could  
partially see what was going on, particularly  
when a ray of light from the lantern fell opposite  
the gate, which stood almost wide open.

But the silence was deathlike save for the  
noise made by the running water. Joe had not  
the least idea who the other unfortunates were.  
If there were any others in the cavern bound as  
he had been, and he was both surprised and  
delighted to see Tim, the trusty cadger, rise  
from the floor, an expression of blank surprise  
and satisfaction on his honest face, to be followed  
a moment after by the doughty Scotchman. He  
saw the two stagger forward and clasp hands,  
then hug one another as if they had not met for  
a decade. They were then lost to view and  
Forest Lily passed before him, her beautiful eyes  
fairly sparkling with delight, and her pretty  
face beaming with pleasure and astonishment.  
The young man could scarcely contain himself,  
and once thought he must jump up and rush in  
where his friends were having all the pleasure to  
themselves; but he remembered Lily's injunc-  
tion and patiently awaited further develop-  
ments.

A space of time elapsed which really was but a  
few moments, though it seemed to him an hour  
or more, when the girl returned closely followed  
by the two released men. At the sight of Joe in  
this strange place, Tim almost lost his equilib-  
rium, and but for Forest Lily grasping him by  
the arm he would have plunged headlong into  
the water. Dunk, too, was delighted at their

deliverance, and at the sight of Joe sitting in the canoe, he exclaimed:

"Lord, Lord! what a deliverance!"

The Indian girl tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Hush!"

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FOREST LILY.

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## CHAPTER XV.

THE exclamation of warning came none too soon, for approaching voices could be heard, and it was evident if some precautions were not instantly taken a hand-to-hand encounter would ensue. Forest Lily wheeled about and simply saying:

"Come!" in a low but commanding voice, darted off toward a closed door at the further end of the apartment, from which she and the two men had just come. Tim and Dunk followed closely, and by the light shed from the lantern soon fastened the door so that it would require very great force from the other side to open it. The outlaws attributed their failure to force the door open to the fact that it had before, owing to disuse, refused to swing on its rusty hinges, and extraordinary measures had to be taken to compel it to yield.

Just as the footfalls of the men had died away, for they left immediately upon finding that they could not open the door, an ejaculation of fear from Tim caused the Scotchman and Joe to rush to his side.

"By the powers ave Biddy Murphy's pig! but here's a dead hathen tied with a lump ave a sthick twixt the tath ave him! Howly muther, look at 'm now! look at 'm. It's aloive he is! Kick, ye divil ye, kick! It's a perfect beauty

ye are, too, ye thafe ave the pit! Be the powers——”

“Tim, Tim! you mustn’t make so much noise. You’ll have the whole gang upon us in a moment,” said Joe.

The reader will in all likelihood recognize the unfortunate object of Tim’s vehemence as the strange creature known among the outlaws as Fin.

It was decided to leave the outlaw bound for the present, for Forest Lily thought he might be an enemy. Examination showed this part of the cavern to be a large wareroom wherein was stored casks of some kind of liquor. Dunk applied his nose to a bunghole of one of the small barrels, and with a knowing wink at Tim, and a look of gratification exclaimed:

“As sure as A’m a leeven mon, it’s toddy, an’ there’s a guy guid heap o’ ’t tae. Losh, mon! but wha’d o’ thought it. I won’er if we cauldna’ get a wee drappie, just to weet our whustles afore we gie battle tae these mountain brigands?”

Then changing the subject:

“Bet Tim dae ye min’ yon dandy lad we the yellow brecks an’ as mickle finery on as a turkey gobbler, an’ a strut tae him, ye ken, like a peacock in a stibble field? Faith, he mon be the king o’ the cannibals. I won’er if they are cannibals or jest common Christians? Deed I doubt they’re Christians fer they’ve secina fine stock o’ speerits i’ their larder. Wad ye no fancy a taste, Tim? It wad be invigoratin’ tae say the least, an’ A’m thinkin’ we’d be nane the wor o’ a wee drappie.” Indeed while Dunk was talking neither he nor Tim had been idle, both

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had one main object in view, viz., to find some means of getting at the contents of one of the casks. They soon found a demijohn standing on a low shelf, and beside it a silver mug. Despite their surroundings and the great danger they knew themselves to be in, it would have been difficult to find two more delighted mortals.

Meanwhile Joe and the Indian maiden had made a cursory examination of the place, Joe with lamp in hand following as best he could the rapid, catlike movements of the much-astonished girl.

The entire apartment was in the utmost order. Casks were piled in rows, three or four tiers deep. There must have been several hundred of them. A narrow opening or passage led to another though smaller room. Here were stored valuables of almost every form and texture, making it plain that the men who inhabited the place were a gang of accomplished thieves, or had fallen by chance on these stores of wealth. The wreck of a great ship, heavily laden with merchandise and other commodities, could not have produced a greater variety of valuables. Even gold, silver, and precious stones were not lacking. Of the former metal there was a very large amount, not alone in good legal coin of the realm, but also in nuggets and jewelry.

Here was a find indeed, and no wonder the place was guarded with jealous care by the men.

The time occupied in transmitting the above particulars to paper was greatly in excess of that taken by Forest Lily and her companion in the inspection of the place and its contents.

Overflowing as the girl's mind was with all the strange things she had seen, and the exciting experiences she had passed through, she did not lose sight of the fact that she and her friends were in a cage from which escape was probably impossible, and that they were practically at the mercy of men who would destroy them as they would so many rats, and she shuddered at the fate that the captain had promised himself would be hers should she fall into his hands. Death would be welcome a thousand times in preference to that. Then her father; where was he?

The men were not aware of the particulars of their situation, Lily not having yet divulged the truth to them. They supposed that Forest Lily could lead them out at any moment. The girl now informed Joe of their exact position, and what they might expect. He in turn stated the facts to the others, and warned them that they must not partake of any more liquor, as they would surely need all their strength and wits, probably, before they were half an hour older.

The good-hearted fellows, much as they would have liked "just a wee drappie mair fer the stomach's sake" as Dunk expressed it, put down the silver cup from which each had at least taken two liberal draughts, and joined in a low-spoken consultation as to what was the best course to pursue.

Joe was weak from the wound which he had received, but his young brain was clear and his courage unflinching.

He and Lily were both at once about to make a suggestion, when the latter stopped and in-

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sisted on an opinion from the young man  
first.

"I was just thinking," said he, addressing  
himself to the girl, "that should part of the gang  
go around in some way to where you found this  
canoe, and make use of one of those you left  
there, they could easily cut off our escape by  
water, while it would be a simple matter for two  
strong, determined men to prevent our passing  
out by the door which we succeeded in fasten-  
ing. Those men won't give up all this treasure  
without a desperate struggle, nor will they per-  
mit us to escape to tell of its whereabouts if they  
can help it."

Forest Lily was in the canoe almost before  
Joe had concluded his remarks, and the young  
man inquired what she intended doing.

"I go get other canoes quick fore bad man get  
them. Joe come, too, if like. Oateake and  
Tim stop here. Not let men come through door."

The girl had Joe take up his position near the  
stern of the canoe, and placed the paddle in his  
hands; an implement by the way, with which he  
was almost as expert as herself. She took a  
half-kneeling, half-sitting position well toward  
the prow of the canoe, and with her trusty rifle  
ready told Joe to paddle carefully on, first indi-  
cating the direction to be taken by the aid of the  
dark lantern, then she shut it off and placed it  
in front of her within easy reach.

The movement of the little craft with its two  
young occupants was as noiseless as a piece of  
thistledown carried by a summer breeze. Not  
even a ripple could be heard when Joe deftly



dipped his paddle into the dark unseen waters and caused the canoe to glide gently but swiftly forward on its dangerous errand.

"What terrible thing can be awaiting me now, I wonder? Surely I have had more than my share of dangerous exploits since I left home," whispered the young man to himself. Then with bated breath he repeated:

"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for my God is with me."

These last words must have been almost if not quite audible, for a suppressed "hush!" escaped the lips of the brave pilot ahead. A moment more and the girl in the softest whisper told Joe to stop paddling and hold the canoe in its position. Then they both listened, and heard voices ahead speaking in low tones.

"Move along slowly a little further," said the girl, and as they did so a dim light could be seen in front of them. As they approached the large space before spoken of, where the two canoes had been left, the murmur of voices could be more distinctly heard and the light became much brighter.

Forest Lily raised herself gradually, and bending forward peered with eager, penetrating eyes in the direction of the men.

"Push canoe little further; little further yet, just little."

Almost before the last word had left her parted lips, with the quickness of thought she raised her rifle and fired. The report of the weapon made a crash which echoed and re-echoed along

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the strange subterranean passages, each reverberation seemingly mocking the other. A shrill scream from one of the outlaws, mingled with angry curses, made a confused medley of noises, which to less brave spirits than the occupants of the little canoe would have proven sure precursors of death. True, the sudden flash and violent report of the Indian girl's rifle had startled Joe, and the rebound of the gun shook the little canoe, and sent it darting back beneath the arch before described. But a low, musical laugh from Forest Lily, accompanied by the words:

"One bad man have sore nose. Lily bit it off. Thought best not kill him. Maybe they go way now. If not Lily shoot again. Next time take off ear. They soon know Lily not much dead."

As the light had disappeared, and the voices ceased, Joe concluded that the men had left; but the Indian maiden did not agree with him; her natural instincts admonished caution; and she told Joe to let the canoe float down with the current a little way lest a rifle ball might find them, should the enemy suddenly throw a light in that direction and expose them to view. At that moment they heard a soft splash in the water.

Instantly, without the slightest waver, and just as though she had premeditated the action, Forest Lily threw a light ahead from the dark-lantern, and with the other sent a bullet crashing through the body of one of the outlaws. This so completely took them by surprise that they beat a hasty retreat within the passageway through which Forest Lily had emerged some time before.

The girl heard the door fly shut and latch itself as it had done when it so unceremoniously closed her out. If the man whom she had shot was dead his friends did not wait to take him with them. He had not fallen in the water, so she concluded that dead or alive he must be in the canoe where he was when she fired. In a moment some object struck the prow of their canoe, and Joe whispered:

"What's that?"

"Big canoe, come float down, hush!" replied the girl.

"Man no breathe, must be dead. Lily awful sorry, but can't help. If not kill him, he kill Joe, or may be all of us."

The Indian girl uttered a half-stifled sigh, and Joe leaning forward to catch her she swooned off in his arms. The place was intensely dark, and a burial vault itself could not have been possessed of a more death-like quiet. A thrill of mingled awe and joy passed through the young man as he fondly pressed the brave girl's cold lips, and used every endeavor to call her back to life again.

"My darling, surely you are not dead. Speak to me! For God's sake, speak to me! Lily, dearest, do speak!"

A cold, clammy perspiration bathed the forehead of the youthful lover as he persistently poured endearing terms into the deafened ears of the unconscious girl. During this time they were being carried by the current back to where they had left Dunk and Tim Lafferty. These two had in the meantime remained unmolested,

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and had entertained one another in the darkness to which they were subjected by making plans concerning the investment of the portion of wealth which they considered would fall to each from a division of the booty discovered in the wonderful vaults which now held them in durance.

"Faith an' Tim Lafferty will be afther takin' a thrip to owld Erin, an' the stoile ave him will be grand in the extrame, so it will, an' the bie's 'll think 'sure Timie's sthrucc luck in Ameriky."

A strange noise in the water outside attracted their attention, and their interesting dialogue ceased.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Jox had succeeded in turning the canoe into the eddy and guiding it to the landing-place. He then called Tim to come to his assistance. The large canoe, which had drifted close after him, having no hand to guide it, was caught by the swift-flowing current, and carried down on the gurgling waters, perhaps to meet its doom on some jutting rock or in some treacherous whirlpool.

Tim and the Scotchman were soon at the water's edge, and with their brawny hands lifted Forest Lily tenderly from the canoe. An ejaculation of surprise and alarm from Tim and a few sorrowful remarks from Dunk told of the deep feeling these men had for the prostrated girl. She was gently taken into the vault-like chamber, and laid on a bed of furs, a large number of which had been found in every department of this strangest series of caverns yet discovered.

A tremendous roar, followed by another and another, a deafening crash as if the very rocks must be bursting into fragments, caused all the men to start suddenly and gaze at each other in great alarm. A piteous, wailing groan from the unfortunate Fin, who still lay bound hand and foot, added to the strangeness of their bewildering situation. The first crash was so terrific in its force as it rushed furiously along through the

cavernous passageways that it had an effect which the honest fellows who had been laboring so hard and diligently for could not obtain. Forest Lily sighed deeply, then feebly opened her eyes. The dim little lantern shed its flickering rays faintly about, and Joe's handsome young face was the first object on which the Indian maiden's eyes seemed to fall. Her heart was there and her eyes followed their impulse.

The other men had moved to the further side of the room, then passed out to the water's edge. Joe would not leave the sweet, brave girl, no matter what the danger to himself. He had not noticed that Forest Lily had come back to life, and he stood in a listening attitude, an expression of deep concern partially hiding his usually placid features, and seemingly imparting to them an expression of irreparable loss.

The young girl watched him intently for a little while, her strength began to return, her eyes commenced to regain their usual brilliancy. In spite of the terrible noises all about her, her heart was filled with joy and hope. She cared not for danger. She had felt the impress of Joe's burning lips, and now as she looked into his face, and peered into his innermost thoughts, she knew that he loved her and she was happy. The girl could bear the strain no longer. She wanted him by her side, and softly called:

"Joe." He did not hear her. She called again, this time louder and perhaps a little impatiently, for her impulsive heart was throbbing, and her bosom heaving, with the impatience of girlish love. This time a sound seemed to reach

the young cadger's ears, and he listened, then looked. What a bound he gave! How the joyful shock thrilled him as he clasped the willing girl to his heart, and their lips met, cementing an eternal affection!

The feelings of the youthful pair were so intense that for a few moments neither uttered a word. Each knew the language of the other's heart. What need of words? The young man was the first to speak.

"I wonder what that awful crash was? Did you hear it?" said he.

She replied, and until she became excited spoke in plainer English, with just a tinge of her native accent. This gave to her voice a sweet, musical cadence not describable, nor capable of imitation by any other race.

"I remember now; we are in great danger," said Joe, who still had her in his arms, felt her slender frame shudder as she continued:

"I killed that man, I think I shot him dead. I did it to save you. I cared nothing for myself, but was afraid they would kill dear Joe. He was a bad man, and Joe must not suffer for his death. I killed him, my dear, not you." Then suddenly starting, "Another canoe there yet; must be got quick. I go get it. Maybe bad men there again; maybe not, but must go get it; then, perhaps, we be able to escape by fast stream."

She was excited now, but not in the least frightened. She explained how necessary it was to have the other canoe, if all should be obliged to attempt an escape down the unknown river,

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which she designated as the "fast stream," and which had borne the dead man so swiftly away. Beside there was the same danger of the outlaws coming around from that side as had existed before.

They decided that they would both go again, and were indulging in another embrace when Tim slipped in. He stopped short when his eyes fell upon the lovers, and exclaimed in his characteristic way:

"By the powers of Biddy Murphy's pig! but the purty gurrl's aloive, an' Joe, the spalpeen, trien to hug her to death again. Dunk, ye hathen, come here, the purty nagur's aloive."

"Losh, mon, Tim! ye should na be sae free-valous at siccan awfu' time as this. It wad be infinitely mair appropriate tae thank Providence, an' tak a wee drappie o' the guid speerits tae gie us courage tae protect ousels," said the Scotchman.

"We are going to bring the other canoe. Guard that door carefully, boys. We won't be long," said Joe, blushing to his ears, as he and the Indian girl hastened to get away on their errand. Dunk called Tim over to him to "tak a wee smack o' speerits."

The two men sat down to discuss the strange and dangerous predicament they were in. There was still an occasional crash accompanied by a peculiar roaring noise which made the men shudder in spite of the "speerits" they had been pouring down.

It was but a few moments till Joe and Lily returned, bringing with them the large canoe,



also the information that their enemies had started some fires in the place, evidently intending to smoke them to death or compel them to leave.

"It's too late to leave by the swift stream, for the smoke is being carried along it by a current of air, and is so dense that it would smother us in no time. Fortunately there is very little coming in here, and our best plan is to remain where we are for the present. I think we can defend ourselves in this place."

These remarks made by young Cameron so inspired the others that a determination to stand their ground and fight to the death took the place of what might be termed a panic in the breasts of the son of Erin and his Scotch companion.

A draught or slight gust of wind blew a cloud of smoke into the place, and elicited a heartrending groan from the unfortunate creature who had remained all this time bound with cutting thongs; and Joe proposed that they ungag the man, and at least partially unfasten his cramped and stiffening limbs.

"We must watch him closely," said he, "and perhaps he will be of some service to us. He may be perfectly acquainted with this whole place and able to help us fathom its mysteries or make our escape."

By this time Joe had taken the cruel gag from the man's mouth and the poor fellow, as best he could with his stiffened jaws and faulty articulation, assured them that he wished to be their friend. The man knew where everything was

kept, and our beleaguered friends soon learned that the outlaws who occupied the place fared most sumptuously.

At times a few puffs of smoke would rush into the apartment, causing alarm, and strange voices would echo and re-echo through the place. After some refreshments had been partaken of, the exhausted Indian girl was induced to lie down upon a pile of furs and obtain a little much needed rest. She intrusted her rifle to Joe, who seated himself between her and the only quarter from which danger could approach, while Tim and Dunk sat smoking their pipes, both apparently in deep meditation. Fin sat in a corner on the floor, his knees drawn up almost to his chin, his arms stretched around them, and his bony fingers locked together. Thus several hours passed, till quite heavy breathing in one side of the room told that the Irish cadger and his companion had, for the time, departed this life. The strange, squatty figure in the corner, too, had fallen fast asleep; and even Joe, who was not only the commander-in-chief of the party and should have known better, but also a self-appointed sentinel, had allowed pleasant dreams to lure him off into that hazy realm of forgetfulness, sweet refreshing sleep. Forest Lily with the happy consciousness that her lover was guarding her, and with her own trusty rifle in his hands would keep at bay any foe, either beast or human, slept on and on.

All was as quiet as the grave but for the regular breathing of the sleepers. And thus hours passed. A splash in the eddying waters outside,

a pair of keen, piercing eyes glowering through the doorway, a tall, stalwart figure gently stealing into the chamber of dreams, could have been heard and seen had not the sentinel been recreant to his duty.

The man with the greatest caution passed around the room, looking carefully at everything, then fixing his eyes on the sleeping Indian girl, seemed to be feasting himself on her marvelous grace and beauty. He saw her smile as she dreamed of some sweet and lovely thing, seen, or heard, or taken of. At last she moved. The man's steady gaze was disturbing her. He noticed this and withdrew his eyes, but she felt his presence and became restless. At last she opened her eyes and looked. A sudden tremor passed over her. She uttered a scream and sprang to her feet, breathing the one word:

"Father!"

The man was Chief Mog-a-wog, and he said:

"Ugh!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Chief Mog-a-wog left the cadger's horses, he proceeded rapidly in the direction of Owl's Nest, revolving in his mind an old Indian tradition that he had heard repeated a great many times in years past by old men of his tribe. He had never believed it, but now it was pushing itself upon him.

This tradition said that somewhere in those rocky hills, ages ago, far beyond the recollection of the most venerable medicine men or sachems of the Ojibways now living, there existed a place where the Great Spirit, angry because of the disobedience of a host of chosen braves whom he had favored in battle, had caused the rocks to split asunder and swallow them. He did not wish to kill his children, for he loved them; so he made great hollows in the rocks, and caused fresh, clear water to flow through in devious places, and he filled the water with fishes that his children might not starve and perish, but remain imprisoned there, in a living tomb, until they had sufficiently repented, and found favor in the sight of the Great Manitou.

The chief, as we have said before, was a remarkably intelligent man. He placed little confidence in the numerous Indian traditions with which he was familiar, believing that for the

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most part they originated in ignorant superstitions, or the mouthings of cunning conjurers and wily medicine men, but he had learned that sometimes, upon careful investigation these old stories were founded on some actual circumstance, or seemingly impossible or improbable happenings which had really taken place, but had been improperly recorded or greatly exaggerated.

By the time the chief reached within a short distance of the demolished old building, he had concluded that there must have been some foundation to this peculiar tradition, and he was more determined now than ever to unravel the mystery. He also felt something telling him that Owl's Nest had simply been used by the outlaws as a blind to their regular abode or rendezvous; and, perhaps, after all he had not destroyed any of them, or his own friends either, in the burning of the building.

As he connected one circumstance with another in his mind, he became more and more certain of these things. He hesitated now and with his keen, practical eyes made a careful survey of his surroundings. At last seemingly satisfied he muttered:

"Mog-a-wog get in there somehow. Most likely Lily in there now."

He turned abruptly about and leaving the place where Owl's Nest had been, in his wake, he proceeded swiftly toward the small lake mentioned in a former chapter. He moved with the stealthy stillness for which he was famous. Not an object within the vision of his ever-restless

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eyes escaped him. He sped on with almost the  
swiftness of a deer. He had a great deal to do,  
and the sun was already sinking beyond the  
hills, when the warrior reached the lake shore.

He bent his way in the direction taken by the  
floating driftwood and other objects which were  
still being carried along on the moving waters of  
the lake stream.

He followed the shore for perhaps half a mile,  
when he came to a creek or small river. This  
creek was swollen now by the recent freshets,  
but in its natural state was evidently not wider  
than could have been crossed by a nimble man in  
a single leap. The chief did not hesitate, nor  
did he attempt to cross the river, but continued  
on his way in every respect as though he were  
traveling along a beaten path with which he was  
entirely familiar. He had proceeded less than a  
mile when his progress was considerably inter-  
fered with by the roughness of the river banks,  
and these commenced to rise from the water  
almost perpendicularly, until as he stopped now  
and looked down, the stream was fifty feet  
beneath him. Jutting rocks in many places  
reached almost, or quite, across, and old moss-  
covered cedars grew in great profusion, twining  
and interlacing their boughs with each other  
from both banks, forming a perfect canopy over  
the silvery waters below.

The chief seemed undecided for a few  
moments, then commenced a perilous descent  
down the bank to the river. When he reached  
the edge of the stream he showed signs of great  
satisfaction. He wasted little time, but com-

menced creeping along on very uncertain footing, one moment mounting a piece of shaky rock, the next feeling his way along a slippery log or piece of decaying wood. An old tree had been broken off from its roots by the recent storm, and fallen across the stream. Many cords of rubbish had accumulated behind and formed a dam, blocking back everything. When the Indian mounted this pile of logs he looked all about him cautiously, taking in his entire surroundings. Suddenly he fell flat upon his stomach, and having partially hidden himself behind a log, placed his rifle to his shoulder, then remained as motionless as though he were a log himself.

It was plain he had seen something, or had at least scented danger. Gradually he raised on his elbow and looked steadfastly at some object not far from him. Several times he seemed as if he were about to discharge his weapon, then reconsidered the matter and did not do so. Finally he crept in a careful manner toward the center of the stream, the while on the keenest lookout lest he be taken by surprise. When he reached a certain spot he picked up a long pole in one hand, and reaching out with it touched or pushed some object ahead of him.

He repeated this maneuver several times with apparently no result. Then he raised up, stepped boldly forward and gazed down into a long bark canoe which floated gracefully on the stream, its further progress being prevented by the great pile of logs and driftwood. But the canoe was not empty. It had a silent occupant.

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 ad a silent occupant.

As the reader may guess the occupant was none other than the body of the outlaw the chief's daughter had shot in the cavern, and the body, too was that of the captain of the gang. This then was the stream leading from the cavern itself.

Mog-a-wog looked very much astonished as his eyes fell upon the dead outlaw. He lay on his back, his handsome face upward, and made more handsome by his exceedingly becoming but unique dress. The chief knelt quietly down by the side of the canoe and pulled it partially out of the stream, then began to examine the man carefully to make sure that he was dead.

He noticed a pool of blood on the canoe bottom and found the hole made by the rifle ball. Upon this discovery, he said:

"Ugh!" and proceeded with his examination. After waiting and watching for a minute or two, he raised the man's hand and said:

"Ugh! Pale face not cold yet. Not long been shot. Maybe not dead." He hesitated for a moment as though undecided whether to make sure by finishing the man, or whether to attempt to resuscitate him. He must have quickly decided on the latter, for he lifted the outlaw from the canoe and placed him on the river bank out of danger's way, then made efforts to bring him to consciousness. In a short time he was successful, and the captain looked him full in the face and asked:

"Are you Chief Mog-a-wog?"

"Yes."

"Chief," said the outlaw, "I don't deserve



this treatment from you, but I'm about done for, and I'll reward you amply for it. Have you killed all my men?"

The chief shrewdly replied:

"Not all. Soon kill rest."

"Well, chief, bury the brave fellows decently, and don't kill any more of them. I hate bloodshed, and it was not my intention or wish to have a life taken; but fate was against me this time and my lucky star has set forever. My reckless race is run, and here I am to die unknown and uncared for in this wilderness, forgotten by all those I learned to love, ten fortunes a few hours ago within my grasp; but now all of no use, no use. Chief, I feel that I am a dying man, and as a dying man you know I would not lie. I believe you to be an honest man, hence I trust you. Here is a paper, sealed in an envelope, take it and keep it sacred. If you do not hear from any one belonging to me within five years, open it then in the presence of some responsible person and have it read, or some one will be terribly wronged. If the proper person comes and asks for it give it up. Can I trust you? Will you take it?"

The old chief, few of words, said:

"Yes."

The captain instinctively knew the paper was safe.

"Chief, I trust you to do what is fair with my boys who still survive, I am going to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

"First: I have never, until the last twenty-

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FOREST LILY.

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four hours, committed a crime in my life, except  
ing those of a political nature. I have com-  
mitted what might be termed crimes against the  
government; but have not treated them half so  
badly as they have treated me; but never mind,  
I am an outlaw in the eyes of the law, and my  
men have simply obeyed my orders. Not one  
dollar, not one cent's worth of the treasures you  
have captured have been stolen; and, when I  
give them to you and your friends, they belong  
to you, not to the government, except the liquor  
—we made that and they, I suppose, can take it.  
Well, let them have it. I hope it will curse them  
as it has cursed me. I took some last night, and  
it put murder in my heart and turned me, as it  
will any man, into a devil. It has cursed your  
race and I see you hate it."

This strange man entered into minute details  
with the chief, told him how and where to find  
everything, and the nooks and corners of the  
cavern where the greatest of the wealth was  
concealed. The man supposed his party was  
practically annihilated; hence he made a clean  
breast of everything in an attempt to clear his  
conscience as best he could.

The chief listened, and did not, by word or  
action, reveal the fact that some one else had  
won the battle, if it was won, not he. And the  
old brave secretly gave Forest Lily the credit,  
and now anxiously awaited the moment when he  
could leave the man and hurry off to congratulate  
the daring girl, whom he did not suspect might  
have been killed herself.

Mog-a-wog made the outlaw as comfortable as

possible, shook him kindly by the hand, saying he would come back to him soon, then slipped into the canoe and paddled almost noiselessly up the stream, whose current was now much lessened by reason of the damming back of the water. He was not long in reaching the place where Forest Lily and her companions slept. He stole softly in and looked about him, as spoken of in the last chapter. He had listened to the captain's story; and some of the things he had been told found a response in his heart, and carried him back a great number of years, even to the days when he was a young man and mingled so freely with the officers, ladies and men connected with the British regiments that in those days were stationed on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Scenes of these by-gone days arose before him, and the old warrior looked sad, though his eyes sparkled with infinite pride as he stood now with his powerful arms folded, looking down upon the beautiful girl, for Joe had placed the lantern so that it shone full upon the sleeping maiden's graceful form.

The chief gazed so intently at his dreaming daughter that his gaze made her uneasy. Her features twitched and she almost awakened. He looked away; she dreamed again. Her oval face with its tinge of olive—it could not be called red—looked radiant now in its youthful loveliness. The luster of her sparkling eyes was hidden, but life's crimson current had sprung to her blushing cheeks, and they glowed with the rare charm of youth and perfect health.

As Chief Mog-a-wog looked at her, he appeared

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troubled, still fiercely determined. Why was he troubled? Why was this noble old chief of the Ojibways troubled, or why was he fiercely determined? Because he had obtained some very important information. We shall see by and by what it was. He gave a great sob and muttered:

"Mog-a wog love her from 'she little papoose. Mog-a-wog not give her up. He love her better than life. She Mog-a-wog's papoose and he die for her."

This said louder than he intended, awoke the sleeping girl, and she sprang into the chieftain's arms.

At that moment a shrill whistle resounded up the passage from which the chief had recently come. Like an arrow from a bow the creature in the corner shot out through the door, jumped into one of the canoes and was gone, uttering as he left that uncanny, owl-like screech which all recognized as the same that had given Owl's Nest its name.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

This awful screech, intensified and redoubled by the echoes of the cavern, awakened the sleeping men and they saw the Indian chief clasping his daughter to his bosom, Dunk pulled Tim aside and said beneath his breath:

"Lost mon, dae ye no see the auld king o' the wutches. It's himsel as share as A'm a leevin' bein'."

"Bi the powers o' Biddy Murphy's pig! Sure an' 'tis the auld nagur himsel. An' look, Dunk. Howly St. Peter! it's hugging the purty gurrl he is. Joey, bye! whar are ye? Look, ye spalpeen! Look at the old nagur!"

"Haud yer whist, Tim! Haud yer whist! yer makin' an' awfu' fule o' yesel'. Let's awa' an' tak a wee drappie, an' thank Providence fer our meraculous deleeverance fra the powers o' Satan."

Joe was on his feet, and would have given chase to the being who had so suddenly fled, but the chief taking him by the arm said:

"Let him go, he friend of Mog-a-wog."

An expression of disappointment passed over the young man's face; he had gone to sleep and allowed some one to approach without discovery.

What if the chief had been an enemy instead of a friend, he thought.

Mog-a-wog noticed the youth's chagrin, and said, in his soft, kind voice:

"Young man tired out. Good thing he go sleep. Mog-a-wog go sleep some time too." Turning he saw Dunk helping himself freely from the demijohn, and said more sharply than was his custom:

"Is Oatcake fool, that he make himself mad with fire water?"

Dunk laid down the cup. He had helped Tim first, and the Irishman slyly cracked a joke in his friend's ear: he had gotten the start of him by one drink.

When Chief Mog-a-wog became aware that none of the outlaws had been either captured or killed, he lighted a long pipe, and seating himself fell into a state of deep meditation. The others, with the exception of Forest Lily, all looked somewhat serious; none but the girl understanding what the chief's peculiar reverie meant.

The fire of love and hope was again burning in the maiden's bosom, and her young heart was bounding with suppressed joy; her buoyant spirits only kept in check by the actions, or rather lack of action, of her much-loved father.

At last he rose to his feet, laid his pipe aside, and stretched himself to his greatest stature and said:

"Ugh!"

Forest Lily knew this was a signal for renewed action, and came to his side. The chief turned

to her and with a tender expression on his face said:

"My daughter wish to go with Mog-a-wog, she can. He go, reconnoiter. See where pale faces."

Not waiting to answer he turned to Joe.

"Young man better stay here; keep watch. Other men stay, too."

Then with a slight and rather playful smile added:

"Best not go to sleep this time."

Joe would fain have accompanied the Indian, but he was loyal to duty, and knew it was quite as important to the safety of all that he remain where he was, for some of the outlaws might appear at any time and a fearful encounter ensue.

Tim and Dunk—both expressed an eagerness to have—

"Wan more encounter wid the spalpeens that had the bad manners to tie the tongue of a dacent Irishman wid a sthick between the two jaws ave him. It's mesel' 'll tache them bether tricks."

"Faith will ye, fer ye ken the blaguards need a lesson or twa, tae put them tae their senses; bet dae ye no think we'd be the better o' a wee drappie o' speerits tae gie us strength an' proper fortitude in siccan a emergency. A think we'd be nane the war o' a wee sup, a'e Tim?"

Not waiting for a reply Dunk went to the demijohn, filled the cup almost to the brim, and was about to raise it to his lips when Tim, both eyes twinkling, stepped up and seizing it quaffed

it at two mighty gulps. Joe, attracted by the movements, turned about—Lily and her father by this time had gone—and said in an earnest tone:

"You boys must stop drinking; the danger here is too great for you to take chances of losing your senses."

"By gob, yes, Dunk, ye must be afther stoppin' yer drinkin' or it's stupid you'll be entirely," said Tim winking one eye as he stepped aside.

"Ye're a confounded fule," said the Scotchman, not a little annoyed because he had twice in succession been cheated out of his "wee drappie." But Tim enlivened by the two spiritual draughts he had so surreptitiously partaken of, amused the others by his droll speeches and comical antics. It was past midnight, when Chief Mog-a-wog returned, and informed them that when he had reached the place where he had left the captain, that gentleman had departed. He left a note in a conspicuous place, stating that he was gaining strength rapidly. The outlaw said in the note:

"Keep the papers I gave you, and do not break the seal until you either learn of my death or hear from me personally. Chief Mog-a-wog, I trust you implicitly."

Joe looked inquiringly about for Forest Lily, and her father noticing this, said:

"Forest Lily not come back now. Mog-a-wog not find pale face braves. He leave her to look



more, and he come to say to young man and his friends, Go before the sun rise to make woods clear like day. Take horses and make quick go to O——. Let not a minute be waste. Joe he go to white chief (the magistrate at O——) and tell him all just like it happen. Other men not talk at all. Go. Mog-a-wog keep safe here till help come. Young man tell white chief that."

Joe was perplexed at first, then realizing that his mission was an exceedingly important one, his face glowed with hopeful animation.

"Perhaps this will prove a lucky trip after all," cheerfully muttered the youth to himself, as he followed Chief Mog-a-wog through a passage he had not been in before. They soon found themselves outside, and Joe perceived that the Scotchman was not with them. He heard some one puffing and blowing, looked back and saw Dunk staggering under a large cask of brandy. As he approached he threw it down, remarking:

"Maybe we'll be nane the wor o' a wee drappie on the w'y hame. Tim, ye galoot, gi's a hand we 't. A'm thinkin' ye'll no refuse tae tak a sup when ye're out the sight o' the auld king o' the wutches. Fer mesel', A'm terribly dry jest the noo." He said this, then knocked the bung out of the cask; and Joe turning around saw the sea of Scotland down on his knees, and heard a liberal portion of the contents of the cask gurgling down his throat. The young man was much amused at the eagerness of Dunk to obtain his "wee drappie," and this final success to his numerous attempts. But when he

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had permitted Tim to take his “smack,” he told the men that that must put an end to it.

There having been no impediment to the flow, and practically no limit to the stream, when Tim and Dunk were partaking of their enjoyable draughts and fearing so good an opportunity might not occur again, both men availed themselves of the advantage offered them to the extreme limit of their receptive capabilities, and they were not far on their journey till they were both profoundly narcotized, and at the mercy of enemies who were in ambush awaiting their coming.

The condition of the men soon became evident to Joe, who was himself driving the horses, and, though he attempted to arouse them, he could not; so deep was their sleep. He covered them with some horse blankets so that the cold might not injure them, then he hurried the horses along as fast as was possible, feeling that he was now to all intents and purposes quite alone, and that an encounter of any kind either with men or beasts must prove fatal to him and all the great interests now at stake. He some way put little confidence in the promise of the outlaws not to molest them, for it seemed unreasonable that they would allow so much wealth to slip from them without an effort to retain it. He urged his horses on to their utmost. They were a noble pair of animals, and as they sped over the snow their tinkling bells made the wild woods merry with their silvery notes.

The moon had gone down, and the darkness preceding the day was at hand. Now was the

time that treachery would be attempted if at all. How to combat it successfully should it appear was the question in the young man's mind. He looked at his sleeping companions, and thinking of the cause of their stupor angrily threw the cask from the sleigh.

The horses pricked up their ears and one uttered a slight snort. The driver looked ahead and saw an object standing in the road. The horses were timid, they shied and Joe stopped them. Forest Lily was by his side. She was much excited and saying:

"My father wish me to go back with him. I say no, maybe bad man not go way as they say. I go make reconnoiter. I find some go way, some not. Man with piece nose shot off not go yet; two more not go. I think Joe in danger and I watch for him."

She hesitated for a moment to see if her bravery and watchfulness were appreciated. Joe threw his arms about her and kissed her. She drew away and said:

"This dangerous time, not time to make love. Lily satisfied. She help dear Joe and she glad."

Then seemingly a good deal over her agitation she continued, dropping her Indian idiom:

"About half a mile from here there is a thicket of cedars, right by the roadside. Three men are ambushed there. I will go ahead now and hide near that place. Joe drive slowly till he come to a piece of birch bark tied to a limb near the road. Then stop. When I see him I will fire into the ambush where the men are hidden and try to frighten them away. When Joe hear three

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shots then he whip his horses and run them as fast as they can go. Perhaps he may get out of reach, then hurry home."

A look from the young man asked a question before he could speak, and the girl noticed it and replied:

"Never mind Lily. She all right. She meet Joe in O——, some fine day. But Joe must not risk his life too much." Looking at the sleeping men, "Make drunken fools risk their lives." And she suggested that the two men be placed one on each side of the sleigh, lengthwise, and Joe lie down between them so that a bullet, coming from either side of the road, would pierce the outside body before reaching Joe, should the outlaws fire from the thicket as the horses rushed by.

Joe hesitated, then refused. He could not make the risk greater for his stupid friends; but the girl insisted, and finally gained the point.

"I risk my life for Joe because I love him, but he care nothing for me because I——"

She did not finish; he yielded; one fond kiss; would it be the last? and she was gone.

The young man did as directed, then started his horses and soon arrived at the piece of birch bark. He had no sooner halted than a rifle shot startled every living thing in the woods, and as the echoes died away he noticed some slight movement in the clump of trees ahead, and thought he was about to become a target for the rifles of the outlaws. Another sharp crack rang out on the morning air. This time there was decided commotion in the ambush, and a man

appeared. He immediately leveled his rifle at Joe, but he never fired it. A bullet from the Indian girl's weapon shattered the stock; and the man accompanied by his companions, with a shout of surprise and pain, dashed off into the woods. Joe did not lose an instant, but applied the lash to his horses and they galloped furiously but safely past the dangerous thicket. Joe heard a gleeful laugh as he sped away. A laugh that was music to his soul, and echoed and re-echoed through it years afterward, whenever his mind reverted to this thrilling portion of his life, in which the brave lovely girl had played so prominent a part.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN young Cameron reached the town of O—, he at once reported to the chief magistrate, as directed by Chief Mog-a-wog. This functionary was not quite sure but the major portion of the booty might belong to those who captured it, and if so he promised to see that Joe's services were not forgotten.

He soon had together a detachment from the Thirty-fifth Simcoe Foresters, and the redcoats made all haste to the assistance of Chief Mog-a-wog.

Tim on reaching town went home, ashamed of himself for imbibing so freely. Dunk, too, was much crestfallen, but still "a wee bit parched like."

Both of the men were strictly enjoined to keep their own counsel concerning the outlaws' cave and its contents. But they had the blood-curdling experiences of Joe with the wildcat and wolves to talk about, also the marvelous death and disappearance of Finch. These provided food enough for the superstitious ones, the gossip mongers, and the news gatherers to feast upon for many weeks.

Dunk lost very little time in repairing to his friend Mrs. Craig and informing her of the "Awfu' catastrophes that had befallen the Cameron laddie, an' the speeritin' awa o' Robert Fench by auld Nick an' his band o' sooty imps."

It was Joe's desire to return with the soldiers, but he was not permitted to do so.

A little of the truth had leaked out, but many ridiculous stories were afloat; and Joe, in them all, was the hero and worshiped accordingly even by those who up to this time did not know or recognize him. Joe accepted much of this in good part, but denied having done anything remarkable.

"I did the best I could," he said to his mother, "and that is all that is ever required of any one."

Thus far he dare not tell his mother whom he considered the real hero, or rather heroine; but he thought that before long everyone should know. One thing delighted him beyond measure, and that was the assurance of a reward that would be ample to place his mother far beyond the need of the necessities of life.

The most prominent men of the place who were aware of all the facts, assured him that this was certain and he was accordingly very thankful and happy. Now, perhaps, he would have an opportunity to satisfy his ambition and be a soldier. He felt that his mother would be one with him in this, for her father was an officer; and she had spent hours and hours entertaining her children relating to them many daring exploits of that gallant soldier and his comrades in arms.

Joe had given his heart to the Indian maiden. He felt that she was a superior young woman in spite of her race, and that he was not yet worthy of her; but now, if good fortune had really come to him, he would soon make himself so; and as they were both too young to marry they could

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wait. He knew he would never change his mind,  
and he had the utmost confidence in the faithful-  
ness of the pretty wild flower, Forest Lily.

Ah, artless youth! We know what we think  
to-day; we know, perhaps, what we *are* to-day;  
but what we may think to-morrow, or the next  
day, or what we may *be* next week or next  
month, or next year is quite a different matter.  
Of the first we may know all; the future is a  
mere guess, and, at best, youth is a poor  
guesser. Like a boomerang the actions of our  
youth come back upon us in after years. The  
instrument was a lovely thing then, but it is  
hideous now that we see it in the light of experi-  
ence, in the light of maturer years. Not for an  
instant was the Indian maiden out of Joe's mind;  
sleeping or waking she was constantly with him.  
He had suggested to his mother his desire to  
become a soldier, and she had acquiesced, provid-  
ing he could secure a commission and become  
an officer.

"My people never served in the ranks," she  
said, "and my son must not."

So the youth now dreamed of brilliant scenes,  
of flying banners, of martial music, of the roar  
of cannon, of the din of battle, of great and  
glorious achievements, of the tears and hand-  
shakes and waving handkerchiefs when leaving  
for the war; of hand clappings and the plaudits  
of thousands on his triumphal return. In all  
these hazy, boyish dreams, one loved object was  
ever near; he could see her always above the  
rest. She had climbed even on the housetops  
where she could obtain the last look at her hero



as he left for the field of glory. He felt her fond kiss touch his lips as she wafted it over the surging crowds, and the words reached him:

"My darling, God speed you!" Again he thought himself dying on the bloody battlefield. Here an angel of mercy appeared; her touch was like silken velvet, her very presence had healing in it, and she wooed him back to life.

Ah! but these were only waking dreams. Of to-day we know; of to-morrow we know not.

Joseph Cameron's reward was greater than he had supposed possible. They lived no longer in the humble cottage.

"My mother is deserving of a better home, and she shall have it," said Joe, and he purchased a lovely residence with costly grounds, and Mrs. Cameron was again living in a home nearly equal to that of her childhood. Great ladies who had forgotten her called now, and many compliments were dropped in her presence concerning her handsome son; those who had marriageable daughters being especially profuse in their encomiums.

Joe had a fair education, but a general brushing up of some branches was required before he could enter the military academy where he had decided to attend. He went diligently to work under an accomplished tutor, and in less than a year succeeded in passing the required examination with flying colors. Attired in the becoming uniform of a military cadet the handsome young fellow looked every inch a soldier. He loved his mother, and that mother idolized him. She pictured for him a brilliant future, and no lady of

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the land was too great, in her estimation, to be-  
come his wife. She had heard a number of hints  
dropped, but she had paid no attention to them,  
and remarked:

"Joseph will never disgrace his mother."

Once when her old neighbor, Mrs. Craig,  
called and informed her "On the best o' author-  
ity that Joe was some day to marry the pretty  
Indian lass what he'd really been the means o' a'  
his guid fortune," she was highly indignant, and  
told Mrs. Craig if she ever mentioned such an  
absurd thing again their friendship would for-  
ever cease. (This would have been a blow to  
Mrs. Craig. She had nursed Mrs. Cameron's  
children, and still loved them all.) She was  
careful ever afterward, though did not keep  
either her eyes or ears closed when a gossip  
was going.

Meanwhile the truth had gradually become  
known, and the modest Indian girl was commenc-  
ing to receive the praise and honor that she  
richly deserved. She and her father had been  
handsomely rewarded, and it was due to them  
that Joe had received so large an amount. Tim  
and Dunk, though in truth deserving nothing,  
were not forgotten by the chief, and had gone to  
their respective homes in the "old country."

As soon as Mog-a-wog arrived in O——, he and  
his daughter proceeded without delay to the capi-  
tol and laid the entire matter officially before the  
authorities there.

When it became known what a prominent part  
Forest Lily had taken in the affair (and the chief  
did not fail to let this be known in places where

the effect would be the greatest), much curiosity was aroused. Prominent ladies called upon her, and were so charmed by her beauty and simple graces that they vied with each other in paying her homage. They soon learned that she had a fair knowledge on many subjects, and could converse in both English and French. She was also an expert in all the simple arts of her own race, and the most wonderful marksman either with a rifle or bow and arrow, in all Canada. She made the regular soldiers at the garrison stare in amazement, and the ladies clap their hands in delight when she hit the bull's eye every time, though seemingly not trying. With her rare beauty enhanced by her becoming Indian garb, her title of Indian princess, the renown of her much respected father, her own record of wonderful bravery and sound judgment when in danger, perhaps it was no wonder that a halo was thrown about her, and that Lady Mary Montith and the Marchioness de Lallybund both gave parties in her honor.

In the meantime her father's official mission had ended; Forest Lily must accompany him away. She had, however, become infatuated with the gay scenes, and she induced him to remain that she might attend the military ball.

On the evening of the first party, to the surprise of some of the ladies, Lily was remarkably at ease, and acted in a highly becoming manner, so much so that she created not only a good impression, but nearly a sensation. Few young ladies of even high degree had ever made a more successful *début* into society.

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But the military ball, which was always the great social function of the year, really capped the climax, and here our heroine was so transformed into a nymph from fairyland that it would have been a difficult matter for the keenest judge of humanity to suppose her the brave, courageous girl who had snapped her finger at danger, and whose dignity was so deeply cut by her father's playful hint that she was a "papoose" again.

At the capital in those days there lived a large number of retired, or half-pay, British officers. They had gained their laurels, their medals, and their scars on many a gory field, and now their stately wives, accomplished daughters, and more or less noble sons (usually less) were enjoying the fruits of their labors in the shape of liberal pensions, other government emoluments or sinecures of one kind or another. Some of these old battle-scarred heroes were almost of royal blood, their pedigrees ran back to the days of the Stuarts and the Plantagenets. On their clasps and buttons, and on their old-fashioned lumbering vehicles, could be seen insignias of titled aristocracy. There were Sir James Montieth, Sir Colon Ferguson, Major-General Sir Henry Lovington, the venerable Sir Archibald Trafalgar, with a score or more of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, highly respectable subalterns, and a host of lesser lights, young and old, who were really the life and light of the place if not its supporting column. There was another family that occupied a position at the very pinnacle of society; this was the family of the Marquis

de Lallybund. They were French; and just why they were there, or why, apart from their rank, they became recognized as society leaders, no one seemed to be sure, but such was the fact. The marquis had fought under the great Napoleon, and had been a prominent figure at Waterloo (so he said). He was polished, affable and ex-cruciatingly polite. He had a son of uncertain age. He was a handsome fellow, suave, well-bred, and had sufficient of the rakish order about him to make him attractive, and very popular with the ladies both old and young. There had been an unpleasant rumor in circulation once or twice that Paul de Lally, as he was usually called, he himself having dropped the last syllable from his name, had been mixed up in a gambling affair at the barracks, and that the men's wives were obliged to wait for another pay day to come around before they could obtain their usual stipend. These rumors were disbelieved by the fair sex of "upper tendom."

## CHAPTER XX.

THE chief and his daughter were guests at the Hotel Covington; and here these guileless children of the forest had attentions heaped upon them to the point of embarrassment.

It so happened, or was secretly arranged, it matters not which, that there was at the hotel a pretty French girl. The day after the arrival of the Indians, this girl succeeded in making the acquaintance of Forest Lily, and soon was on familiar terms with her. They chatted pleasantly in French, and for a truth she made it pleasant for the Indian maiden in her present surroundings. She pre-cogitated and suggested many valuable things; dressed her hair for her; directed her where to go for the hundred and one little articles which she herself thought Lily required; spent hour after hour in teaching her the ways—in which she was deficient—of polite society; and even taught her to dance, and how to conduct herself in a fashionable ballroom; for Marie St. Marr had accomplishments. She found Forest Lily an exceedingly apt pupil, and taught her more of the graces than most young ladies learn in years of study; but Marie St. Marr would not go on the street with the Indian girl, nor would she be seen in her company if this could be avoided. Beside, Marie elicited a promise from the maiden that she would not inform her father of their intimacy, and the art-

less girl obeyed her implicitly, not for an instant suspecting duplicity.

The grand military ball was on the tapis now, and Marie was secretly at work preparing her apt pupil to shine brilliantly at that much-talked-of society event. The chief was rather impatiently awaiting its conclusion, so that he might take his daughter to other, and for him, more congenial, scenes.

Lily from her babyhood had had money at her disposal, for her father had several sources of revenue, so that she was never stinted in her desires. She might have decked herself in all kind of baubles and even costly ornaments, but never did so. She wore at times, especially now, a few jewels; these were both curious and beautiful, and attracted the attention of Marie St. Marr, who constantly asked questions concerning them, but in this her curiosity was never satisfied, for the Indian girl was not certain herself of their origin or how she came by them, but this fact she did not impart to Marie.

The night of the grand ball had arrived. The Royal Hussar band in their brilliant uniforms, shining buttons, and snow-white accouterments, were marching along the street making the air ring with the soul-inspiring strains of the "British Grenadiers." Everything was bustle and hum and hurry and excitement. Forest Lily could scarcely contain herself, and even her sedate father moved a little uneasily, and his countenance beamed as he watched the trained soldiers, and heard the wondrously beautiful music from their polished instruments.

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Lady Mary Montieth's private carriage came for our heroine and her father. The coachman wore a plumed hat, and the footman was a very peacock in gaudiness of attire. No one was kept waiting, for the chief, who was the soul of promptness, had taught his daughter that not to be prompt was dangerous, as it certainly was in his life and calling.

The two were soon rolling along toward the grandly decorated art pavilion where the ball was to take place.

Lady Mary and Sir James Montieth met Forest Lily and the chief at the entrance and afterward presented them. Then the stately old chief of the Ojibways, who was attired in the full dress of his own tribe, was immediately taken in charge by Major-General Sir Henry Lovington. He wore his tomahawk and scalping knife, and his breast was covered with medals won in battle. The large dancing hall was artistically draped in bunting, and the gilded walls hung with costly paintings and portraits, temporarily placed there by their owners. Flowers were in profusion, and filled the air with their fragrance. The officers were dressed in the full uniform of their respective ranks. British uniforms are so varied and beautiful that these added greatly to the dazzling brilliancy of the scene. The ladies were all in evening dress. Diamonds sparkled, and rubies, sapphires and other precious stones added to the splendor of the occasion.

Forest Lily's appearance caused a ripple of surprise and admiration to run through the assembly. Not a lady present but had done her



best to look attractive, and by the aid of maids and modistes had succeeded to a surprising extent, but the budding wild flower from the Couiching had, far and away, surpassed them all. Forest Lily would not abandon her native costume, and the effect was most charming.

Her complexion was but a shade from that of the pure-blooded Caucasian. Marie would have penciled and painted her till all traces of Indian, or any other nationality, had been buried, but Forest Lily would not permit it. She was in the full vigor of youth and needed not the assistance of art to beautify her. Her round, plump arms were bare. Her bodice had been fitted by a master hand, and left to full view her model shoulders. Her bust and waist were such as to call forth words of praise from her modiste. She required no "building up." She needed no extra folds to hide irregularity of form. She was as nearly perfect in her person and attire as mortals ever are. Her garb told to what tribe and race she belonged. Not a young officer in that select assembly but would have thrown his heart at her feet and proclaimed her his queen.

The first cotillion is over, and she stands on the floor coyly chatting to Paul de Lally. The strains of an enchanting waltz float across the great hall, and the dancers glide through its dazy maze. The Indian girl has never studied Delsarte, but every movement is perfect, every step is grace. The young Frenchman is cooing in her ear, whispering praise and flattery well calculated to turn the head of one so young and unaccustomed to the wily serpents who frequently

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bask, even to-day, in "society," and out of it,  
too, for that matter.

The thrilling music, the sparkling brilliancy  
of the dancers, the novelty of everything, en-  
tranced the fawn-like creature, and soon the ser-  
pent almost had her in his power. Marie St.  
Marr had told her if she met Monsieur de Lally  
she would find him "Such a charming gentle-  
man, so good, so handsome, so full of all the  
graces, so free from the least vulgarity, a guar-  
dian of everything that was pure and holy and  
good, an enemy of all things evil, improper or  
immoral."

Lily met the young monsieur, and her heart  
told her she had made a conquest. His heart  
told him he was about to gain a victory.

In the next cotillion she had for a partner a  
young officer of the Royal Grenadiers. He was  
pleasant and tried to please, but she thought he  
did not dance so nicely as Monsieur de Lally, and  
her eyes wandered about till they fell on the  
young Frenchman paying marked attention to  
the young heiress, Lady Harriet Compton. A  
little twinge of jealousy seized the innocent girl's  
heart, and she almost stopped dancing. Her  
partner thought he had tripped her and apolo-  
gized. The serpent had thrown another coil  
about her. A minuet came next. She was tired,  
pouted a little, and would not dance. The ser-  
pent now had pierced a vital spot with a poisoned  
fang. A waltz was called, and immediately she  
soared away, like a pretty butterfly, firmly  
pressed to De Lally's bosom, her throbbing heart  
pounding beneath her pure, untarnished breast.

The serpent had its victim chained. Forest Lily was conquered.

It is of little moment what took place further at the ball. All who were present pronounced it an unqualified success, and these were some of the comments:

"The Indian princess, how charming she was."

"It was rather rude, of Paul de Lally to monopolize so much of her time. And was it not wonderful that a semi-civilized girl should have been able to conduct herself with so much propriety, and in the main with such dignity."

"Indeed it was."

"Still had she been accustomed to society she would not have permitted Monsieur de Lally's undue familiarity, and would have respected the feelings of some of the young officers whom she refused as partners." Not to speak of the pouting, they might have added, of a number of the young ladies who longed for a waltz with the gay young monsieur and were disappointed.

"Oh, it was simply a case of mutual love at first sight," and the matter was carried out by the ebbing tide on the sea of life, and swept away by the gales which blow across the great sea of forgetfulness.

When the Indian girl reached her room after the ball she stood before a few glowing coals which still gave out a kindly warmth from the old-fashioned fireplace. This felt grateful after a drive through the chill morning air. Her mind was ill at ease. She had permitted Paul de Lally when he had led her into a partially hidden

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nook, to press his lips to hers. The moment was one of thrilling ecstasy. He held her in his arms as none had ever done before. His kisses blinded, numbed, and overpowered her. She breathed sweet quaffs of soothing balm from elysian bowers of bliss. She was dazed; she knew nothing of the world about her; she was happy, oh, so happy. The serpent had her in his power. She submitted to his passionate embrace, to his will, to his bidding. Thank God! there was at that moment a rustling of silks. Lady Mary Montieth came inquiring for the chief's daughter. The girl felt her heart give a thud. She felt a choking in her throat. For an instant she gasped for breath, felt faint, then turned ghastly pale. A moment more, blushing deeply, she emerged from the hidden nook.

Now she was in her room. She had not felt quite at ease since this occurrence, and was thinking of it when a gentle tap came at the door. Was it her father coming to censure her? Had he noticed any unbecoming conduct on her part? Had she done anything wrong or deserving of censure? The tap again. She must open the door and let him in. Tremulously the trembling girl approached the door, then hesitated. The rap again; slightly louder this time. She could not say him nay. The door opened, and Marie St. Marr entered. Her father, the chief, was not there. Much better for her had he been.

The little Frenchwoman was all smiles.

"Had the dear girl had a good time? Had she met Monsieur de Lally? Was he not beautiful, was he not lovely? Was he not such an

elegant dancer? How proud even a princess should be to have the charming young Monsieur de Lally pay her attentions." And so Marie went on until she almost turned the head of her innocent listener with flattery and seeming kindness. Then:

"My lady must be tired, oh, so tired." Marie would aid her in disrobing and tuck her comfortably in bed so that she could the better sleep off her fatigue.

"What shapely arms! What a beautiful bust!" (The e-a-u in "beautiful" drawn out to its greatest limit, that it might be the more effective.) And so she went on until she almost dazed the poor girl; then kissing her with impulsive fervor wished her pleasant dreams and stole away.

When Marie closed the door behind her she walked along the hall till she reached a flight of stairs, then ascended and without knocking entered a room where a hearth fire was brightly burning, and with its fitful rays partially lighting the apartment. A young man in evening dress sat in an easy-chair on one side of the grate. His forearms were resting on his knees. He was puffing a cigar and seemed to be in a contemplative mood. He raised his eyes when the girl entered, and without moving other than his head, he asked:

"Well, Marie, what luck?"

Marie did not answer at once, but placed a chair on the hearth and throwing one dainty foot over the other replied:

"The girl loves you, and you can do with her what you will."

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"Did she say so?"

"No, she did not say so, but Marie St. Marr  
is not a fool."

"Did you obtain any money from her?" said  
he.

"No, it is too soon to ask for money."

"Too soon, the devil it is! they are going  
away to-morrow: that is unless you can persuade  
her to remain for a time. In that case we could  
work our game to perfection. What need has a  
wench like her with that money anyway? She's  
a deuced fascinating little piece though, Marie,  
isn't she? I wish you could keep her here.  
I'd enjoy it immensely, I assure you; and if  
Paul de Lally can't make her have a fine time,  
who can, eh, Marie? You've had experience and  
know."

A frown crossed the girl's face at this and she  
bit her underlip.

"Paul de Lally," said she, "I'm not going to  
be a party to having that girl remain here. I'll  
try to obtain some money for you, but nothing  
more."

"Well, Marie, I declare you're becoming jeal-  
ous. I thought you were over those silly freaks  
long ago. The girl can't harm you any. I shall  
think nothing the less of you; and why should  
you interfere with my having a good time.  
Come now, there's a dear, be reasonable." He  
raised from his seat, walked over to where Marie  
sat, kissed and caressed her, much as a cat would  
toy with a helpless mouse.

"I want that little squaw's money, you know,  
dearie, and what matters to you if I have her

too for awhile. It shan't be long I promise you. Love, you know, with me is a very evanescent thing. I have stuck to you pretty well though. I wander off a little sometimes, true enough, but always glad to get back, am I not, lovie, Marie? Come, cheer up, little one, and be gay. Be yourself. You're no driveling ninny, I know you're not."

He kissed and fondled her more, and she soon yielded, promising to be his slave, his anything.

"Now you know, Marie, I'm dead broke. So business first and love afterward. You look after the financial end, and I'll take care of the love. And if you attend to your part as well as I to mine the whole affair will be a grand success. So, ta, ta, and don't let the game escape."

The scoundrel kissed his dupe again and was gone.

Marie threw herself on the bed and sobbed till she fell asleep. She awoke about eight o'clock, then hurriedly went to Forest Lily's door and rapped. No answer came. She opened the door and entered. Lily still slept. The French girl bent over the bed and kissed her. She felt the touch of Marie's burning lips, awakened, and said:

"Dear Marie, how kind you are! How shall I ever repay you!"

The woman promptly took advantage of this, and with a look of despair on her face, drew a crumpled letter from her pocket and said:

"My dear, I am in great trouble," then brushing some tears away and attempting to smile. "But I must not bother you, sweet angel, with my affairs." Another tear, a half-stifled sob.

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"I cannot help it, I cannot help it." She was sobbing in real earnest now, but for quite a different reason from that given the guileless girl whose feelings she was successfully working upon. Forest Lily arose and clasped the little woman in her arms saying:

"Do tell me, dear. Lily will help poor Marie if she can."

"Oh, I cannot tell you. It is too horrible," replied the French girl.

Lily now began to cry; and entreating Marie to tell what was causing her so much grief, said:

"I can help you in some way, I know I can, Marie." Marie replied between her sobs:

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Lily looked disconcerted for a moment, then replied, quite excitedly:

"Marie act strange. She talk strange. She say she in trouble. Forest Lily offer to help her. She say no. Forest Lily not understand such talk. Forest Lily always tell truth."

The woman decided that she had carried her scheme far enough, so composed herself, and explained that she had just received a letter from home that her dear mother was lying at the point of death, and her father was dead. The family was in extreme poverty. They had sent to her for aid, and she had none to give them. The story melted Forest Lily's tender heart. She had fifty sovereigns in a little buckskin bag, and these she handed to Marie saying:

"When that gone, Lily give you more."

The duped girl was hardly aware how much she had already given the woman. But Marie



could scarcely wait to thank her. She went tripping down the hall, choking back, not a sob, but a derisive laugh. The trick had worked far beyond her expectations. Never in her life had she encountered so easy a mark. She must not let her slip. She must guard such a priceless jewel as that with the greatest care.

In those days the country was not crossed and recrossed by railroads as at the present time, nor could the click of the telegraph machine be heard in every city, town, and hamlet. Daily papers were luxuries even in the cities, and seldom went beyond their confines in any considerable numbers. Hence no one in the village of O—— heard of Forest Lily's conquests for months afterward.

For the present we will leave Marie St. Marr and the villainous Paul de Lally. They tried every artifice to detain Forest Lily in the capital, but Mog-a-wog was one who would allow no one to interfere with his plans. Smarter men than Paul had tried that and failed.

The chief and his daughter left the capital early in the morning following the money incident mentioned above.

Time had rolled along and it was now the merry month of May. The rivers and lakes were all open, and the trees were commencing to put on their spring-time foliage. The fragrant woodlands resounded with the music of song birds, and the wild deer nipped the succulent herbage from the grassy knolls. The black bear awoke from his months of drowsy stupor and bade his

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ridge picked the bright red berry of the win-  
tergreen, and the wild duck found for herself a  
nesting-place. The bleating lambs and cackling  
fowls told the isolated husbandman that seed-  
time was at hand, and sweet-smelling flowers  
popped up their pretty heads and laughed with  
joy. All nature was refreshed by welcome show-  
ers: and full of vigor, youth, hope, and love.  
Over rippling streams and across the bosoms of  
many waters swiftly sped the Indian maiden  
and her noble sire. In their bark canoe they  
gently rocked while angling for a trout or saucy  
bass. Here their hearts were light and free,  
their souls content. When shooting down midst  
jutting rocks and craggy cliffs some rapid flow-  
ing streams, these honest childlike folk would  
smile at death's approach and laughing say:

"Where is your vaunted power, O Death!  
where is your poisoned sting? ha! ha! we fear  
you not!"

On their native waters and in their native  
woods these children of the forest floated, pad-  
dled, ate, and slept, and talked, and dreamed.  
The aged but wise and stalwart sachem breathed  
words of wisdom, love, and caution to his dark-  
eyed, dreamy child—dreamy now, though this  
was new to her—always full before of bubbling  
mirth and jocund play, ever on the watch for  
something good and kind and brave to do. Her  
mood is changed; there seems to be a darkened  
spot, a blot upon her pure, young life. She  
sighs and dreams. Her eyes are often moist  
and sad. Their brilliant, glinting light gives

place to visionary gaze, something looked for but never seen. A longing hope is resting in her breast, or vain regret. Her youthful, buoyant life seems ebbing out, and in its place is planted gloomy fears and deep despondency. Her father's keen and penetrating eyes in pensive moments pierce her through and through. Unseen himself he watches every changing mood, hears every weary, love-lorn sigh, and ponders on the transformation wrought in one he loves and knows so well.

"Is the chieftain's daughter out of health?" he asks. "If so then homeward bound we'll wend our way."

"No, no," the answer comes, "my father feels for me without a cause. I am in perfect health, but tired. I soon will be myself again and happy as of yore."

The father hears these words, but inwardly doubts their truth. He tries in vain to draw her from herself, almost succeeds at times, then fails. He's fought on many battlefields, his tomahawk and knife have dripped with blood. He's felt the poisoned arrow pierce his breast, the whizzing bullet graze his sweating brow, but not till now has fear or dread ere crossed his path. The flower he loves, for whom he'd willingly give up his life, is fading fast away. Within his inward soul he fears the cause, yet no, it cannot be; that innocent and fawn-like child cannot have erred. But see his brows are knit, a look of awful blackened rage distorts his kindly face. His eyes snap fire, his cord-like muscles twitch, he stamps the ground with furious tread. Then almost

LILY.

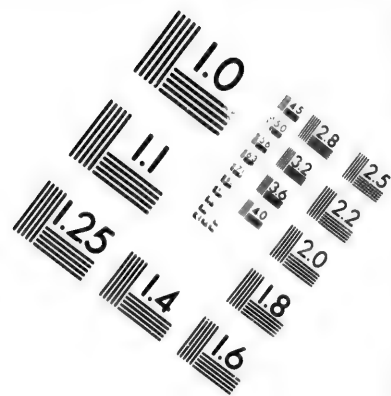
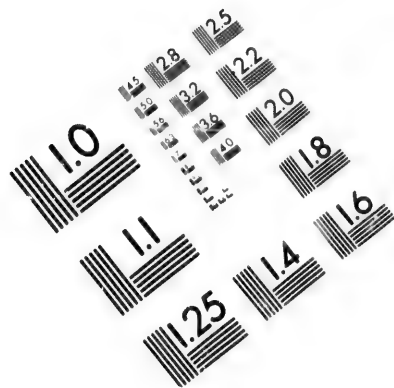
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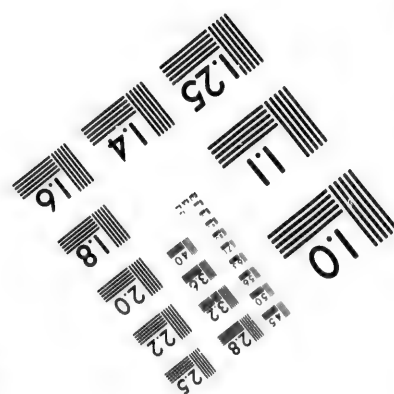
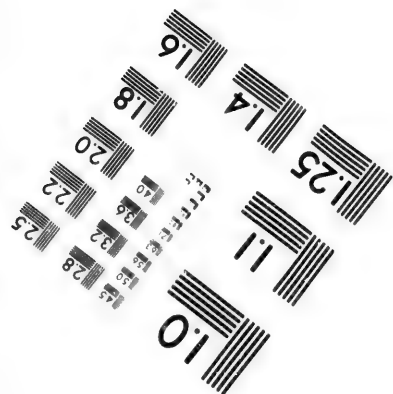
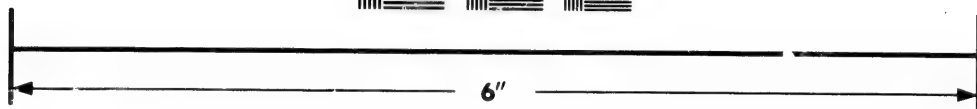
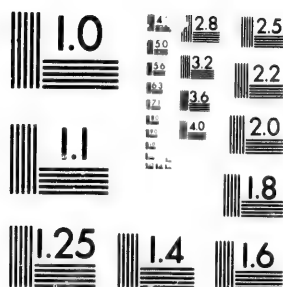
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frothing like a maddened boar he calls to him  
the child he's worshiped since her natal day.  
She comes. She sees her father's awful rage, and  
terror strikes her to the heart.

We draw a curtain here and let the warrior  
chief bring forth the truth, be it for ill or good.



## CHAPTER XXI.

FOREST LILY emerged from the scathing fire to which her father had subjected her, the pure, innocent, and unblemished young creature that she was. She bravely stood the crucial test put to her by an awful wrath, born of holy, unselfish love. She had been foolish, she had acted unwisely, but she had not sinned. The gold she gave was her own to do with as she chose. Her honor was God's, 'twas hers but to protect and keep, and keep it she would as long as life and strength should last. These were the girl's own words spoken mildly but firmly. She was not angry, but she threw herself on her father's breast and wept because she had been doubted. The old weather-beaten warrior's form shook as it had never done before; he kissed the idol of his heart and the scene was ended. The girl asked to be taken home. Her father had not intended returning yet, but he now changed his plans in accordance with his daughter's wishes, and they immediately set out for their own village near the town of O—.

No more beautiful spot could have been selected for the habitation of man than that on which stood the Indian village. It is only a few miles in one direction from the "Narrows" which divide Lake Simcoe from that most charming of all inland lakes, Lake Couchiching, on whose

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flowery banks the village nestles to this day. About as many miles in an opposite direction from Lake Simcoe is the mouth of the river Severn, on the gently flowing green waters of which many a brave has wooed and won the maiden of his choice. Directly across, the distance being four miles, from the Indian village on the eastern bank of the lake can be seen the spires and towers and houses and streets of the now famous town of O—. Pages could be written in describing these lovely spots, these charming lakes with their pretty wooded islands, their pebbly beaches and verdant sloping banks; but, lest I tire the reader, I shall refrain from a lengthy description of them, pleasant though the task would be.

After the burning and dangerous infatuation for De Lally had passed away, Forest Lily's heart rebounded to her first love, and she had a feverish desire to see him and tell him all.

When she reached her own wigwam, for thus her father designated the pretty little cot which they used as a dwelling, she lost no time in an earnest endeavor to see Joe Cameron, for she had been informed that he had come over from O— several times expecting to see her, and had attempted to learn her whereabouts, in both of which he had failed. Twice Forest Lily had visited O—; once she had paddled all the way alone in her canoe, dreaming as she went of the happy time in store for her when she should meet the young man she loved. How she longed to see him; how restless, how feverish she became as she neared the shore. There was no music in

the robin's song now, and the trill of the linnet and the whistle of the mocking bird were discordant noises to her ears. She had no kindly voice for her feathered playmates to-day, as they turned their saucy, wee heads aside and blinked and winked and sang and whistled and scolded because she would not join in their chorus.

As she entered the village her young face was aglow with joyous expectancy, returning her heart was almost breaking with girlish grief. The poor girl had no one to go to for sympathy or advice, she must bear her sorrow alone, and this was to her as great as could have fallen to the lot of any one, be they ever so high or ever so humble.

Once again she made the journey; this time on her snow-white saddle pony, Beatrice. Many a madcap ride she had taken on Beatrice before through O——, displaying the most daring horsemanship, causing the urchins on the quiet streets to clap their hands and shout with delight, while nervous old ladies hid their heads lest they should be eyewitnesses to a fatal accident that would "be nothing less than suicide." Beatrice was as white as the driven snow, had a long graceful neck, flowing mane and tail, and a disposition that was unfathomable in its cranky eccentricities. Her mistress could command her at will and be obeyed, neither saddle nor bridle being necessary when rider and horse were in a frolicsome mood, which was generally the case with both when they came in contact with each other; for as a rule it was only when in a joyous frame of mind that the girl elected to ride her equine pet.

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"Be still now, pony. Oh, you must not paw the ground all up like that; well, well! whatever is the matter?" caressing and stroking the animal's neck with her dainty hand. "Lily will have to scold her pony if she does not hold her head still; oh, now I see, you don't want the bit in your mouth, nor the saddle on; you want me to jump on your round, smooth back without either saddle or bit, but I can't do it. Poor Lily is not a little girl any more now, she's a nasty, cross old thing, and scolds all the time instead of laughing. If I could talk to my pony and tell her my secrets and sorrows she would pity me, I know she would; if I could tell the little birds, or the deer, or the beavers, or the fishes, or the trees, or the flowers, they are all my friends, all Lily's friends, but oh, they are so silent, none can tell me where my heart is; they used to talk to me but now they have all got the dumps. Beatrice, you kind, good creature, your unhappy mistress has lost her heart, and a poor little Indian girl without a heart is not of much account in this world. There now, there's a good little horsey, take your bit and we'll go off to town as prim and proper as a Methodist parson riding his rheumatieky old Jerry. That's a good horse, now hold up your velvety nose and have a kiss and away we go."

With a bound the agile girl vaulted into the saddle and was off, her milk-white pony leaping over the ground as swiftly as a greyhound. Forest Lily's heart was heavy as she sat in the saddle, she scarcely hoped to see Joe to-day, for something told her that he could not be at home

without learning that she had returned, and surely, surely, if he was aware of her coming he would wish to see her.

"He cannot have forgotten so soon how I risked my life for his and how I love him." And the girl burst into tears as she galloped over the uneven roadway. "Beatrice, I am choking, wait, little pony, till I moisten my lips in this brook, and you can take a drink, too, kind creature, if you are thirsty." The girl dismounted near a small stream and bathed her heated temples and reddened eyes in the cool, soothing water. A robin-redbreast perched himself on a swinging bough and began to sing with all his might.

"Sing little cock-robin, sing your joyous song, it softens my heart to listen to your merry voice. You try to cheer me up, don't you, sweet little songster; but, birdie, you have not lost your mate, you know, or you would be sad too. Some day I will come back and sing to you, but now I must be off and away, find your wife, you saucy little fellow, and sing to her. Having so spoken this simple child of nature patted the silken neck of her horse, and with a kind word and a fond caress leaped into the saddle and was away. When she reached the town of O—, she passed on from street to street until she had traversed almost the whole village, then she halted in front of the post office, dropped a letter in the mail box, and without further ado, soon left the town far in her wake riding almost madly in the direction of home. Lily knew that her father with a band of braves was to leave for the North next morning, to be gone for several months on a

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accompany them if she could obtain the chief's  
permission.

Lily was not to have been a member of the  
party, but as some other women were going she  
was allowed to go to. Thus it happened that  
when Joe, who had been away from home for a  
month, returned the girl he longed so much to  
see had been and gone. At the office he found a  
letter. It said very little, but every line  
breathed an undying affection, a child-like con-  
fidence, a hope, a trust. The letter also con-  
tained a small portrait, one that the girl had had  
taken at the capital in the costume she wore at  
the military ball. When the young man went  
home he retired to his room that he might be  
alone. He seemed now to have grown tall, more  
broad-shouldered, erect and handsome. The  
reading of the letter caused tears to rise to his  
honest brown eyes, and he paced up and down  
the room gazing intently at the miniature which  
he held in his hand. He then stopped in front  
of the large window which looked out upon the  
lake and gazed across the rippling waters of  
Couchiching. The sun in radiant glory had  
dipped into the distant waters on the other shore  
and disappeared. Rearing its peaked head  
heavenward and piercing a flaky cloud with its  
small golden cross glistened the spire of the  
little mission church in the Indian village. All  
around the sacred edifice in phantasmagoric  
array were flitting twilight shadows. Perhaps  
these were the spirits of departed souls returned  
to revel, if only for a moment, in the fading sun-

light on the banks of that fairy lake where dark-eyed maidens and dusky warriors in the misty past had lived and loved and wept and died. On the peak of a crested wave sat a snow-white gull, rocked up and down and to and fro on the bosom of the murmuring water. An occasional bark canoe floated hither and thither, and a skiff shot out with lightning swiftness from behind a neighboring island. Here and there a small white sail stood out against the horizon, and the soft midsummer breeze wafted it lazily on toward the harbor of home. The young man stood, and looked, and thought.

The lovely panorama before him, although he had witnessed it since childhood, held him now in a state of enchanted reverie. One object he looked for, one he longed to see but could not; perhaps, it had gone out of his life forever. Rather would he have remained a cadger, a poor mechanic, anything; for he was strong, and young, and brave, and could work, and suffer if need be for the woman he loved. Was this fate? Was it a combination of circumstances keeping them apart, or was it a premeditated scheme being successfully carried out by some one? The young man kissed the miniature, buried it in his bosom, and resolved to discover if possible the reason he and Forest Lily failed to meet, though both so much desired a meeting. He remembered that every time Mrs. Craig had visited his mother, the latter lady would find occasion to make remarks of a caustic nature regarding the chief's daughter, and once said that she remembered hearing Joe's father state that there

airy lake where dark-warriors in the misty and wept and died. have sat a snow-white and to and fro on the water. An occasional and thither, and a skiff lightness from behind a e and there a small t the horizon, and the ted it lazily on toward young man stood, and

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was some doubt as to whether Forest Lily was Chief Mog-a-wog's daughter or not. One thing was certain, she said, that Lily was not the daughter of his present wife, and whether the chief had had a former lawful wife or not was problematical; most likely not, for in those early days Indian chiefs usually had as many wives as they chose; but one only was recognized by the laws of the whites as legal; and so far as could be ascertained from the chief, who was a very reticent man, Winona, his present squaw, was the only lawful wife he had ever espoused. Joe reflected seriously on this matter; and when his mother said to him that evening:

"Why is my son so pensive to-night?" he decided it was best to broach the subject and learn all he could concerning the real facts. He handed the miniature to his mother and asked:

"Mother, do you not think that a pretty face?"

Mrs. Cameron examined the face carefully, the while glancing over her spectacles to see the varying expressions on her son's countenance. She attempted to read his thoughts before she made answer, for she was jealous of the boy's love and did not wish his heart staid on any one until she had enjoyed more of it herself. Mrs. Cameron did not recognize the face, nor had she quite decided how to reply to the question, however she deemed it safest to remark:

"I have seen faces I like better, who is she, dear?"

Joe's youngest brother, a half-spoiled but sharp youngster, jumped up and looked at the picture. In an instant he sang out at the top of his voice:



"That's Forest Lily. Hip, hurrah! Joe's in love with an Injin! Joe's in love with an Injin!" Then grabbing his hat he rushed from the room singing as he went:

"Hippity hip, and hippity haw,  
Joe's going to marry a little black squaw."

Joe blushed and felt like a culprit, but to act the man in all kind of trying ordeals was characteristic of the youth, and his presence of mind did not forsake him now. At first Mrs. Cameron was too indignant to speak, but soon collected her wits. Having no idea that her son's regard for the Indian maiden was more than a passing fancy, and wishing to crush that fancy at one fell blow, she began:

"Joseph, I would not lower myself by having that squaw's picture on my person. It is very humiliating to me that you should have brought it into the house, much less ask me to admire it. Remember that your mother is a lady, and she expects her son to treat her as such."

Joe was simply a bashful youth before, ashamed to speak to his mother of his love affairs; but now he was a very angry young man and ready to resent an insult even from his mother.

"Mother," said he in a heated tone, "you astonish me. Never in my life have I forgotten that my mother was a lady, but it seems that you deem it necessary now to act in such a manner as to forfeit the claim. Mother, you have maligned a noble girl; and, be she squaw or not, I consider her good enough to be my wife; and,

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if she will have me, when the proper time comes  
I shall lead her to the altar."

Never before had any angry words passed  
between Mrs. Cameron and her favorite son, and  
this unexpected onslaught on the part of both,  
was so sudden that neither realized what had  
taken place till Joe had left the house, which he  
immediately did after uttering these heated  
words. When the young man returned, all had  
retired for the night, so he crept quietly to his  
own room, and throwing himself on a couch  
became buried in gloomy thoughts. He had not  
been there long when he heard the door knob  
turning. Presently his little brother, who had  
been the means of precipitating the heated dis-  
cussion downstairs in the evening, pushed him-  
self through a narrow crack and said apologetic-  
ally:

"Say, Joe, I am real sorry I caused that  
racket; darn me, if I ain't! But, old boy, I'm  
with you! I'm on your side, you bet your scalp!  
and if you want to marry that little Injin you  
can count on me, now and forever. The old  
lady is not informed on Injins. I'll bet, she  
never read 'Rattle Snake Ike,' or 'Spotted Tail  
Jack of the Rockies,' or she'd know more. If I  
wanted that little redskin, by gosh! I'd take  
her So long!" and the urchin was gone.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A MARKED coolness existed between Mrs. Cameron and her son for some days. Both were too proud to yield. Joe felt heart sorry for his mother. This sorrow made him appear fretful, morose, and absent-minded. His mother wrongfully attributed this sullen mood to the harsh words she had spoken to him, and frequently determined to try and make amends for her haste and partial injustice. Mrs. Cameron had no intention of consenting to a union between her son and the Indian girl, but she thought it wiser to meet the unpleasant contingency in a more diplomatic way than she had already and too hastily chosen. The good woman also concluded to inquire minutely into the girl's history and parentage, so that she might be armed with the facts when again approached by her son on the subject. Joe in the meantime went over to the Indian village, and called upon Winona, Chief Mog-a-wog's wife. The woman at first was inclined to be reticent, and would not give the young man the least information. He found her an intelligent woman; though a look of treachery in her eyes, at times, caused him to be on his guard and not trust her too far.

"Forest Lily, not Winona's papoose; Winona not care where she go," she said rather savagely, in reply to a question asked her.

## XXII.

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"Mog-a-wog make pet of her all the time, all the time, all the time. He think Winona much fool, no see, but Winona see all right 'nuff. She get mad too, after awhile. Winona got no papoose of her own. She not care for other squaw's papoose."

Here was a shrewd, jealous and, consequently, a dangerous woman. She made Joe welcome, however, and seemed rather to enjoy venting her spleen on her stepdaughter. She gave him to understand that as a friend of the chief's he was welcome at any time, and, taking advantage of this, he soon became rather well acquainted with the haughty aborigine. When the woman arrived at the conclusion that Joe was in love with Forest Lily, she seemed very much pleased. She wished the girl out of the way and cared nothing as to how this was to be accomplished. She disliked the "pale faces" and would have considered it a pleasure to scalp everyone within her reach, but she detested her stepdaughter, and would give her to any one, even a hated white man.

Winona did not know the exact whereabouts of the hunting party, but knew that several months would elapse before they could be home. At this news Joe's heart sank, for before Lily's return he would be away.

Joe and his mother had had several cool conversations, and Mrs. Cameron endeavored in every way to dissuade her son from, what she termed, such a *mésalliance*. Joe, who loved his mother most dearly, finally promised her that he would not marry any one for some years at least,

and the subject was not alluded to again by either previous to his departure to the military college.

A few days before leaving he again visited the home of Winona. He was politely treated, but obtained no information concerning Forest Lily.

While in the village he encountered a fashionably dressed little lady whom he had never met before. He had come to the village on horse-back and, while the animal was resting, he strolled leisurely down to a clump of maples on the lake shore. He sat on a rude seat beneath one of these trees watching the antics of some waterfowl that were disporting themselves on the beach, when he was accosted by the stranger. The lady was becomingly attired, and had the appearance of one who moved in fashionable society. Her voice had a charming musical ring that made it very pleasant to the ear. Her dark eyes sparkled, and her pretty features were almost constantly wreathed in smiles. Altogether she was an attractive and prepossessing person. She kept up a constant stream of adjectives, expressing her admiration of the village, the lake, the islands, the trees, the flowers, and even the playful ducklings before mentioned. She evidently was greatly charmed. While the lady was thus talking, she made a pretty accurate estimate of the young man before her, even attempting a reading of his thoughts. She found them deeper, however, than at first expected, and when she commenced probing too recklessly, she quickly regretted having done so, for she soon discovered her own inferiority and

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littleness as compared with the young man whom  
she had been catechising and really attempting  
to ensnare. He could not be charmed, be-  
witched, or mesmerized by any power that she  
had yet exerted, and what he did not care to tell  
she could not elicit from him. She amused Joe  
a good deal, in fact, almost delighted him, in  
some respects, with her witchery. He had never  
met any one possessed of quite as much assur-  
ance, nor could he remember having seen a pret-  
tier woman, and, when he found that he had suc-  
ceeded in completely disconcerting her, he could  
not help smiling at her discomfiture. He was  
not sufficiently experienced in the ways of the  
world to make a true estimate of the woman, but  
his inborn shrewdness convinced him that she  
was not what she seemed. The woman had not  
learned all she wished, but had gained some in-  
formation that was precisely what she desired.  
She now knew the exact whereabouts of Chief  
Mog-a-wog's lodge. She had tried to ascertain  
this from several groups of half-naked, towsy-  
headed little redskins, but the young savages  
were not in the habit of imparting such informa-  
tion to strangers, and she utterly failed. She  
learned other important things also. Joe had  
not told her a great deal directly, but in her coy  
way she had picked it from him, little by little,  
till after all, she knew nearly everything that was  
to be of much value to her. They had talked a  
long time, and Joe became so much interested in  
the conversation and also, we must admit, in  
the little lady whose flashy wit, pretty face, and  
familiarily insinuating manner, had flattered his

vanity and almost won his confidence, that the approach of evening had not been noticed. The mists of night were falling fast about them, when Joe arose suddenly to his feet and exclaimed:

"My, it is almost dark I must go. I had no intention of remaining so long."

The girl had seated herself beside the young man, and now reaching out her daintily jeweled hand she took him by the arm and said:

"Do not go yet. I wish to talk with you longer. I think it lovely to look out upon the pretty lake, the scene is so weird and fascinating to me. Sit down again, please do."

In response to this entreaty, Joe seated himself beside her.

The girl took his hand in hers and drew him quietly toward her. He yielded. They sat very close now. She looked into his handsome young face, and with a well-feigned expression of deep love in her own she peered into his large brown eyes, causing him to blush to his very ears. The hazy evening darkened apace. She threw her arms about the youth's neck and kissed his burning cheeks; her fevered lips touched his and he felt the pulsations of her heart beat hard against his bosom.

"This is not love," a still, small voice whispered to his soul. "Neither does honor or manhood take a part in this," the voice went on.

Joe jumped up, pushed the girl from him and exclaimed:

"This is not right. What object can you have in acting so? I wish you no harm, but whoever you are I must leave you." There was not a

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harsh note in his voice. The tone was one of sympathy. He held out his hand to say good-night before he left. She pouted but did not take it. Joe bade her good-evening and left. The girl looked after him, and when he had disappeared in the distance, a silvery mocking laugh echoed over the rippling waters of the lake, and a voice said:

"Joe Cameron, before I am through with you, you will be more of a man, you will be made to realize that Marie St. Marr is not a simple little squaw. You are only a soft kid, and, perhaps after all, did fairly well for the first lesson. Others will follow, and I will make you do my bidding." Another mocking laugh and Marie was gone from the maple grove.

As for Joe, a new era had opened before him. "Who could this ultra-affectionate little lady be?" he thought. "And whatever was her idea in asking so many questions? And had she really fallen in love with him so suddenly?" He had heard of love at first sight, and all that, but this was the most aggravated case he had ever heard of. "She is a pretty little creature too," he went on muttering to himself, as he unhitched his impatient horse and vaulted into the saddle. "By George! she's a corker, for sure! I wonder who she is anyway! Well, well! if this isn't a funny world after all. Sure enough it's 'a quare wurld', as Tim used to say. How that Irishman would have laughed had he seen that pretty creature—I wish I knew her name—with her arms around my neck. Well, it's a caution what experiences a fellow does pass through any-



way. I wonder what'll happen me next? But that girl is decidedly good-looking. Hang me! if I know what to think about her. She's quite a little dandy any way, that's sure. By jing! she's a corker, and no mistake! She acted a little forward though, squeezing a fellow like that on such short acquaintance. I'm afraid if I told any of the boys of my experience that old seat under the maple would have some young chap sitting on it every evening about dark, all fall."

The youth rode his horse to the barn door, called a boy to take it, and, as he proceeded toward the house, still muttered:

"By George! I can't get over the actions of that girl. She's a corker."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Two days more remained before Joe was to leave his old home and go among strangers, among new scenes, and learn to conform to military usages and discipline.

The art of war was not new to him, for since a wee boy he had pored, at times, over old books that had been used by some one or other of his forefathers who had been attached to, or in the armies of Bruce, Prince Charlie, or the Georges of England.

On the day following his adventure with Marie St. Marr, to please his brother Roderick (the boy mentioned before) he accompanied him on a fishing excursion. They had enjoyed an excellent day's sport, and were returning home. It was not yet dark. The boy was rowing, as he insisted on doing, and chattering away to his elder brother, as though every moment was most precious and must be taken advantage of. Joe was half-lying back in the seat lazily attending to the tiller and pretending to listen to the chattering lad, but in reality dreaming of the past, when his reverie was broken into by an exclamation from the boy:

"Say, Joe, she's proper good-looking, ain't she? And that bloke with her is not half-bad looking himself. Well, saw my leg off! if they ain't speaking to us."

This was all spoken so hurriedly that Joe had no time to reply except to say "Hush! Don't speak so loud."

"Good-evening, Mr. Cameron!" came floating over the water in silvery tones.

Joe touched his hat and replied "Good-evening."

The two spoken of, sat on the bank of the lake looking out upon the charming scenes before them—a September sunset on Lake Couchiching. The evening was warm and pleasant, and all nature was in her most beautiful early autumn attire. The sinking sun was painting everything with a lavish hand, but with exquisite taste. Just to the right of the strangers, who sat on the swardy bank, a small stream poured its crystal waters into the lake. Floating on this stream and nodding gently up and down, held to its moorings by a frail anchor chain, was a light rowboat or skiff. It was elegantly upholstered and cushioned, such a trim little craft in every respect that young Roderick had no eyes for anything else, as soon as he saw the boat. However, he made so correct an inventory of the strangers in the few glances he did give them, that the appearance of each was ever afterward indelibly impressed upon his mind.

"Gosh! Joe, that's a nice boat! Gee whiz! How I'd like to have one like it. An Injin canoe ain't to be mentioned with a skiff built on those lines. Moses! I'd like to be rich, so's I could get a skiff like that. I wonder how much they'd take for it."

"Steer your boat in this way, Mr. Cameron."

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I'd like to speak to you," said the same silvery voice, and its owner tripped nimbly down to the water's edge, followed by her companion, a tall, faultlessly dressed, handsome young man. The boy at the oars needed no further invitation, for his mind was bent upon an examination of the pretty skiff. He stopped one oar, pulled with the other till he had the bow of his boat headed up the little stream, then with a few well directed strokes shot up alongside of the plush-upholstered craft. He was out of his own boat and into it in a jiffy.

In the meantime a medley of sensations, varying in intensity and effect, were passing through Joe's bosom and brain. He blushed, turned pale, felt bashful, cold, hot, and everything else in rapid succession. The keen eyes of Marie St. Marr were on him, and he knew it. The girl advanced as near to the boat as the water would permit, then with a pleasant smile and the utmost *sang froid* said:

"Mr. Cameron, allow me to introduce you to my brother, Arthur Montague." The young men shook hands, reaching over the water, and the young woman continued:

"We have been sitting on the bank watching your beautiful Canadian sunset. I think I never saw anything so delightful in my life—except once." The last two words in another tone, looking straight at Joe and accompanying a knowing little smile with a raising of the eyebrows. Joe simply blushed, and that was all he could do. Ordinarily he was anything but an awkward young man; but now, much to his

chagrin, he made a step backward, the boat gave a lurch and he was thrown his full length sprawling on his back in the water. Had he not been a thorough boatman the circumstance would have been excusable, but that he, who could manage a boat or canoe with any one on the lake, should have made such a clumsy exhibition of himself was ridiculous in the extreme, and he felt it as he scrambled out of the water and heard the suppressed laughter on the bank. Even the redoubtable young Roderick laughed himself almost into convulsions, exclaiming at last:

"Well, Joe! Why didn't you look where you were going?"

"I didn't intend going anywhere when I started," replied Joe, joining in the laugh at his expense, so that these people, whoever they were, would be given the less opportunity for merriment. He was soon in the boat again and handling the oars himself. He bade the strangers good-evening, to which they replied with polite regrets that he had taken the unceremonious plunge bath.

"That young fellow is quite a sculler, if your charms did knock him down, Marie," remarked Paul de Lally watching the rapidly receding boat. "I'm glad you don't look at me like that, little one, for I have no desire to be tumbled into the water with arrows from your quiver, such as I noticed you fired at him." Marie made no reply but stepped into their own boat and asked to be taken to their hotel. The evening being a

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delightful one, the lake was covered with flotilla  
of all kinds, sorts, and sizes, used for pleasure  
on these waters. The boats were full of happy  
occupants, some singing, some playing guitars,  
banjos, and mandolins. Merry laughter and  
sweet music filled the air; but there was neither  
music nor laughter issuing from the elegantly  
appointed little skiff with its two occupants who  
were strangers to these waters and to the happy  
people who looked at them in surprise as they  
slowly rowed toward the landing-place opposite  
their hotel. The bewitching smile had left  
Marie's face, and one to look closely at it now  
could hardly determine that a smile had ever  
crossed it.

"I can see no earthly use in remaining here  
any longer," she was saying, "for that squaw of  
yours won't return for perhaps two months, and  
what good you expect me to get out of that awk-  
ward lout of a boy I can't imagine. Why, a  
good look from me knocks him down, as you  
observed yourself."

"That's just the idea exactly, Marie. That  
fellow is in love with my squaw, and she, as you  
have learned, is quite as much in love with  
him. They are both young and foolish.  
They can't help being young, but inexperience  
makes them foolish, and on this account they  
are all the more difficult to keep apart. The  
boy's mother objecting only makes matters  
worse, for that lad is no fool; he himself will be  
master of the situation. You alone may be able  
to manage him satisfactorily; but, on my soul, I  
don't believe there's another girl in the world

who could. The girl is a prize package on account of her money; and, if she's who and what you think, she's a prize on her own account, and such an one as we must not allow to pass through our fingers. By Jove! I want some of her stuff, and will take her too, if I have to, in order to get it. Now don't frown so, little one; ain't I giving that bright boy to you? He's a lot better than I am, and you know I'm your brother any way, don't forget that important fact, whatever you do. I mortally hate a jealous woman, so put by that pout till some time when you are talking to yourself, or to young Cameron, he may stand it, I won't. Beside this, Marie, that young fellow has a considerable amount of this world's goods. He may not be as easy to tap as the girl, but I have no doubt but you can work him, and eventually learn to love him, who knows? If you can't handle him in this way, why we must get rid of him in some other. You understand that. He must not meet that Indian girl again until I am through with her, even if we have to resort to means—oh, don't shudder—we won't kill the boy if we can help it; and remember one thing, if we are obliged to remove him it will be your fault. So don't let your silly affection for me deter you from getting in your best licks. Make him love you, then the battle is won. The little princess will love me quick enough if her young hero is kept out of the way."

During this speech the French girl had said nothing, though at times her black eyes flashed, at others became moist and dim. It was clear

prize package on account of she's who and what her own account, and allow to pass through and some of her stuff, I have to, in order to so, little one; ain't I ou? He's a lot better I'm your brother any important fact, whatever a jealous woman, so time when you are young Cameron, he may do this, Marie, that considerable amount of this not be as easy to tap as but you can work on to love him, who handle him in this way, in some other. You not meet that Indian ough with her, even if —oh, don't shudder— we can help it; and re- are obliged to remove t. So don't let your or you from getting in him love you, then the princess will love me ng hero is kept out of

e French girl had said her black eyes flashed, and dim. It was clear

she loved this cold, black-hearted villain with a love so desperate in its character that she would sacrifice, not alone her soul, for many think (as perhaps she did) so little of their souls because they cannot see them, that to sacrifice them is of little account, but her physical self. She stood ready to be thrown on the burning coals and destroyed, if this would add to the gratification of the man who had already blasted her fair young life; but he was now compelling her to become disloyal to him, and even to make a pretense of loving some other man, and this was asking too much, asking a something against which her spirit rebelled. This troubled her. She felt that some day it might come back upon her. Paul could say to her:

"Don't find fault with me. You have done as bad yourself."

Then the alternative—*murder*. She had her choice. She could either love the young man or kill him. Here was something worthy of consideration.

Their boat was drawing near the shore. The unhappy girl looked about her. Everyone was smiling and full of enjoyment. Even some little children gamboling on the greensward in front of the hotel were making the evening air ring with their innocent mirth. She looked at the face of her companion and it wore a smile of serene contentment. A change came over her. She arose, leaped from the boat like a fairy, and alighted on a projecting plank, then with a bound reached the shore, uttering a silvery laugh as though she were naught but a playful child. The two then strolled leisurely up to the hotel.



The day had arrived for Joe's departure, and he had gone. His mother packed his small trunk with every little comfort a mother heart could suggest, and between the folds of one of his garments she placed a Bible, with a simple inscription written by her own hand on the fly-leaf. There were also some marks there, for large tears had fallen on the book and she could not blot them out.

A mother's tears; how precious they are. They seem to well from the very soul, and hard is the heart indeed they cannot soften. These tear-stains melted Joe's heart when he found the Bible and read the inscription, and he resolved as near as human endeavor and vouchsafed grace would enable him, to follow the good counsel and loving admonition his mother had given him. At the last moment before his departure she folded him to her heart and said:

"My dear boy, when in trouble or distress, go to your Saviour in prayer and He will help you. Remember your mother and your home. Good-bye! God bless and protect you!" She kissed him and he was gone.

All that day, Joe's mischievous, ill-mannered, impulsive, but thoroughly good-natured little brother, Roderick, wandered about as one cast on a barren island. He tried to read, tried to play, even attempted to laugh, but everything was a failure. He could accomplish little else than to wander about from one place to another, and occasionally slip into some secluded spot and indulge in a good cry, then he felt better for a time, and would whistle some favorite tune of

for Joe's departure, and packed his small trunk as a mother heart could fold of one of his garments with a simple inscription on the fly-leaf. The marks there, for large book and she could not

how precious they are. The very soul, and hard cannot soften. These heart when he found the inscription, and he resolved for and vouchsafed grace follow the good counsel his mother had given him before his departure and said:

"a trouble or distress, go for and He will help you. and your home. Good-bye to you!" She kissed

schievous, ill-mannered, only good-natured little creature about as one cast tried to read, tried to laugh, but everything accomplished little else than one place to another, some secluded spot and when he felt better for a some favorite tune of

Joe's, and trying to act in a manly way, he would brush back the tears and attempt to appear as though nothing had happened. Finally the lonesome boy thought of the pretty skiff he had seen a few evenings before, and he at once started off to visit the place where, perhaps, he might find it again, and sure enough there it was moored in the same little creek, and there were the same gentleman and lady with it. Rod was delighted, and holding his hat in his hand he bowed politely to Marie and her companion, and asked to be allowed to examine the boat. The girl stooped, kissed the boy and said:

"Why, certainly, my dear, and we will be good friends from this on, won't we? and you'll tell me all about yourself and your school, and your mamma, and your brother Joe, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I will," replied the child. "But brother Joe went away for good this morning, and that is the reason I came down here, because I am so lonesome."

"Your brother Joe went away for good, did he?" asked Marie, very much interested.

"Yes, he's gone away to the military college to learn to be a soldier; and we don't expect him home for a long, long time, maybe two or three years, except in holidays, and I'm awful lonesome; but I like you."

The girl smiled at the closing remark, and again kissed the boy; then turning to Paul said:

"I have finally found some one that will like me, and I can use him to the extent of his knowledge, which may be considerable."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

IN Monkville, a village situated on the shore of Lake Manitou, there lived the Rev. John Markham and his amiable young wife. The "Rev. John," as he was usually called, was a handsome, scholarly man; his wife a cultured, well-bred lady, some four or five years younger than himself.

The "Rev. John" had been stationed at Monkville about two years, this being his first ministerial appointment after his marriage. His wife, Clara Barton, he met and married in Toronto. They were thoroughly Christian people, and no word of dissension had thus far crossed the life of either; and, though both had been accustomed to refined society previous to their removal to this remote but pleasant village, neither had uttered a complaint at their comparative isolation. Though John sometimes felt that had his lot been cast in a more congenial place, perhaps, his arduous labors—for he did work hard and faithfully—would have borne fruit more abundantly.

"I do not care for myself in the least, but you, my dear wife, are buried in this place, with not even one congenial companion of your own sex."

"Now, John, you must not talk so, for where

## XXIV.

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you are, I shall always be happy; and the only occasion on which I feel at all lonely are when you are away on your missionary jaunts. Then anxiety on your behalf, more than any feeling for myself, makes me uneasy at such times."

The young missionary and his wife were thus discussing the situation, when a light rap was heard at an outer door. The evening was chilly, and a bright, kindling-wood fire was shedding its warmth as well as affording what light was required in the neat little room that answered for library, study, and sitting room.

Mrs. Markham, whose hearing was very acute, said:

"John, my dear, there is some one knocking. Shall I go?"

Her husband seized her by the arm in a manner he had never done before, and said:

"No, sit down. I will go."

A flicker of light from an ignited pine knot lit the room brilliantly for an instant, and Mrs. Markham saw an expression of fright and intense concern on her husband's face.

"My darling, what is the matter? You look ill and frightened?" said Mrs. Markham.

"No, Clara, there is nothing wrong. Sit down and I will go."

A fitful gust of wind blew down the chimney, scattering a few sparks about the hearth, and the knocking was repeated louder than before, still the Reverend John did not stir in that direction.

"John, my dear, say, do say what is the matter with you. I will go to the door, or we can both go together."

"No, no! You must not go," said the man. "Sit down! for God's sake, Clara, sit down!"

Mrs. Markham heard footsteps, and before she had time to speak, a rap was heard at another door. She had thrown her arms about her husband's neck, imploring him to speak and tell her the cause of his intense alarm, but he made no reply. His hands were cold and his forehead was studded with drops of clammy sweat. Louder than ever came another knock, accompanied this time by a muttering voice. John Markham picked his wife up and running with her to a staircase that closed with a door, opened this, thrust her inside, and said:

"Clara, darling, as you love your life remain here or go upstairs. Don't let your presence be known." The preacher fastened the door; and his dumfounded wife, after crawling upstairs, nearly swooned away.

John Markham then hastened to the outer door and without asking who was there opened it, and there stood a stalwart Indian. It was Chief Mog-a-wog, and the Rev. John recognized him, for he had known him since a boy, grasped the old warrior by the hand and almost laughed with delight, so great was his joy and surprise. His laugh rang through the mission house. It was not a natural laugh, more like that of a maniac or a hysterical woman. Clara Markham heard it and shuddered. The keen eyes of the aged warrior looked intently into those of the young missionary, and saw there a troubled light. The young man trembled, looked faint, and would have fallen but for the kind support offered him by the Indian.

"Not go," said the man. "Clara, sit down!" She took a few steps, and before she was heard at another door, her arms about her husband to speak and tell her of alarm, but he made no sign, and his forehead was covered with clammy sweat. Another knock, accompanied by a rattling voice. John came up and running with the door closed with a door, and said: "Love your life remain, let your presence be fastened the door; and after crawling upstairs,

fastened to the outer door who was there opened the door. It was Rev. John recognized him since a boy, grasped his hand and almost laughed at his joy and surprise. The mission house. It was more like that of a man. Clara Markham. The keen eyes of the minister looked into those of the young man. He saw there a troubled, unsteady, looked faint, and for the kind support

"Is John sick?" said the old man. "Mog-a-wog will help him in." Saying this he took the young preacher by the arm, and led him into the lighted room. He returned to close the outer door, and when he came back the minister's face was flushed, but his eyes repossessed their natural expression, and though a look of exhaustion pervaded the whole man he was himself again.

"Oh, chief! I am so glad to see you. I thought it was some one else and I was almost beside myself. Sit down, you dear old friend, and I will bring my wife. She has often heard me speak of you."

John Markham mounted the stairs with a bound, and calling to his wife said:

"Dearest little wife, I almost frightened you to death, didn't I? But never mind. It was all about nothing, and I am sorry. I was frightened myself. I am a poor protector in time of need, surely; but there was no need; it was a foolish fancy of mine, and all is well." Mrs. Markham threw her arms affectionately around her husband's neck, and said:

"Oh, John dear, you did frighten me so. You had such an awful look in your eyes, and your face was as white as marble. What was the matter?"

"Nothing, darling. I thought it was some one else, but it was only the old chief, you have heard me speak of so often. Come, cheer up, dear, my fright is all over, and you have nothing to be alarmed about. The old man is waiting downstairs and I want to show him my little wife."

Clara pressed the matter no further. She bathed her eyes, and brushed her fluffy, auburn hair, then accompanied her husband to meet the stately old chief of the Ojibways.

The old warrior rose to his feet when Mrs. Markham entered. She had pictured him as clothed in smoky garments, the smell of which would almost break her nose; but she was mistaken and surprised. Before her stood one of the most magnificent specimens of stately, though venerable, manhood she had ever seen.

Mog-a-wog's dark eyes kindled and his kind face lighted with a glow of pleasure, as the exquisitely pretty girl—the wife of a young man he had known and loved from boyhood—approached him, extending her delicate hand. He took Clara's hand in his, and pressed it firmly but softly as though he feared hurting it, and said:

"Mog-a-wog much glad to see John's wife. Hope she live long. Hope she happy all the time. Good." Mrs. Markham invited the old chieftain to take an easy-chair, and, while she was conversing with him, the young clergyman who had left the study re-entered, now in a perfectly calm and collected state of mind.

As he came in, the old chief rose and, beckoning him to one side, said:

"Mog-a-wog hear John and wife in danger. Come to see. If true the chief help John, for Mog-a-wog know the Mohawk Chief Antler well. He got many braves. He great chief, but he young, and will learn whole lot more before he old like Mog-a-wog. He not be here yet for three four days. Plenty time to fix things right.

ter no further. She shed her fluffy, auburn husband to meet the highways.

to his feet when Mrs. had pictured him as its, the smell of which rose; but she was misfore her stood one of specimens of stately, and she had ever seen.

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and wife in danger. e chief help John, for awk Chief Antler well. He great chief, but he hole lot more before he e not be here yet for time to fix things right.

Mog-a-wog has spoken." He hesitated for a moment, then continued:

"Now he go. See John day after to-morrow. Ugh!"

While the chief was talking he was also reading the young missionary's thoughts as expressed by his luminous eyes and the twitching movements of his mobile features. Another pair of eyes that were the very light of the old warrior's life were strangely like them. Here was a mystery. The shrewd old chief had a clew, and he only asked the "Great Spirit" in whom he devoutly trusted to spare him health and strength till he could solve it.

Despite the urgent entreaty of the young minister, Mog-a-wog would not remain. He asked one favor of John, and made a few remarks as follows, then noiselessly departed:

"Mog-a-wog not good talker; but he look and think great lot. He think John's wife much good woman. He like John and his wife to take care of Forest Lily for little while. John remember her. If John's wife not like her in few days then she go way quick. Mog-a-wog see Antler and try fix things; if not then John must take wife and leave. Lily be company for wife when John away."

The chief waited a few minutes till John assured him that his daughter would be welcome, then departed. As before stated the Rev. John Markham and his wife had been married about two years previous to their introduction to the reader. This their home was in a wild, remote region on Lake Manitou. The place, in



fact, was little more than a trading and fishing station, and at certain seasons of the year the shouts and yells of tipsy men and drunken Indians rent the air, making everything about the village hideous and sometimes dangerous.

John Markham had been selected for this place because he had been reared more or less among the Indians, was familiar with their ways and understood their language and modes of life. The inhabitants of the village of Monkville were a motley crowd. The most of them were French-Canadians and half-breeds; the remainder a mixture of English, Irish, Scotch, and Dutch. For the most part, all of these people were fishermen, hunters, and trappers. Those who did not follow any of these callings for a livelihood dealt in furs, or sold whisky, tobacco and trinkets to the Indians. With the most of these people the Rev. John and his wife were very popular, for both were the embodiment of affability, frankness, and good-nature; always maintaining that combination of dignity and good-breeding that commands respect even from the most ignorant; but there were a few half-breeds who secretly disliked the preacher and his young wife, because they looked upon them as usurpers. They were not of the same religious belief as the half-breeds—not that the half-breeds really had any religious belief themselves, that was preposterous. Indeed their particular creed was to fill their stomachs with other people's food, and irrigate their parched throats with other people's whisky. They had Indian enough in them to make them sneaky, treacherous, fond of fire-

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water, and in every way unreliable; and enough  
of some other nationality to make them cunning,  
hard-hearted, and possessed of a brutal courage  
that once aroused would stop at nothing, even  
death to themselves. It was the custom of a  
few of the most thrifty inhabitants to lay in a  
winter supply of fish, flour, pork, etc.; and at  
about the same time each year fishermen and  
traders came in with canoes, bateaux, and small  
sailboats laden with the fruits of the waters and  
forests, to barter for provisions, clothes, and  
*skitawabo*.

It happened that just a year before our intro-  
duction to the missionary and his wife some of  
these traders were in, among them a goodly  
number of Indians. One of these was a tall,  
dark-visaged, lithe Mohawk chief called Antler.  
He was a perfect athlete in appearance, and had  
much more the look of the old-time savage than  
any other Indian who visited Monkville or  
indeed that part of the country. He was clad in  
full Indian costume. This in his case was  
elaborately beaded and rather gaudy, but quite  
becoming to the wearer. In addition to a small  
hatchet or tomahawk, he also wore in his belt a  
huge elegantly traced and silver-mounted pistol.  
This last was an unusual weapon for an Indian  
to carry in those days; but it had been presented  
to Antler a few years before by a British officer  
for an act of bravery which had saved the officer's  
life. Antler's rank, his known prowess, his war-  
like appearance, and unwavering courage, com-  
manded unusual respect from everyone who  
knew him. He never tasted firewater. He was

honorable in his dealings, and demanded that others extend to him value for value in everything. His word was his bond, and he would as soon thought of killing himself as to have broken it. He deceived no one, and would not be deceived. But with all this, Antler was a savage, a good savage, perhaps, but a savage, just the same, with savage instincts and an unreasoning, stolid indifference to the feelings and sufferings of others so long as he considered he was in the right. In this, Antler, though an untutored Indian, did not differ a great deal from many more civilized beings, only he was honest.

Antler had visited the mission church on the hill several times when in the village, and became charmed with the beauty of the minister's young wife. It was on a Monday following one of Antler's visits to the little church that the Rev. John accompanied by Mrs. Markham, went down to the lake shore to purchase a supply of white fish to pack away for the winter. Noticing Antler, whom he had seen in his church, he spoke kindly to him, also introduced Mrs. Markham. The young chief conversed in broken English, and seemed very much flattered by the attention and respect shown him. When Mr. Markham made known his wants, Antler quickly filled his order and refused to accept any remuneration, saying proudly: "Antler great chief. He no take money from missionary." The minister and Mrs. Markham thanked him cordially. The latter was particularly gracious to him, partly through a species of curiosity.

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Indian chief," and partly because she really  
feared him. The lady and gentleman had bade  
him good-by and had gone a few paces when the  
Indian touched the Rev. John's arm and abruptly  
said:

"What you take for white squaw?" pointing  
to the missionary's young wife. The minister,  
supposing it a joke, said, looking with loving eyes  
at Clara:

"Oh, I couldn't take less than a whole boat-  
load of fish for her, and wouldn't spare her for a  
year yet any way."

A triumphant smile lit up the chief's face, a  
smile that was misinterpreted by Mr. and Mrs.  
Markham, and with an air of great satisfaction  
and pride he said:

"Antler great chief. He have big wigwam  
and many young men. He come again in year.  
Good-by."

John answered, laughing heartily:

"All right, Antler. Don't forget us next  
year."

Nothing more was thought of this circum-  
stance at the time. A small barrel of delicious  
Lake Huron whitefish was standing at the mis-  
sion-house door when the Markhams got home,  
and in his prayer that evening John thanked God  
for His beneficence in sending him that barrel of  
fish.

Antler was generally very reticent, seldom  
speaking to any one of his own private affairs;  
but this was an extraordinary circumstance: he  
had purchased a wife. True he was not to have  
possession for a year. This, however, he did not

look upon as an unreasonable provision on the part of the missionary. He thought it not out of the way that Mr. Markham should wish to keep such a wonderfully nice piece of property for a year longer, particularly, when he had only been in possession for a twelvemonth or thereabouts. Antler's usual reserve had passed away and he was talkative, jocose, and uncommonly good-natured. His furs and fish were sold to the traders at unusually low prices, and once he came very near taking a glass of firewater, but when he raised it to his lips he noticed a gleam shoot from the eyes of the pale-faced fur trader who had handed it to him, and he dashed the large tumbler and its contents savagely against a stone flag, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces. He saw the displeasure of the white man and smiled, saying:

"Antler great chief. He no fool. He no take pale-face firewater. It only good for white man and dogs; not good for great Mohawk chief."

Antler's actions attracted the attention of several half-breeds who had been hanging around and to whom the young chief had given liberally of fish and venison. Before midnight one of Antler's braves had learned that the chief had purchased a white squaw, to be delivered a year from date, and he was not long in imparting this unusual knowledge to his friends. One of these drank a little too much *skitawabo*; this loosened his tongue, and he must needs tell the man who was furnishing him with this much-loved beverage. Soon Antler and his young men were gone, but the information remained behind. It

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was enlarged upon, and exulted in by several of the Rev. John's secret enemies. The men had sufficient common sense to realize that the affair was only a playful jest on the part of the missionary, but intended that it should be nothing of the kind so far as Chief Antler was concerned. They knew the young savage well, and were exultant over the anticipation of the seizure of the missionary's wife by Antler. These men kept the knowledge within their own narrow circle, so that it would not reach the ears of the Rev. John's people. Hence the affair was not known in general, and John Markham and his wife never gave it another thought. But a few months before Antler was to return for the prize, two of the half-breeds journeyed to Antler's fishing grounds, and stirred the smouldering fire in the breast of the savage, and made him more anxious to secure the young woman than he ever had been. About this time Chief Mog-a-wog appeared on the scene and the young warrior talked the matter over with him. The old brave listened but remained silent, simply at times saying "Ugh!" He did not attempt to persuade Antler in any way, only to remark that:

"A pale-face squaw was not a fit person to occupy the wigwam of so great a warrior."

This pleased the vanity of Antler and was a valuable and diplomatic speech on the part of Chief Mog-a-wog, who, with an imperial gesture, as if it were beneath him, dismissed the subject. He had gained all the information necessary and did not wish to exhibit his own anxiety. Mog-a-wog then carefully informed himself of all the

particulars, and planned a line of campaign which he hoped would result in such a way as to prove satisfactory to all concerned, and cause no enmity between the Indians and the whites, or his own tribe and the Mohawks. But if there must be bloodshed he had determined to be in the thick of the fight. His first thought was to send word to the Rev. John and inform him of the peril, hoping that he would at once pack up his effects and with his wife leave for a place of safety. This the chief was informed would be impossible, for the half-breeds stood ready to stop the departure of the missionaries, and hold them till Antler and his men should arrive. Mog-a-wog did not wish to be seen in communication with Mr. Markham, lest some one should inform Antler, for he considered that chief dangerous enough already, without giving him an opportunity of making himself more so. Consequently he held another stolen conference with the Rev. John, and informed him that the safety of himself and his wife depended on absolute secrecy, until he could procure a number of his own warriors and have them within calling distance. Hence the Rev. John's mind was in a state of constant fear and dread. He dared not tell his innocent young wife of the peril a few careless words of his had placed them in; and the young preacher pleaded with God, almost constantly, asking Him to deliver them from their terrible danger.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

CHIEF MOG-A-WOG loved the missionary, but he also was a friend of Antler's; and, although he knew the Rev. John meant nothing but a jest, he was equally sure that Antler thought of the affair as a legitimate business transaction.

As the time approached when the exchange was to be made, Antler hastened to be fully prepared to fulfill his portion of the contract. Every inferior fish was carefully thrown out, and none but the choicest that old Huron could produce were left to form part of the price to be paid for the white squaw whom he expected to have reigning over his wigwam in the near future.

Mog-a-wog deemed it advisable to be fully prepared to meet any emergency before apprising the young chief of the error which he had fallen into. He very much feared, from his conversation with Antler and his knowledge of the man, that no manner of persuasion would deter him from carrying out that which he looked upon as a fair bargain; especially, when a consummation of the contract was the dearest wish of his savage heart.

Mog-a-wog desired, if possible, to avoid bloodshed, and thought the surest way of accomplishing this was to have everything in readiness for war, then attempt to settle the unpleasant affair



by a treaty of peace. In case of any immediate treachery on the part of the half-breeds, the old warrior very much wished to have his daughter with the Markhams. Hence it was that he had asked the Rev. John to allow Forest Lily to come to them for an extended visit. Mog-a-wog did not wish the clergyman to know that the brave Indian girl was to be their protector until her father could marshal a sufficient number of warriors to make victory a certainty should a resort to arms be necessary.

It was a wild night. All day long an equinoctial gale had been sweeping over land and lake. Tinted leaves in countless millions were letting go their hold of parent stems, and twirling, and rushing, and flying on the wings of the wind. Some lodged in secluded spots, mantling tender plants to hide them from the biting breath of approaching winter; others whirled in clouds, apparently having a last frolicking play before falling to the ground to become again a part of mother earth.

John Markham sat in his study. He was reading. His eyes had just fallen on this passage of Scripture:-

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

The young preacher read these over twice, then forgetting that his wife sat rocking to and fro in front of the crackling hearth fire, let fall the Holy Book on the stand and muttered aloud:

"How true. How terribly true. Ah, yes, even a spark carelessly dropped may start a con-

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lation in its wake. My God! My God! Help  
me! I pray Thee!" The unhappy man looked  
haggard; his eyes were sunken; his handsome  
features careworn and pallid. He seemed heed-  
less of the violent storm raging without. The  
bitter anguish of his soul absorbed his mind,  
transformed him from himself, and made a power-  
ful, stalwart man a thing of pity.

An anxious expression passed over Clara Mark-  
ham's bright young face as she ceased her rock-  
ing and gazed with timorous expectancy at her  
husband. The mission house stood on the sum-  
mit of a hill, and somewhat exposed in its posi-  
tion. It looked out on the angry seething waters  
of the bay, and trembled perceptibly as a mighty  
gust of wind rushed in from the great lake and  
caused every loose object to rattle and slam, tear-  
ing half-decayed shingles from the roof and  
broken bricks from the chimney tops. The lake  
roared sullenly as it dashed its foam-capped bil-  
lows against the ragged, jutting rocks that here  
and there held up their heads, and the smooth  
beach was strewn with battered driftwood and  
the wreckage from some foundered ship. John  
Markham rested his elbows on his study table;  
his long white fingers were run through his  
disheveled hair; his palms supported his weary  
aching head. He uttered a low, wailing moan,  
but moved not, neither did he seem to hear the  
warring elements without.

Mrs. Markham arose and crossing the room to  
where her husband sat, placed a loving arm ten-  
derly about his neck and said:

"My husband, whatever is the matter with you these days? Surely something terrible must be agitating your mind to make you act so strangely unnatural. Do tell me, dear, what it is. You must keep nothing from your wife, you know."

She bent low and kissed his throbbing temples. That fond kiss, that entreating voice, that simple, confiding, wifely love, it soothed the struggling man. He folded his sweet, girlish wife to his heart and sobbed aloud. The wind howled, and spurted, and puffed, and blew, and moaned, and whistled, and shrieked, like a thousand wild creatures; but John Markham had burst forth from his chained restraint, and heard not the howling wind, nor did he care a jot for the fury of the surging sea.

As the storm progressed with added fierceness without, he poured his tale of horror, now magnified by his melancholy mood, into his wife's attentive ear.

Clara Markham looked into her husband's eyes, kissed his ashen lips, and smiled, saying:

"Why do you blame yourself? I and I alone should be called to account. I did not know the customs of these savage chiefs and well remember, now, that almost unconsciously I admired the handsome, manly-looking fellow, and unwittingly, perhaps, encouraged his attentions. These attentions were slight and trivial indeed, but to him may have seemed great and full of meaning. Now banish this foolish affair from your mind, dear John, for I am confident nothing will come of it. I shall explain to my swarthy lover that civilized customs scarcely permit of

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such loose matrimonial contracts; and, if he is  
the brave and just man your old Indian friend  
has led you to believe, he will no doubt listen to  
reason."

This was all spoken in a light, pleasant man-  
ner, not denoting, in the least, a fear or a misgiv-  
ing. It gave the Rev. John courage, and he  
smiled and looked calm for the first time in  
several days.

It must not be thought that John Markham  
was a coward, or that his feelings of fear and  
apprehension had been in the least exaggerated.  
Had he taken his brave young wife into his con-  
fidence sooner, the strain would have been  
divided and consequently lessened; but Chief  
Mog-a-wog had advised him to keep his own  
counsel for a few days. This may have been  
because Indians do not ordinarily make con-  
fidants of their wives. Perhaps the experienced  
old warrior had other reasons.

Mrs. Markham continued:

"I shall be ever so glad to have Forest Lily  
here." Then a bright thought seemed to flash  
through her mind:

"And who knows but that young chief might  
fall in love with her, and have his affections fully  
reciprocated. Now, John, would not that be a  
good thing and quite like a book romance.  
Cheer up, dear husband; 'There's corn in  
Egypt yet,' as father used to say."

The top of the chimney was struck at that in-  
stant by a sudden gust of wind, it toppled over,  
and broken bricks tumbled, and rolled, and rat-  
tled down the roof, making with the wind a deaf-  
ening din.

"My, what a terrible storm. Any poor mariners out to-night will surely perish. John, dear, we should be thankful that we have shelter from the elements this wild night."

The Rev. John had made no reply to his wife. He had relieved his mind, and a great load was lifted from him, but at this last remark he seemed to come to himself; a wicked, revengeful glare for an instant flashed from his eyes and he said:

"I hope that young chief is on the lake."

The feeling was only momentary and the words had scarcely left the man's lips before they were repented of. The young minister listened to the storm for a few minutes, then said:

"How desperately wicked we are by nature. Even I, who have tried to be a good man, had for a moment murder in my heart. No, no! I would not wish one of God's meanest creatures to be on the lake this awful night. Let us kneel down and invoke the protection of our Heavenly Father for any and all who may be in danger on land or sea."

"Oh, God! have mercy on my enemies, if Thou wilt, and, if they are in danger to-night, I pray Thee to be very near to them and help them."

The noise of the storm had drowned the cat-like footfalls of a wretched-looking man who had stealthily entered the house and passed noiselessly along the narrow hall leading to John Markham's study. The study door stood slightly ajar and a ray of light from the flickering fire fell upon the man's face as he thrust it

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through the opening and glowered at the scene  
before him. Water was dripping from his satu-  
rated clothes and matted hair. His face was  
pale and streaked with blood, which had flowed  
freely from several gashes on his forehead. He  
seemed almost exhausted, but his eyes bulged  
from their sockets and looked fiendish and terri-  
ble. He was little more than a dozen steps from  
the young minister and his wife and directly  
behind them. John Markham was saying:

"Out of murky darkness, O God! dost Thou  
lead Thy servant into light. Thou dost pluck  
the thorns from the devious paths which Thy  
children must tread, and cause life-giving water  
to well up from the fountain of life, refreshing,  
invigorating, and nourishing all who by trust-  
ing in Thee, avail themselves of Thy bountiful  
mercies. Thy servant has been beneath a dark  
and lowering cloud. His soul has quaked with  
fear, and he has been sore afraid; but a ray of  
light from heaven has pierced the darkness, and  
its effulgence has shed life and light all about  
him. The very heavens seem angry because of  
Thy servant's doubt; but Lord, Thy love, Thy  
mercy, Thy tender compassion, has prevented;  
and we know that, not alone have our sins and  
shortcomings been washed away by the blood of  
the Lamb, but our bodies, our frail, weak, lustful  
bodies, are ever protected by Thy loving arms,  
and we need not be afraid; for woe to him who  
would dare to strike Thy servant in the dark, for  
hast Thou not said: 'Fear not, for I the Lord,  
thy God, am with you.'"

The prayer uttered in John Markham's full,

sonorous voice and in tones which carried conviction, confidence and faith to the souls of the listeners, made a strange impression on the man who had first peered into the room, then half-crossed the floor, and now stood in an irresolute manner over the two servants of God who knelt in devotion before him. The man's right hand was raised to its utmost height, and in its grasp was clutched a long, sharp dirk. No dagger had ever pierced the heart of man with more deadly effect than had John Markham's prayer pierced this wretch's soul. A moment ago he was a murderer, but now he is a penitent sinner standing in the presence of his Maker. He tottered, his head swam about him, he breathed a low wail and fell to the floor. The hand in which he held the dirk dropped limp and lifelessly against Clara Markham's arm, and the cold, keen-edged blade glanced over her white, soft hand the sharp point burying itself an inch or more into the floor on which she knelt.

Instantly the two young people were on their feet, their hearts wavering between fear and pity. Had the man lying before them rushed in to avoid impending danger, or had he come with murder in his heart? They knew not which. They only knew—and oh, that more weary mortals were possessed of such living faith—that God was king, a loving ruler, a righteous judge, and they were not afraid.

Such sublime, trusting faith is worth recording here, and with pleasure the writer for a moment becomes an historian.

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the storm. Perhaps there has been a shipwreck,  
and he is a member of the crew." Thus spoke  
Clara Markham as she stooped down and drew  
the glittering blade from its bed in the floor and  
placed it on the study table. The Rev. John  
bent over the man to learn if life was extinct.  
"We must try and revive him," said John, and  
immediately the two were hastening to call back  
to life a being who a little before sought with a  
crazed, fiendish resolve to take theirs; but their  
efforts were in vain. The man was dead. He  
was a stranger to John Markham, but not to the  
reader. His name was Briggs.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE storm had abated and intense darkness enveloped land and lake and houses and trees and people in its somber folds. The sullen roar of angry waters could still be heard, for they were not yet under the spell of the now prevailing calm and quiet. Tiny sparks of light shed from a number of old-fashioned tin lanterns could be seen flitting here and there, and a good deal of commotion was going on down on a certain portion of the beach, where a number of inhabitants were taking advantage of the gloom to appropriate to themselves whatever was of value among great heaps of wreckage which had been tossed high and dry on the shore. A vessel had been wrecked in the storm. No doubt of that. Perhaps more than one, for a number of bodies had already been discovered and stripped of their valuables. It was a difficult matter to reach the lake shore without every little while jolting against some human figure hurrying in a homeward direction, laden with goods of one kind or another. For these people the darkness was a Godsend. They were ignorant folk, ordinarily honest, many of them trustworthy. They were not greatly favored either by fortune, education, or environment. They were following instinct, or, perhaps, it might be called inclination, or by the more modern name, busi-

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ness, as many much more favored people are  
wont to do, viz. : grasp an opportunity; take an  
advantage because they can safely do so.

"Take care of yourself, and let the devil take  
the hindmost;" that's business. No one was  
there to say them nay. It was dishonest, but  
quite safe; that was enough. They appropriated  
the goods, every movable object of any value was  
gone from the beach before the dawn of day  
lifted the curtain of night, or the morning sun  
tipped the hills and treetops with golden light.

It wasn't stealing. Why not? Because there  
didn't happen to be any law there then, to de-  
tect, prohibit or punish. In other words, these  
people so long as they were not caught in the act  
would not be punished; so doing this could not  
be called stealing, or larceny, or embezzlement.  
No, no, simply taking advantage of an opportu-  
nity—business. They were attending to busi-  
ness—business as carried on in about six cases  
out of ten (maybe a little more, maybe a little  
less), even in commercial centers and among our  
great stock-brokers and kings of finance. The  
crime is not in the appropriating but in the  
being detected. This may not be exactly the  
commercial law of the closing of the nineteenth  
century; but it rather looks to a man aloft as  
though it was fast becoming commercial usage,  
corporate and otherwise. But this is a distinct  
digression, and very likely an unwarranted one,  
it being of so little importance, such a self-evi-  
dent fact, that it may not be worth recording.  
Fiction may be better appreciated. I hope so.

Not a living member of the ship's crew re-

mained to tell the tale of disaster. All were dead. Ten weatherbeaten seamen lay in a row, stark and stiff, some young, some old, and some middle-aged; all dead, consequently, all equal. The furious gale had done its work well, and the angel of death had raised the cabin boy to the level of the captain, or lowered the captain to the level of the cabin boy, no matter which. The king when dead is equal with his lowliest subject; no more, no less. Death has no sting for the dead, the living alone suffer. The righteous then have nothing to fear—the unrighteous—well, the devil will look after them. Hence all will be provided for in some way. If the devil takes the hindmost here below—in business matters—which seems to be the prevailing opinion, or rather the facts of the case, it is extremely probable that the foremost, or a large percentage of them, will immediately come in contact with his sable majesty upon their exit from this their field of glorious achievements.

No clue to the name of the foundered ship could be discovered. None of her crew were identified. A grave was scooped out and John Markham read a portion of Scripture, and made a pathetic prayer over the graves of the nameless dead.

Briggs had not been robbed of his personal effects, but they were few. He may have anticipated such a catastrophe and wisely, to avoid identification, divested himself of anything and everything that might tell a tale. Sewed into an inside coat pocket, and carefully wrapped in waterproof material, was a large envelope sealed

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tightly and addressed in a bold hand to the Rev.  
John Markham, Toronto, C. W. John Markham  
was not in Toronto, but this letter had come  
straight to him and not by her majesty's mail, as  
the writer thereof had intended. This was the  
letter the outlaw captain had written and handed  
to Briggs to care for, the night he expected to  
be attacked by Chief Mog-a-wog and the  
cadgers. The Rev. John read the mysterious  
letter, and re-read it. His wife, too, studied it  
and pondered over its contents, but it contained  
a mystery which neither could solve. They  
prayed earnestly and devoutly, but no light was  
vouchsafed them. Briggs was decently buried  
and his grave was marked by a rough stone flag.

The excitement caused by the storm and ship-  
wreck had about ceased, and the equinoctial  
gales had given place to delightful weather.  
Great flocks of waterfowl at times almost dark-  
ened the sun's rays as the migratory birds  
winged their way southward, squawking a good-  
by, and promising a speedy return when King  
Winter should have unloosed the rivers and  
streams and lakes from his icy hands, and forest  
and field should again become clothed in living  
green. Chipmunks and squirrels chattered and  
frolicked and played, and the cawing raven and  
whistling blackbird mingled their notes with the  
cheery songs of Canadian boatmen.

Forest Lily is now a member of the Markham  
household, and her father is not far off "fishing"  
with a number of selected braves. The Indian  
maiden has changed some since we last saw her.  
A sad, dreamy expression takes possession of

her at times, and she seemingly has grown taller and, perhaps, slightly less plump; but she has not lost one particle of her loveliness, nor has her exquisite beauty of form and feature diminished or faded in the least. She has surprised and charmed Clara Markham, and she, herself an unusually pretty and fascinating woman, never tires of singing the girl's praises.

It was a pleasant morning, and the Rev. John and his wife were sitting on a rustic piazza in front of their house chatting confidentially, when Forest Lily came softly tripping around the corner chanting a little love song. The girl then joined her two friends and proposed a walk.

"The morning is so bright and beautiful, will you not come for a walk along the shore? I know you will enjoy it, Mrs. Markham. Come along."

Clara at once consented, and linked arm in arm these two queenly girls sauntered along a beaten path that led to the lake shore. Here there was a somewhat high bank, in places many feet above the water, in others almost on a level with it. At the foot of the bank, and running along more or less regularly, only interrupted by occasional jutting rocks and uprooted trees, was a smooth, sandy beach strewn in places with pebbles and sea shells. This Lake Manitou is really a great bay of the mighty Lake Huron, and as the delighted girls, charmed by the majesty and grandeur of their surroundings, looked far out upon the undulating surface of the great lake, watched the little wavelets come shyly in and kiss the pebbles and sea shells and mossy bowl-

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ders along the beach, then, as if having done  
something to be ashamed of, gravely and slyly  
slid away again to be lost in the sea; they in-  
stinctively drew closer to each other, and soon a  
mutual love sprang up between them, and their  
hearts were bound together for life by the silken  
cords of human affection.

A hungry kingfisher shook his purple topknot  
and dove from a scraggy cedar into the shining  
water, captured a glistening little herring for  
his breakfast, and flew away. A frightened  
rabbit hopped nimbly by, having been startled  
from its cover, and an old sentinel crow cawed  
from a distant rampike, warning his thieving  
mates that danger was lurking near.

But Forest Lily saw none of these, for her eyes  
were intent on some far distant specks, which had  
apparently just come down from the sky, or risen  
out of the waters, and now dotted a little por-  
tion of Lake Huron's bosom and rocked up and  
down and to and fro on his billowy breast.  
Clara followed the girl's gaze, but could see  
nothing. She looked in her face. It bore a  
seriously interested expression. Her own heart  
gave a great bound and then stood still, and her  
face grew pale. Forest Lily remained motion-  
less for a moment longer, then turning to Mrs.  
Markham, from whom she had stepped a few  
paces to gain a more elevated position, said, now  
using her Indian idiom:

"Lily thought first Antler and his braves  
come; but Lily see instead Mog-a-wog, the great  
chief of the Ojibways." She laughed a clear,  
rippling laugh, and threw her arms lovingly

about the missionary's wife. The two embraced each other fondly and Clara said:

"Then for the present we are safe."

They began retracing their steps, and were nearing that portion of the lake bank where they must leave it and take to the path leading to the mission house, when Lily's ever-alert eyes saw two evil-looking half-breeds step behind a large bowlder and crouch down out of sight. They had been looking intently out on the lake in the direction of the approaching canoes, but did not know that Forest Lily was watching them. The maiden acted during this time with the utmost composure. She glanced over the lake as they were about to turn up the pathway, and said:

"Lily will hurry go meet her father."

They were soon at the mission house and Clara was telling her husband of the approach of the Indians. Lily glided from the house, taking with her, as though it weighed almost nothing, her light bark canoe. She knew every action and mood of the chief, and felt that something of importance was about to take place or had already occurred, causing the old warrior and his braves to make so much haste, for it was evident to her practiced vision that the Indians were putting forth every effort to reach land quickly.

When the girl reached the shore, she threw her canoe into the lake and in a twinkling was in it and away.

The half-breeds were watching her and looked at each other in astonishment. The maiden's

wife. The two embraced Clara said: "But we are safe." They took their steps, and were on the lake bank where they found the path leading to the house. Lily's ever-alert eyes saw the half-breeds step behind a large rock and down out of sight. They were out on the lake in the approaching canoes, but did not know they were watching them. During this time with the half-breeds glanced over the lake and turned up the pathway, and

meet her father." The mission house and Clara and of the approach of the half-breeds from the house, taking no heed, weighed almost nothing. She knew every action and had felt that something of importance was about to take place or had seen the old warrior and his much haste, for it was evident vision that the Indians were making every effort to reach land. When she reached the shore, she threw her arms around him and in a twinkling was watching her and looked at her with astonishment. The maiden's

object mystified them. They supposed her to be a friend of the Markhams, and thought the approaching canoes were occupied by Antler and his braves.

Lily met the coming Indians a good distance from the shore. She paddled directly to her father's canoe, and the two held a hurried consultation. After listening to his daughter, Mog-a-wog replied:

"Antler lost fish in big storm. To-morrow is day he get John's wife, and he got no fish. His young men been, got fire-water from half-breeds. Drink much, and say:

"'Never mind fish. Antler great chief. We take white squaw. If pale face say no, we scalp.'"

During Lily's stay at the Markhams she had made herself acquainted with every foot of ground in the village, and its surroundings. The chief instructed her to return to Monkville, and he and his braves would proceed up the shore and land where they could not be seen, leave their canoes to be brought down after nightfall, and he would send some of his best scouts to watch the half-breeds, and to be near at hand should Forest Lily require their services. He and the rest of his band would keep a sharp lookout for Antler and his warriors. Forest Lily headed her canoe shoreward and the rest again put out to sea.

John Markham was greatly in the dark as to the actual dangers of the situation. He and his young wife had the utmost confidence in the guidance of the Divine Spirit. John was a hard,



faithful worker along his own lines of duty; courageous, unflinching, undaunted. He did not ask the Lord to remove the mountain so that he would not have to climb it, but rather invoked the Divine blessing and asked for strength and courage to surmount all obstacles; also humility and fortitude to bear up bravely with all seeming rebuffs and disappointments. John Markham was a true Christian, a manly man. He was endowed liberally with both mental and physical attributes; all of which had been cultivated and expanded by his religion; not dwarfed by any namby-pamby spiritualism or occult psychological dreams. He did not ask or expect God to do for him that which he was abundantly able to do for himself. He did not believe in this; but he did believe that the word of the Most High as recorded by the Apostles was the word of a living, loving and true God, and that all promises made would be carried out to the letter, and now that things were comparatively clear to him, he was not afraid. His love for his wife was so great that when he conceived her in danger, his faith in human nature gave way before the stunning blow; but the power of the great Jehovah soon asserted itself within him, and John Markham was a man again; and none the less a Christian man, because determined to call upon his own physical resources to aid in thwarting the devices of the devil, and a number of his earthly impa.

By the aid of a powerful glass, the young minister had secretly watched what had transpired away out on the bay. He could not hear

his own lines of duty; undaunted. He did move the mountain so that it, but rather invoked strength and obstacles; also humility up bravely with all seem-pointments. John Markham, a manly man. He with both mental and physical which had been cultivated religion; not dwarfed by ritualism or occult psychology did not ask or expect which he was abundantly

He did not believe in that the word of the Apostles was the true God, and that could be carried out to the things were comparatively not afraid. His love for that when he conceived her a human nature gave way now; but the power of the asserted itself within him, as a man again; and none man, because determined to physical resources to aid in of the devil, and a num-

powerful glass, the young watched what had transpired. He could not hear

the conversation, but every movement was carefully noted and the conclusions reached were surprisingly correct.

When Forest Lily reached the lake shore John Markham was waiting for her, and as soon as she stepped from the canoe he picked it up. The minister felt certain now that the girl had not really been placed in his charge by her father as he had supposed, but rather had been placed there as a protector. Meditating on this and appreciating the kindness of his benefactor, the young man strode rapidly toward the mission house, and had nearly reached there before he noticed that the Indian maiden had not followed him, but had disappeared. He called his wife into the study, explained the situation to her exactly as he saw it, and expressed the opinion that the crisis was near at hand, but that he had little fear of the result. Meanwhile Lily had proceeded along a small stream which slowly emptied its waters into the great lake. She moved rapidly along this till she came in sight of a hut, situated less than a mile from the lake shore. The stream was navigable for canoes and such craft, and the girl believed that this hut was to be a rendezvous for the half-breeds and Indians who were to take part in the seizure of Mrs. Markham. She wished to make herself familiar with every nook and corner of the place so that if necessary she could act in the dark. Accordingly she stole up closely to play spy and eavesdropper. She just had time to dodge behind a clump of bushes when one of the men she had seen on the shore stepped out, looked care-

fully down the stream, eying all the surroundings in a suspicious manner. Before going back he said in a low voice to some one inside:

"If it wasn't for that young squaw, we'd have no trouble. I'd like to draw a bead on her, then the rest would be easy."

This was spoken in a mongrel dialect, but the words were understood by Forest Lily and caused a smile to cross her features. Had she not remembered the rash shot she had once fired at Owl's Nest, the half-breed would never have crossed the threshold of the hut, for she had her trusty rifle with her and instantly it instinctively went to her shoulder, but she dropped it to the ground noiselessly, and a sudden change came over her. That thought of Owl's Nest caused an aching void to open up afresh in her young heart. She thought it had healed forever but it had not; and with renewed vividness every little incident with which she and Joe Cameron were connected passed before her. Her heart palpitated, stopped, floundered, and thumped wildly behind her heaving breast. She grew dizzy and sank to the ground.

As the poor girl swooned away she unconsciously uttered a little cry, and this cry was heard by the men in the hut. Warily, and like a pair of cats, two dusky, evil-looking individuals issued from the shanty and commenced in a cautious manner to make a reconnoiter of the place, while three more, these accompanied by a woman, stationed themselves at different points of vantage, and with raised rifles stood ready to send a bullet through anything of a suspicious

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nature that might appear. One of the reconnoi-  
tering party soon came upon Forest Lily and  
with a fiendish laugh notified the others. In a  
twinkling the girl was gagged, securely bound,  
and carried into the hut.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE mission house in which the Markhams lived was very stoutly built of large logs smoothly hewn outside and in. It was two stories in height, and had an addition at the back of one story. It was completely finished inside and divided into convenient apartments, which were kept in a neat, genteel, and orderly manner by the Rev. John's excellent wife and Gretchen, her little Dutch servant. The upper story of the dwelling was divided into two large apartments and a closet of considerable size. In the front room two windows looked out toward the lake, affording a view of the expanse of water, adjacent islands, and all passing vessels. The back room also had two windows, one of which opened directly over the roof of the one-story addition before mentioned. Close to the corner of the lean-to stood a large maple tree, which towered above the house, and whose branches spread far out on every side.

A spirit of premonition and unrest pervaded the household. Hour after hour passed. Forest Lily had momentarily been expected, but she had not come. John Markham with glass in hand repeatedly ascended to the upper story of the house and gazed in every direction, but no clew to her whereabouts could be gained. The

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forest trees intervening made the distance to be scanned on land very short, for he it remembered the country was a wild one, and thus far had heard very little of the ax of the woodsman, or the jingling chains of the settler's ox team. All day long Clara Markham had kept her spirits up. She had busied herself and had kept her little servant constantly on the move in arranging and rearranging nearly ever movable article in the house. Indeed had a number of distinguished guests been expected she could not have been more thorough or more exacting in all her arrangements. Every picture was taken down, dusted and replaced. Not a speck was left anywhere from "cellar to garret." Even the white kitten was given a soapsuds bath and scrubbed still its fluffy fur contrasted prettily with a coal-black companion with which it frolicked and played. Every little while Clara would go out on the piazza, look about her for a moment, then sigh deeply and return to her dusting, or wiping, or sweeping with renewed vigor and earnestness. Once or twice she took up her guitar, an instrument of which she was a master, and her deft fingers picked softly at the strings, but the instrument had no music in it to-day. It was not in tune with her heart, and strains which should have been sweet and harmonious were full of discord. She tried to sing, but a bright love ditty turned into a funeral dirge. At last, but not without the greatest effort at suppression, she burst into tears. She quickly wiped them away, and rushed headlong at her work again, work that had already been doubly done.

"Mine Got in himmel! vat ish de matter mit mine missus? She most kill me to-day mit her hurry-up, hurry-up, hurry-up," said little Gretchen, in a half-drowsy, half-impatient manner.

John caught a tear stealing down his wife's cheek. It was hurriedly brushed away, but he saw it.

"Do not cry, darling, cheer up. We are in the hands of God, and He has promised to be with us and will surely keep His word."

"I know He will, John, but this is awful."

The sun had sunk in radiant glory, and the last fleecy red clouds had kissed the leafless tree-tops and disappeared. The crows had cawed themselves hoarse and gone to roost. An odor of withered foliage was wafted from the forest on the evening breeze, and all nature was drowsily sinking off to sleep. Night had come and it was dark.

The Markhams partook of the evening meal earlier than usual. If one had asked them why they had done so, they could not have answered. Supper had been prepared earlier, was ready to eat, they had nothing else to do, so they ate it.

Soon after tea, John fastened every window and door downstairs with great care. As soon as little Gretchen had finished her evening tasks, she was told to say her prayers as usual and go to bed. She slept downstairs. The child obeyed, but she had overheard enough conversation to warn her that something very unusual was likely to occur before morning, consequently she could not go to sleep. No lights had been lighted. Gretchen taking advantage of his,

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arose from bed and creeping to the door listened. She thought she heard her mistress ascending the stairs followed by her husband. She remained motionless for a few minutes, then not waiting to remove her long white nightdress or replace it with her ordinary apparel, she stole noiselessly up the stairs, and fearing detection stepped into the long narrow closet before mentioned, and drew the door close after her. At one end of the closet Mrs. Markham had stored a number of blankets and quilts for winter use, so the girl soon made herself comfortable, and half-reclining she was soon off to sleep. John Markham raised the window looking out over the one-story portion of the house to the full height of the lower sash. He seated himself near it and to one side, suspecting, and right-fully, that here an entrance might be attempted before any place else. Clara took a position at one of the front windows, and the door between the rooms was left open.

Thus they remained for several hours. John was becoming slightly drowsy after a day of extraordinary exertion and so long a vigil, but he was aroused now. He heard sounds and some distant whisperings. A crisis was near at hand and he nerved himself to his utmost. He saw a figure ascend the hill behind the house, look carefully about, then rest himself on the ground. The night was dark, but the man could be outlined. The Rev. John's attention was soon drawn from him, however, for another figure was climbing the maple tree. The fellow halted, looked inquiringly at the open window for a



moment, then slipped quietly on to the roof and began cautiously to approach the spot where the intrepid missionary anxiously awaited his coming. John could have riddled him with a bullet had he chosen to do so, but he had other plans. The man arrived at the window and listened. John held his breath. The half-breed pushed a rifle in ahead of him, then drawing a savage knife from his belt, pushed his head through the opening in a listening attitude. As he did this John reached out his great, broad hand and seizing the villain by the throat, said in words of muffled thunder:

"Come right in, my friend, you are welcome; but don't utter one sound or you will be dead in an instant."

The grasp was so vicelike, the surprise so complete, that the fellow made no remonstrance. Clara heard the slight disturbance, came to her husband's assistance, and soon the man was fastened hand and foot.

"I will not gag or injure you, that would be cruel; but if you make the slightest sound till all is safe, you shall be instantly put to death," John whispered these words in the man's ear, then as a safeguard carried him to the closet, and by chance placed him in the opposite end from that occupied by the sleeping girl.

The fellow on the hill still waited and watched. Finally he arose and with the cautious look of some crafty animal approached the house and climbed the tree. When he reached the roof his demeanor was much more bold than his companion's had been. He was a more power-

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ful-looking fellow in every respect, and John Markham knew he had a foeman now much nearer his match than the fellow in the closet; but he neither quailed nor flinched. He was ready and anxious for the encounter, and decided to make use of different tactics. The man stooping down carried his head and body forward under the upper sash and was in the room. As he straightened up he received a staggering blow from John Markham's clinched fist, which felled him to the floor. Instantly the pugilistic divine was on top of the villain, but although dazed he realized his danger and fought like a demon. The fellow had a pistol and was endeavoring to get its muzzle pointed in John's direction. He failed in this, for Clara lighted a candle, and this enabled the minister to see his danger and avoid it. Mr. Markham finally succeeded in grasping the man by the throat and choking him into submission. When securely bound the Rev. John stood over him panting and puffing; but, in his kindly heart, pitying the wretch who had tried so hard to wreck his little household. Meanwhile the other fellow, egged on by the noise of battle had succeeded in breaking the cord which held his good right arm, when he noticed a tall, white object stirring in the other end of the closet. He could just see the thing and commenced to tremble. Great drops of sweat stood out on the superstitious fellow's forehead and trickled like icicles down his spine.

"A ghost?" he muttered, and he shook like an aspen leaf. The ghost, the reader will remem-

ber, was poor little Gretchen in her long white nightgown. She moved enough in her sleep to cause a slight rattle, and make her appear to the exaggerated imagination of the half-breed a very ghost indeed.

The man was paralyzed with fright. His breath came in gasps, and his evil eyes almost flew from their sockets.

Consciousness returned to Forest Lily before the half-breeds had completed their work of gagging her, but she made no remonstrance nor gave the least sign of the bitter chagrin that had taken possession of her. The gagging was done in a most brutal manner, and the carcass of a dead deer could not have been more roughly handled than was the slender form of the unfortunate girl as the half-civilized wretches carried her into their hut and threw her in a corner on a pile of balsam boughs. Indeed the procedure was carried on with such an utter disregard for decency as to elicit the compassion of the female of the party. The woman, who was but little older than Lily herself, spoke up sharply to the fellows for using the girl in such an inhuman manner, and she was immediately seconded by one of the younger men. Noticing this the woman despite the others removed the cruel gag quietly, and received a look of gratification and a soft:

"Thank you," from Forest Lily. The woman also loosened the thongs that were cutting into the Indian maiden's flesh, for she was bound at the wrists, elbows, ankles and knees with strips of buckskin.

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Forest Lily had little fear for herself, though, as the hours passed, she became anxious concerning her dearly loved friends, and wondered why her father's scouts had not put in an appearance. She felt confident though that they would come as soon as their movements could be covered by darkness; and that not a spot of importance near or about the village would be overlooked by the keen, vigilant eyes of those Ojibway warriors.

The half-breeds smoked, played cards, swore, and otherwise enjoyed themselves; also waiting for light to come. A sharp lookout was constantly kept, and their guns and other weapons stood in readiness for immediate use. Night was now approaching and the men, tired of the amusement with which they had entertained themselves all day, lay listlessly about the floor, some on balsam boughs and some on the bare ground. Since the light had become dim, Forest Lily had busied herself endeavoring to loosen her hands. She lay on a heap of boughs, as mentioned before, in one corner of the hut and close to the wall where there was a large opening or chink between two logs. She pushed one hand through the opening and waved it gently in a peculiar manner, hoping that it might attract the attention of one of her father's scouts. The patient girl was soon rewarded, for the eyes of her friends were on that encampment, and the call of a night bird outside informed her that one of the bravest, most sagacious, wary, and powerful warriors in the entire Ojibway nation was close at hand, and knew that his chief's

daughter was a captive. A thrill of delight passed through the girl as she thought of the short work that Eagle Eye would make of the wretches who had treated her in such an inhuman manner. The cahoot of an owl, then a wolf's yelp in the distance, were all language as plain to her as though expressed in her mother tongue. Eagle Eye, Owl Eye, and Gray Wolf, had all spoken, and she knew the hut was surrounded by her father's braves. The young man spoken of as befriending Forest Lily upon her capture arose, went to the door, looked suspiciously around, then said in a low voice:

"These men are going to be fooled if they don't look out. There are no wolves in this neighborhood at present, and I heard one just now. There's an Injin or two prowling around here as sure as you live. They may be friends and they may be foes."

Part of this was overheard, and soon every man was astir, ready to resist anything that might turn up. They waited for a short time, then the leader, who was one of the fellows Lily had seen watching her in the morning, intimated that it was now time to commence the carrying out of their programme. Three of them were to go and capture the missionary's wife and were to kill the Rev. John if necessary. The other two were to remain in the hut, watch their prisoner, and wait for Antler and his men to come up the stream in canoes, where they expected to find the captured lady, and take her away. The men slipped away and were heard nothing more of. Forest Lily felt something touch her from

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without, and reaching through grasped a knife  
that was handed to her. With this she cut the  
remaining thongs that bound her limbs, and as  
soon as the circulation became regulated again,  
she was free. She remained motionless, how-  
ever, awaiting further developments, which were  
not long in following, for a distinct noise was  
heard outside, and the men immediately pro-  
ceeded to investigate. In doing this they  
stepped right into the jaws of the enemy, and  
though they made a gallant, furious fight, they  
were no match for the Ojibways and had to suc-  
cumb. The Indians must have had orders not  
to kill them, for they did not do so; but the vio-  
lence and fury of the struggle which resulted in  
their complete surrender, would have terminated  
the existence of less formidable and wiry men.

At this juncture Lily coolly arose and gave a  
signal like the chitter of a squirrel. Immedi-  
ately two of her dusky friends were by her side.  
She told Eagle Eye, for he was the chief in  
charge, to let the woman go free. This done,  
she and Eagle Eye at once proceeded to the mis-  
sion house. They arrived there just as John  
had so heroically overpowered and bound his  
second adversary. Clara looking out of the front  
window saw Lily hurrying toward the house,  
and with the joy of a sure deliverance rushed  
down and admitted her. The two young women  
fell into each other's arms and Eagle Eye looked  
calmly looked on, till Mrs. Markham thought of  
her husband and led the way upstairs. Even the  
sedate Indian was obliged to laugh at the comi-  
cal appearance of the Rev. John as he stood  
threateningly over his conquered enemy.

The awful feelings of the fellow in the closet, confronted by a ghost, cannot be described. They can only be imagined; and this very incident simple though it seemed, was the means of saving John Markham's life, for in his hurry and inexperience he had not tied the man securely; but confronted by a supposed spirit, superstition held the fellow more firmly than could all the thongs in the missionary's possession. He tried to cry out as he heard the others leaving the room, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The faint noise he did succeed in making almost frightened the white figure before him into a convulsion. When the last sound of departing footsteps had descended the stairs, for the closeted villain had been forgotten, with a strength born of sheer desperation the fellow bounded to the door, broke it open, rushed out through the window, along the roof, down to the ground, up the hill and away he went like a frightened cat. Not once did he look back, lest he might find himself pursued by that terrible creature in white. From that day to this nothing could induce that man or one of his kind to meddle with that mission house. Poor, little, frightened Gretchen had unknowingly thrown a halo about the place with which no mechanical barrier could compare.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOE CAMERON had only become nicely initiated in the military academy which was situated in the historic old city of K—, when he formed the acquaintance of a young physician, Dr. Duncan. The doctor was a whole-souled young man, with a slightly rough exterior, fond of mischief and all kinds of outdoor sports; but withal was a thorough student and ranked much above his fellows in a broad knowledge of his profession. As often as circumstances would permit these two young men were together, and their attachment to one another became of a lasting nature.

One evening the two were seated in Dr. Duncan's room.

"I say now, Joe, as I have frequently said before," remarked the young doctor, as he attempted to force a straw through the stem of his corn-cob pipe, then pulled with all his might to remove an obstruction, "that the affection which a mother bears for her child is the only thing worthy the name of love that exists. The silly, mawkish nonsense usually designated love is as unlike it as the music from a Stradivarius in the hands of a master would be to that which a street arab could make on a one-cent jews-harp. One is sublime, uplifting, holy; the



other—well, to be plain, my dear boy, it's no good, and I have no use for it."

"I guess you've never been in love, Jim, or else you've been jilted," said young Cameron, smiling; then throwing himself down lazily on the couch, he sighed as though he had not quite gotten over a recent experience.

That sigh had a telltale sound to it, Joe. Come, out with the truth. If you've been pierced by Cupid's darts and wounded, say so."

Lieutenant Cameron—for he was now lieutenant—looked out at his friend's badinage, and Dr. Duncan noticing this continued:

"Pardon me, Joe, I had no intention of wounding your feelings, but since we are on the subject," now giving his corncob pipe a savage pull and laying it down, "I wish to repeat what I have hinted at before, and this for your own sake: that French girl is no fit person for you to choose for a life companion."

The color rose to the lieutenant's face, and a look in his eyes caused Dr. Duncan to pause for an instant. Joe raised himself on his elbow and the doctor continued:

"You are too good a fellow and have too bright a future to sacrifice yourself to such a woman."

Lieutenant Cameron arose from the couch and paced the room. There was a bitter war going on within the young man. He is erect, broad-shouldered, and handsome; his neat-fitting uniform setting out his manly figure in all its exquisite proportions. His dark, military mustache lending to his soft brown eyes and

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ness to mark the true soldier.

"Jim," he said, stopping directly in front of  
the doctor, "I did not know that I loved this  
girl. I did not know that I could ever love  
again." At these last words the doctor looked  
up in surprise.

"But in some way Marie St. Marr, has ingrati-  
ated herself into my affections, no, not into my  
affections, rather into my life.

"I noticed your surprise a moment ago. I  
have not told you before, but there was another,  
a lovely, pure girl. She saved my worthless life  
again and again. She made me what I am. She  
loved me as none but such pure, chaste beings  
can love. My affection for her was indeed great,  
greater than it can ever be for another; but  
there was an obstacle in our way, an obstacle  
that the more I have tried to remove it, the  
greater it has become. Ah! you spoke a moment  
ago about the love of a mother for her child.  
Yes, that is a true and holy affection; but some-  
times there is selfishness associated with it;  
though it is because I have believed in this love  
that I have refrained from mounting the bar-  
rier between my heart and myself. But what is  
the use?"

He drew from his pocket a miniature which  
had been hidden away carefully in a silken bag,  
covered with tanned deerskin, and had worked  
into it with porcupine quills a tiny forget-me-  
not. This he laid tenderly on the table before  
his friend, saying:

"Look! there is the girl I loved; there is the

brave creature who threw herself between me and death. Jim, though I have promised to marry Marie St. Marr, I need not pollute myself by living with her if she is what you say; but you must prove it. I will take no hearsay. She has been indiscreet, but I have warned her of our danger. I have bid her be careful. I have said we must go so far and no farther." The young man was becoming terribly excited. He hesitated for a moment then said:

"I have been offered a commission in the Ninetieth. They sail for the seat of war in India day after to-morrow. I shall marry to-morrow night. Next morning I shall be off with the troops, and I hope the first Sepoy I meet will pierce my heart with his assegai.

Dr. Duncan had lighted his corn-cob pipe, and with an unusually serious expression on his face pulled and puffed and looked and listened, but said not a word until Lieutenant Cameron ceased talking, then eying the miniature closely he said quite coolly:

"That's a mighty pretty face, Joe. Who in thunder is she? There is certainly a good deal about her appearance to admire, but how strangely she is dressed! Her garb is becoming, but it is not that worn by our women. If I may not know who she is, there is no harm in telling what she is." He held the miniature and looked up inquiringly into the young soldier's face. Lieutenant Cameron took the picture in his trembling hands, and looking with moist eyes into the sweet, girlish face, that seemed to be speaking to him, replied:

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 quiringly into the young  
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 ng to him, replied:

"Dr. Duncan, she is not of our race, and the  
 mother whom I love, the mother I have always  
 obeyed, whose name I cherish as the dearest  
 thing on earth, save the affection of this poor  
 girl, has forbidden my marrying her." Then  
 lowering his voice to a whisper:

"This is a likeness of Forest Lily, the daugh-  
 ter of an Indian chief."

The young physician threw his corn-cob down  
 with an impatient motion and replied savagely:

"Mother, or no mother, Indian or no Indian;  
 if this girl is what you say she is, and you are  
 not blinded by some sentimental, boyish fancy,  
 were I in your place, all hades could not prevent  
 me from following the dictates of my own con-  
 science. Don't misunderstand me, Joe. I  
 would not advise you to do a dishonorable  
 thing, or commit a foolish act; but if this girl  
 has done for you what you say, and is what you  
 say, then she is infinitely superior to the girl  
 you propose to marry; and I would not throw  
 her over even to please my mother; but sit down  
 and tell me all about this. I assure you it is  
 the first real love affair I ever mixed up in. I  
 may be of little use in it, but I am interested,  
 particularly as it is about to draw my dearest  
 friend into a dangerous matrimonial yoke, then  
 send him off to far away India to be a target for  
 a horde of mutinous Sepoys. Sit down, man!  
 Sit down! Compose yourself, and let us reason  
 together, as the preachers say."

Again the corn-cob pipe was brought vigor-  
 ously into play, and the two young men sat for  
 nearly an hour, while Lieutenant Cameron enter-

ing into the minutest detail, recounted the episodes and incidents in which Forest Lily was the heroine and he by his own account, principally, the ardent lover. Dr. Duncan knew Joe well enough to be assured that every word spoken was the truth.

"Has your mother ever seen or conversed with the girl? Does she know anything at all about her? Has she invited her to her home to size her up? She hasn't, eh?" said the doctor. "Well, I don't believe she knows a d——d thing about her then, and cannot be very capable of judging whether she be a suitable person to become her son's wife or not." Then lighting his pipe again:

"I wish you smoked so as to keep a fellow company." Taking up the miniature:

"Say, this girl is not black, is she? I would not have taken her for a squaw from the picture. Do you know she doesn't look unlike some one I have seen, only she is much prettier. Not very black, eh? Did you say you had actually received your commission and enrolled yourself in the Ninetieth, to start day after to-morrow, for certain? You have. Well, you're a corker! Why did you not say something about it? And you're going to marry Marie St. Marr, leave her behind, and go off and get killed as quickly as possible. Well, now, that's an honorable, soldier-like programme, very commendable indeed, and one truly worthy of you. If I were in your place I'd pat myself on the back, say 'Bravo!' and jump off the pier, and by that

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in which Forest Lily was  
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off the pier, and by that

means save a deal of trouble and become a hero  
at once."

"Doctor, I don't mean to be foolish. I only  
wish to do what is right," said the lieutenant,  
rather abashed.

"Then stop your confounded nonsense. Sit  
down and write to the pretty young girl. Tell  
her what you think of her, or anything you like;  
that you start for India to fight the Sepoys, and,  
if they don't kill you, you'll be back and marry  
her after awhile, providing she doesn't find some  
handsome fellow that she likes better in the  
meantime; and as for the bewitching little  
'Mam-sel,' Joe—" Here the doctor removed  
his corncob from his mouth and looked the  
young soldier right in the eyes, speaking in a  
solemn warning tone:

"You must not do as you propose. That  
woman is not worthy of you."

Lieutenant Cameron seemed piqued at this  
and replied:

"No amount of moralizing or advice can avail  
anything now; nor can my course be changed.  
By this time to-morrow evening Marie St. Marr  
will be my wife, and the next morning I will sail  
for India."

Dr. Duncan laid down his pipe and rose to his  
feet.

"Then you love this little harlot. No, I won't  
stop. I know what I am talking about, and you  
must hear me out, though I have little else to  
say, except as your friend I ask you to pause."

Here the heated conversation was interrupted  
by the evening mail which was dropped in

through a slot in the door. Joe picked up the letters. Several for the doctor; one, and it was in a strange handwriting, addressed to Lieutenant Joseph H. Cameron, care of James Duncan, M.D., etc. This letter was postmarked Toronto.

"Who can be writing me from Toronto, a lady's writing too?" said the young man turning the missive over in his hand, and examining the postmark once more.

"When I am in a dilemma of that kind, I always tear the letter open and see who wrote it," said the doctor. Joe took the hint and opened the envelope. It read thus:

"To Lieutenant Joseph H. Cameron, Ninetieth Regiment, Canadian Infantry.

At this the young soldier looked up in surprise, as did his companion. The former remarked:

"How in the devil did any one know I had joined the Ninetieth?"

"Gave the thing away yourself," replied the doctor. "You're in love, you know," and Joe read on:

"DEAR SIR: Please pardon the liberty I am taking, but I wish you to be aware of a fact which an unwarranted prejudice on your part or that of your people has hidden from you, viz., that a sweet young girl, beautiful in all the attributes which go to make up a perfect womanhood, as well as the possessor of rare personal attractions, is dying of a broken heart because

or. Joe picked up the doctor; one, and it was addressed to Lieutenant-care of James Duncan, was postmarked Toronto, and came from Toronto, and the young man turning and, and examining the

dilemma of that kind, I open and see who wrote Joe took the hint and read thus:

Joseph H. Cameron, Nine-  
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of you. I know her well. She has been my constant companion for several years, and she is worthy of the best man in the world. I make this note thus brief in case it does not reach you. I am now afraid your regiment will have embarked, and that I am too late. If not please reply.

"Yours in the greatest possible haste,

"CLARA MARKHAM."

Lieutenant Cameron read this letter twice. Then as he stood gazing through a bay window, he muttered:

"Too late; the die is cast; it was a dream never to be realized."

Dr. Duncan also received a letter from Toronto; but being among others it was the last he reached. He read it, gave his corn-cob two or three savage pulls, then placed it smoked empty on the table and said, *sotto voce*:

"If a man wants to get into trouble let him mix up in a love affair.

"I am going downtown, Joe; will be gone about an hour; I wish you would remain here till I return. The business is important or I would not leave you."

"Now don't you run off bothering yourself on my account, Jim. My arrangements are all made," replied the young officer; but the doctor had gone.

Joe drew some writing material to him and replied to Mrs. Markham's letter as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: Yours to hand. It reached



me, but still too late. The only girl I ever loved, or ever shall, will die of a broken heart as you say. I sincerely hope I shall shortly die at the hands of a Sepoy. If the Lord is as merciful as I believe Him to be, my life will be a short one. Nevertheless, I marry to-night, then immediately set sail with my regiment for India. The young lady you speak of is all you say and more. May the Nazarene in whom I know she trusts deal very gently with her.

Most respectfully yours,  
"J. H. CAMERON."

The only girl I ever loved,  
of a broken heart as you  
I shall shortly die at the  
the Lord is as merciful as  
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respectfully yours,  
"J. H. CAMERON."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Rev. John Markham's eloquence and many Christian qualifications had gained for him a name, not alone in the remote hamlet where he had been stationed as a missionary, but in the outside world as well. Some gentlemen from Toronto were in the village hunting and fishing. They attended the mission church and were delighted with the Rev. John's pure gospel teaching and eloquent flowing language. And not these gentlemen alone, but all lovers of the pure, holy, and good, no matter of what sect or denomination, felt at home in the little church, and talked of it afterward.

The Rev. John was on a visit to Toronto. He was invited to preach in one of the large churches. These people wanted "a young, vigorous pastor, one full of energy, full of soul, full of humanity; one capable of distinguishing between the love of Christ, the love of self and the love of money; one who could see some good thing in every man, and could detect the beam as well as the mote, no matter in whose eye it appeared, and deal with it according to the merits or demerits of the beam or mote, not as to the position or name of the individual possessor."

"All have good, all have evil in them; we

must endeavor to cultivate the good and expunge the evil. Such ministers are like all good things, remarkably scarce; but here is one I think will fill the bill, and we must have him if possible," said a prominent member of a certain congregation. John Markham received a call and in due time was installed as pastor of that church, and he filled the bill.

Man is or should be only one-half of the family. The Rev. John was just half: his lovely young wife was the other half, and he always declared that she was much the better half. This house was divided but never against itself. Consequently it was an ideal home, a paradise in miniature, and the light of love radiated from it in all directions, and whosoever came under its sublime influence was the better for it.

Here was where our heroine, Forest Lily, the talented, courageous, and fawn-like Indian girl, had spent several years. Under the guidance of Mrs. Markham, who was the daughter of a famous Q. C., and herself a college-bred lady, and since their arrival in Toronto, by the aid of several distinguished tutors, Lily had become unusually accomplished and brilliant. At her father's request she seldom appeared now clad in her picturesque Indian garb, and looked a very queen indeed, dressed in her stylish, though always neat and modest gowns.

At several functions she shone like a star. There always seemed to be a peculiar halo about her wherever she appeared, which was not as frequently as opportunity offered. She had half a score of suitors, everyone of more or less

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## FOREST LILY.

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ability and position. None of them received that encouragement which they considered would warrant them in proceeding further than just "so far," if I may except two quite young gentlemen who threw themselves at her feet and vowed in their amorous ardor that unless she would be theirs they would die on the spot and not live any more: this for spite undoubtedly. However, no funeral obsequies were reported as having followed. Beside these two there was one other, we have met him before, Paul de Lally. Paul had reformed, so it was said by those who knew he had been a profligate. Those who had known nothing of the dark side of his character, continued to think as they always had done, that he was a gentleman, a little wild and foolish, perhaps, but a respectable young man, a *gentleman*. Paul was nearly always welcomed by Mrs. Markham's ward, but when he was not welcomed it made no difference, his suave manner never changed, his apparent ardor never decreased. Lily accompanied him to the opera; on two occasions to the theater. Sometimes they went on boating excursions, accompanied by friends or chaperoned by Mrs. Markham. Whatever else might be said of Paul de Lally, he was a polite and pleasant companion, and capable, when he determined to do so, of winning the heart of any one. It was not an unusual thing for him to stroll around about church time on a Sabbath evening and accompany the Markham family to church. On these occasions he took a seat in the choir, and his rich baritone voice could be heard rolling through the beautiful

edifice, mingling with the majestic tones of the great pipe organ, and the pure, sweet voices of the young, unscathed and innocent, as though he was a very archangel from the Holy of Holies. For a time the young man was behaving better than he had ever done before, as to outward appearances only. The reader is aware of his probable object. John Markham and his wife were not. They only knew him as he seemed to be. Forest Lily only knew him as some one in whom she thought she could trust, as a pleasant companion when there was no one else, or at least no one so pleasant with whom to while away a few otherwise lonely hours. Thus the time winged along on its rapid flight. Days and weeks and months only added to the graceful beauty of the Indian maiden. As she matured she became more lovely, only that one who had known her long could readily discern a mellow dreaminess, sometimes a sadness in her eyes—a far-away look. These came now more frequently than of yore, taking the place of the brilliant, laughing sparkle which was wont to scintillate, and brighten all about her. In the pretty apartment she called her own, after the family worship is over, and the drowsy ones retire for the night, this child of nature can be seen thinking, thinking, thinking. This young creature who had wandered the wild woods in the spring-time, and talked to the lilies, the mayflowers, and the cunning lady-slippers, had plucked the trailing arbutus from its cozy bed, and craved a pardon for her cruelty as she pinned the tiny flowerets over her joyous young heart, who had

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chirped back to the robin-redbreast and called him a saucy fellow, and had laughed merrily at the odd blink of the burly old bullfrog, as he croaked ill-naturedly or hastened from the path of her bark canoe among the waving bulrushes and water lilies, who with unerring aim had brought down the bounding stag that with keen, sharp ears and distended nostrils had heard or scented danger from afar, and whose graceful, antlered head had parted the thicket in his almost winged flight. This guileless girl whose intrepid courage had boldly faced the black bear and the moose and laid these forest monarchs low, and driven the snarling, treacherous wolf, the wildcat and the lynx to seek shelter in their lairs, who had told the drumming partridge to fear not but go feed his little brown wife and hungry chicks, and had chatted merrily, laughed and played with her old companions, the gauzy humming-bird, the chirping wren, and the timid meadow-lark, who had laughed at danger and even scorned the power of death; now she looks with longing eyes out upon Lake Ontario, and wishes that the blue waters would swallow her, and end forever the sad memories of the past, that try as she will she cannot dispel. To-night she leaves the window, falls on her knees by her bedside and as she was taught in childhood, reverently crosses herself, then pleads for a release from the consuming power that is almost more than she can bear. Her prayer has given her some relief. The memories that it has awakened has caused a flood of tears to well up and partially quench the fire. She sobs like a

homesick child, then rises to her feet and brushing away the blinding tears, unlocks a little silver casket, and takes from it an ambrotype. The eyes which gaze at her from this piece of polished tin seem to pierce her to the very soul. She sobs bitterly again, and between the sobs exclaims:

"Oh, Joe; dear Joe! Why did you leave me? My poor heart beats for you. Lily loves you, oh, so much. She would die for you. Yes, die a hundred times, and laugh at death for your sake! You said you loved me, and oh! how pleased I was! The sun shone brighter, the flowers smelled sweeter, and even my little friends the robins shook their feathers and were pleased because I was so happy." The weary girl threw herself on a couch, the picture was pressed lovingly to her heart. This was a frequent occurrence, but to-night she fell asleep, dreamed her old life over again and was happy. A storm was approaching and the wind commenced to blow in from the lake. Lily had removed her clothing preparatory to retiring, but her thoughts had carried her back, and rest and sleep were forgotten till wearied nature succumbed. On she slept. The raw wind had increased now almost to a gale, and accompanied by a driving mist entered the open window and beat over and against the sleeping girl. Several times she turned and almost wakened, but she only slept on and dreamed; and hours afterward, when Mrs. Markham, aroused by the storm, came to her room to see if the windows were closed, found the poor girl shivering with the cold, but

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fast asleep. A low exclamation of horror burst from Clara Markham's lips. Quickly she closed the window, and attempted to arouse the sweet creature who had become almost as dear to her as her own life. Sleep let go its hold very tardily, and even when the benumbed girl's night-robe was replaced by one both dry and warm, it seemed as though reaction would never take place. The poor child attempted to hide the little picture, but she was dazed and it had fallen to the floor. A violent chill took possession of the slender figure, her teeth chattered, and her snow-white bed shook from head to foot. A physician was hastily summoned. The chill had ceased, but the patient had contracted pneumonia, and her young life hung in the balance. In the morning when the storm had spent itself, a glow of sunlight stole past the fastened window blind, and a little song bird perched on a maple tree without, trilled a few melodious notes which caused the delirious girl to smile, and in the ecstasy of a seeming bliss she half rose up and in a dreamy whisper communicated minutely the story so dear to her heart to Clara Markham who sat weeping by the bedside.

"Lie still, darling. You are so weak you must not talk. Clara is here and will not leave you. You have something to tell, have you? Well, tell it very softly, dear, and I will listen. Now take this medicine first, and then we will have a pleasant little chat; but Lily'd better let Clara do the talking. No. Then speak very low and softly and Clara will listen."

Mrs. Markham kissed the sick girl's burning



brow, and smoothed the heated pillow, then holding one dainty, trembling hand in hers, listened while Lily unfolded to her in broken accents her tale of girlish love and joy and hope. Then with a deep, sad moan, a dewy tear moistening each brilliant eye, she told the story of her bitter grief, something she had kept even from her dearest friend, because she thought it sacred. Breaking off suddenly she smiled, a pleasant remembrance of the past flashed through her troubled brain; then she sank into a restless, dreamless sleep. The doctor came and with deft hands and the eye of experience, examined, watched and noted every symptom, every change in his sleeping patient.

"How beautiful she is," he whispered, "but I am afraid the end is not far off."

"Oh, doctor, for God's sake save her. She must not die."

"Do not weep, Mrs. Markham, I will do the best I can. I think the crisis will come quickly, then she will pass away, or recovery will commence. Poor girl! It is very, very sad. I shall be back in an hour and bring Dr. Clarkston with me. It may do little good, but he is an eminent man and may think of something. Allow her to rest if she will till my return."

With doubt and anxiety depicted on his face, the doctor left, and Clara Markham was alone again with her charge. Some time afterward she noticed a piece of colored tin lying where till now it had remained unseen. She picked it up. On one side was a handsome, boyish face and a pair of honest eyes that seemed to be asking:

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"What is the matter? Why do you weep?"  
The lady sat down and examined the face on the  
tin carefully. She could not help but admire it.  
She looked at Lily and a smile played about the  
girl's shapely mouth.

"This then is Joe," she thought. "Oh, young  
man, why have you broken this poor girl's  
heart? You don't know; you can't know what  
you have missed."

She bent over and kissed the panting sleeper.  
Panting, yes, almost gasping. She noticed the  
change, and with a little shriek, quickly flew  
from the room. She met her husband coming  
in the hall.

"John, John!" she exclaimed, wringing her  
hands: "Lily is dying. My God! she is dy-  
ing."

They entered the room. An angelic expression  
had taken possession of the girl's face, and a  
slight gurgle could be heard coming from her  
throat. John fell on his knees and prayed as  
man never prayed before. Clara frantic with  
grief dispatched a servant for the doctor in the  
greatest haste.

"Lily, oh, Lily, speak to me!" she sobbed  
over the dying girl.

"Open your eyes once more and look at Clara  
that you love so much. Clara won't forsake you.  
Clara won't leave you for some one else. Speak,  
speak! Oh! for the sake of our Redeemer,  
speak!"

The physicians came.

"My dear madam," said the kind voice of Dr.  
Clarkston, "you are taking away her chances.

Kindly desist and we will try to rally her. She is passing through the crisis, and it is life or death in the next few moments."

The Rev. John ceased his fervent plea for mercy and grace. Clara, kissing the girl affectionately, left the room, and the physicians commenced their fight with death. Conscious of the power possessed by their divinely healing art, they boldly assailed the unshackled monster. For a few moments which seemed to be hours the thin veil which separated time from eternity fluttered as if about to lift and disappear. Death glowered with his soulless eyes and tried to burst the gauzy folds, but nature and art prevailed. Death's bony fingers reluctantly loosed their hold. The all but lifeless bosom heaved again in rhythmic waves. Death being conquered took its flight. The girl was saved.

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CHAPTER XXX.

On the afternoon when Marie St. Marr became acquainted with young Roderick Cameron, and on several subsequent occasions she gleaned from him the exact facts she wished to know. Mrs. Cameron, too, was remembered, and Marie speedily ingratiated herself into the well wishes of that worthy woman, and this too despite the warnings of Mrs. Craig, who never neglected informing her old neighbor and friend that:

"Yon wutch-like lass was neither bonny nor canny, and nae guid could come frae whar nane existed. Ye'll get sewage frae a sewer, and honey frae a hive; but ye'll no pluck a rose frae a thistle, nor a panay frae a mullin weed."

Mrs. Craig might not have been so suspicious of Marie St. Marr but for the fact that the girl, mistrusting the sagacious Scotch woman, had offended her at their first meeting. From that time on she had a clever woman watching her; but unfortunately Marie's field of operations was not to be situated for any length of time in the town of O——, so that Mrs. Craig's detective work could only be on a very limited scale, and for a short period. Joe Cameron was not long in the city to which he had gone until one evening Marie met him. Almost immediately afterward commenced the series of deceptions,

intrigues, and deceits which terminated as recorded in a former chapter. Letters could not pass between the young man and Forest Lily in either direction, for they were in some manner intercepted. The note received by Joe from Clara Markham and its answer being the only exception. The young man was tempted and lured on, and on, by the mesmeric creature, until in the very anguish of soul, because he could not conquer himself or drown, in his sober senses, the pure love that was ever rising uppermost in his heart. Sometimes, and be it said more for pity of him than to his shame, he smothered his better self in wine, and, perhaps, even virtue for the nonce was thrown to the dogs.

It is not necessary to follow the young man from the time he entered the military college till he graduated with the highest honors. He was a bright fellow, a great worker, and always at or near the head of his class. We shall turn our attention to the sick-room in Toronto.

After the pneumonic crisis had passed, Lily for a short time improved rapidly, and her ringing laugh could again be heard echoing through the house; but a troublesome, hacking cough supervened and convalescence became so tardy that her physician deemed it unwise to allow her to leave her room.

"The race to which she belongs is especially prone to consumption," said Dr. Clarkston to Mrs. Markham one day; "so we must be very careful and not allow her to take the least

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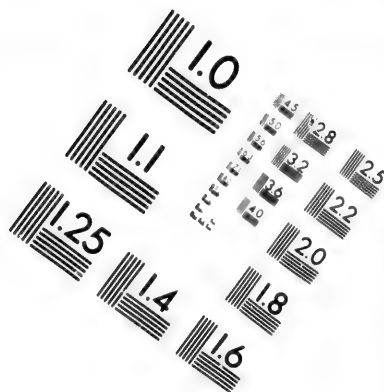
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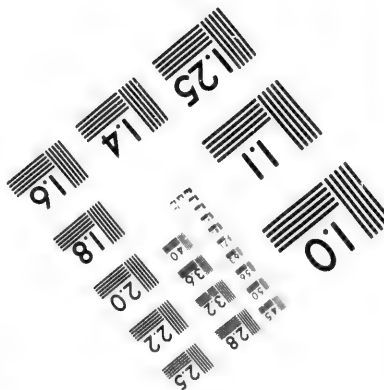
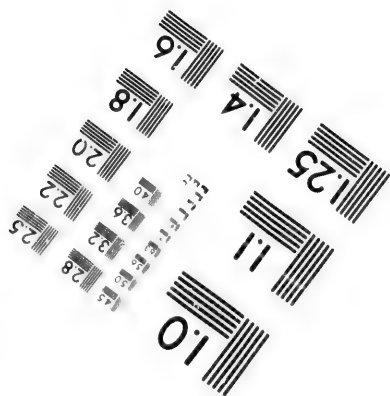
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chance. She must be out of all danger before we relinquish our care, or permit any liberties." These ominous words fell like a poisoned shaft on Clara Markham, and with tearful eyes she informed her husband of what the doctor had said. The Rev. John's confidence and cheerful words soon partially dispelled her fears, but she did not forget, and the girl was as tenderly watched and cared for as though she were a frail flower instead of a human form bearing the name of one. Her father came, and what a joyous meeting for the girl that was, and how supremely lovely she looked, the light of a holy, filial affection in her great, lustrous eyes, as she twined her arms around the noble old warrior's neck and kissed him with that thrilling fondness only experienced by those who are endowed by the same spirit of pure unselfish devotion. The words expressed by the chief were few; but so soft and full of a tender pathos as to melt the others to tears.

"Mog-a-wog sorry Lily sick. Hope she soon get well. Then Mog-a-wog take her away for change. Now rest. Mog-a-wog's heart weep, when his daughter sick. She lay down now and take quiet sleep, then wake up much strong." He laid her softly down, and imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow, and when he straightened up to his full stature his eyes were dimmed with tears. He saw a wondrous change. He feared not the tomahawk of battle. He cared no more for the scalping knives of his enemies' braves than for the waving plumes with which they bedecked their heads. But he had learned

through bitter experience to fear and dread that silent messenger of death that he had known to make such inroads among the ranks of his beloved people. Forest Lily read the old chief-tain's thoughts, and again entwining her arms about his neck, she kissed his weatherbeaten cheeks again and again, bidding him to keep up his courage and not weep for her, but rather rejoice that she had not gone ere his arrival. The chief, as though ashamed of shedding tears, looked about the room, but he had nothing to fear for they were alone. Such grief was sacred and the others had quietly glided out into the hall.

The honest old chief of the Ojibways had never been accustomed to yield greatly to grief, and soon his bronzed features began to light up with a ray of hope. Then remembering that he had brought his child some simple little dainties. Simple! Yes, simple. The dear old man knew of naught else than simple things—a few little sweetmeats that he thought his Lily—and he could only think of her as a little child—would like. She used to coax for them when only a tiny papoose; when larger still asked for them; and later on always expected and received them whenever her father had been absent and come home. Perhaps it was only a few little cakes of maple sugar; perhaps a pretty little bark mocock filled with the same toothsome substance; perhaps a paper of peppermint bull's-eyes or a few short sticks of taffy candy. No matter what they used to please and delight her. She munched them with relish in days gone by, and why not

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now; why not? Amid the great plenty with which she was surrounded would she still appreciate such things? Ah, yes! As her father took them from his pockets, her young heart bounded with a delight she had not known for months. She was carried back to days now gone forever.

Weeks passed and the girl became quite herself again except in strength.

She and Clara Markham had many a confidential chat concerning Lily's past life.

About this time Mrs. Markham heard, quite accidentally, that Lieutenant Cameron was to sail to India with his regiment, wrote him the note with which the reader is familiar, and in due time received the hastily written reply from Lieutenant Cameron. On receipt of the missive Mrs. Markham was unable to control her feelings, and although her better self told her how indiscreet it would be, it was with difficulty she could restrain herself from showing Lily the letter and condemning the young soldier most bitterly.

"I will wait till the dear child gains a little more strength, then break the facts to her by degrees," said Clara to her husband.

"There is no use allowing her to pine away over a lost cause, no matter how dear it is to her heart." Then as if impressed by a new idea:

"Do you know anything about Mr. de Lally, John? He seems to be a pleasant gentleman, and very fond of Lily." John Markham raised his head, looked for a moment at his wife, a dreamy expression in his eyes, and replied:

"I know very little about him, only that he

moves in good society. Just what his morals are I cannot say. Nor do I know anything of his resources. He is an intelligent young man and could if he chose put his talents to very good use in many directions. I will have a conversation with him the first opportunity, and perhaps may learn something definite concerning him."

"I wish you would, John. I have never meddled in a love affair; but I really feel so deeply for poor Lily, and her condition bothers me night and day. I do believe if it were not for her heart her lungs would resume their normal functions. I wonder Mr. de Lally has not called recently. I think there could be no harm in any one seeing her now, particularly a pleasant person like Mr. de Lally, whose company she enjoys."

For several weeks after Lily's sudden illness Paul had stopped regularly at the door and inquired as to her condition; but lately he had not done so; and why? I shall try to answer.

There was a fashionable place on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, where a smart set of young bloods, and frequently middle-aged and old bloods too, were wont to congregate o' nights, sometimes in comparatively harmless amusements, more frequently in those which did not tend to the elevation of morals or chastity. The card tables and white-aproned waiters, with loaded trays of wine and fragrant toddy, were kept busy till the morning stars peeped over the turbid, sleepy Don, and some who had entered the place in early evening with a respectable bank account to their credit, left

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as the cocks were ushering the new day  
"strapped" as they expressed it.

"By George," they said, or something more  
emphatic, "we must let up. We'll have to re-  
trench now and deny ourselves for some time to  
balance things." The "retrenching ourselves"  
usually consisted in informing the young wife,  
or patient forgiving spouse, that that birthday  
present must be forgone this year on account of  
hard times, and other not absolutely essential  
household necessities dispensed with; or the  
affectionate mother who had been stinting her-  
self for years in order to educate and indulge  
"her darling boy," that the help he had prom-  
ised could not come just yet, the financial strin-  
gency was so great. The rising, risen, or  
declining lord of creation must have his cigars  
just the same though. He had to work. Busi-  
ness must be attended to, and a good cigar was  
such a solace. He must attend the races and  
drop in occasionally to the opera or theater, play  
a game of billiards or pool now and then, and  
take a drink or two with his friends, just to keep  
up appearances. It was impossible to take wife,  
sister, or daughter to any of these amusements;  
they were decidedly expensive you know, and  
times were so hard. Beside the ladies didn't  
care for amusements any way; they had their  
own homes to attend to and that was the kind of  
recreation they enjoyed.

The office boy was roundly scored for his negli-  
gence. The bootjack was mercilessly shied at  
the cat. Poor old Fido received a kick because  
he looked delighted at the approach of his mas-

ter. Angelina's music lessons were abruptly stopped, because that professor was charging double the value of his services, and he wasn't much of a musician anyhow. Wife was informed that the contemplated visit to her mother would be impossible, and she meekly gave it up, for she pitied her poor, dear, worried husband, he had so many business cares, brought him his slippers, handed him his cigar case and matches, then the poor dear smoked complacently. He had done his duty and felt better. He had retrenched.

"And who knows," he ponders, "but fortune, the fickle jade, may smile on me next time, and all the lost ducats be regained. Then quit—Quit with a capital Q—will be the word, *sure*, SURE, SURE. But I must get my money back first." Of course, my friend; no mistake about that; not in the least.

It was on a night when one of these fledglings, who had had his wings clipped some time before and had been "retrenching" in order to accumulate another "little pile of ducats" to send across the poker table in quest of the ninety-and-nine which had gone out and were lost, the chappie wanted just one more chance, just one, then he would show (so he said, and undoubtedly thought) Paul de Lally and one or two more of those blokes who considered themselves well up in the game that he was some snuff on a taper himself.

Poor duckling, he met a number of sports "quite incidentally" that evening and they repaired to their usual rendezvous. A one-dollar

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limit was to be the game, and they were to drink nothing stronger than claret or moselle. Of course if one of the number wanted a "stick" in his wine, why there could be no serious objection to that. The fledgeling was delighted. His opportunity had arrived. He would be a little sly this time as it was to be his last. If he found himself losing he would wink at the waiter, that would mean a "stick" in his. This would arouse his flagging intellect. The others would be stupidly sober, and not suspecting him, he could fleece them to a dead standstill.

So the battle began, and the "wee sma' hours" were fast approaching. A dollar limit became tame after a time, and some suggested that the limit be removed. To the astonishment of everyone the fledgeling kept on winning and winning. When the limit was raised, the wiseacres looked knowingly at each other, and one remarked, *sotto voce*:

"Watch De Lally's smoke now."

The excitement around the table became intense. A small fortune was hanging in the balance. De Lally was growing deathly pale, and large beads of perspiration stood out like raindrops on his forehead, and actually trickled down his face.

"Give me some whisky," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"No, no!" shouted the fledgeling. "We agreed not to drink anything but wine."

"Give me some whisky, I say!" almost a despairing wail in the gambler's voice. A nicely groomed waiter responded, and with one gulp



Paul drained the glass to the bottom. An excited shout went up. De Lally had lost. A sharp report rang through the room and Paul, midst the greatest confusion, fell gasping to the floor. He had shot himself. In an instant all was as still as the grave. In another, the room was dark and empty, except that the wounded man lay bleeding on the floor. Had Paul's companions been a lot of winged fairies they could not have disappeared more quickly nor with less confusion. Not one present wished to be identified, hence the suddenness of their departure. In a few moments a dim light appeared and a couple of men raised the bleeding gambler from the floor, and carried him some distance to a comparatively comfortable quarter. The patient was weak from loss of blood, and from the terrible tension to which his nerves had been subjected, but the wound was not a serious one. The sequel to the affair was that the wounded man declared his opponent had shot him; and as no one, the excitement having been so intense, had really seen the shot fired, except one of Paul's special friends and he held his peace, our fledgeling could not prove that he was innocent of the deed, and fearing exposure and arrest, gladly gave up to Paul a portion of his winnings, and a few nights afterward lost the remainder and a good deal more, at the same place, viz., that which he had visited for the last time the night of the shooting.

Because of the wound received, Paul had been obliged to discontinue his visits to the Markhams. The matter had been immediately hushed

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up, so the good people of the city had heard nothing of it.

Paul sat in his room one morning. He was robed in an elegant dressing gown, a velvet smoking cap, and pretty slippers. Between his shapely fingers he held a fragrant Havana, which at times he puffed at languidly, as he glanced over the morning papers, reading of the departure of the Ninetieth Regiment to take part in the Sepoy rebellion. He heard the postman at the door below, and a moment after a servant appeared with a letter. Paul gazed at the handwriting for an instant, and smiling to himself as he tore open the seal muttered:

"Well, what now, little Marie?" As he read his color changed from one shade of crimson to another, then whitened in blank astonishment. The letter read as follows:

'MY DARLING PAUL: And never again; mind never again, shall I address you thus. I inclose you a draft for five hundred dollars, and this is the very last cent of money you can ever get from me. I have loved you as no human creature ever loved another. I have ruined, perjured, and debased myself, all for you. And in return I have received cold scorn and heartless insult. Smile if you like when you read this. I care not. The worm has turned at last. It has been a hard, long, and bitter fight, but I have conquered, and an unselfish devotion has turned to bitter hatred. Don't be amazed, or say 'I told you so.' To-night I am to marry Lieutenant Joseph Cameron. Then we sail for

India where my husband goes immediately with his regiment, the Ninetieth, into active service. I send you no address because I do not wish to hear from you again. Paul, may the God you have so often cursed, forgive both you and me. I shall try and be a better woman now. For the first time since I can remember I seem to have a ray of light and hope ahead. Nothing but sin and crime and deception have been mine since you and I first met. Now it is ended. Take care of yourself, and as you fear hereafter don't ruin that poor, innocent Indian girl, or accursed will be your life ever after. Good-by.

"MARIE."

Paul read this short letter carefully twice over, then closed it, and uttered a low whistle. His cigar had gone out. He relit it and calmly smoked on for a few moments. Then taking up the letter again, he read the last words half-aloud:

"Don't ruin that poor, innocent, Indian girl.' Umph! That's a woman for you. So long as they are happy themselves, they don't care a continental how any one else comes on. Oh, no, my little Marie, of course not. There was no harm in you marrying that young officer and ruining him; but I—well, that's quite a different matter, I suppose; well, we'll see. My card game is up in this place now, and you are not going to send me any more money, so I guess I'll have to approach the pretty princess with intentions matrimonial. No use attempting any other game with her. It will have

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to be a straight up and up, out and out, legal marriage; a good deal of publicity, no doubt, and considerable expense. Well, I have money enough for that anyway. Then I'll have to trust to luck to get out of it some way afterward. She has the necessary coin, and I have any amount of use for it; so we should make a good team to travel in harness for a time. I don't know, my little Marie, but you have done me rather a good turn after all. I shall precipitate matters now, and bring them to a focus. I should not have thought of doing so at present had it not been for you. I will take till to-morrow to mature my plans then plunge into them with the ardor of youth and love, as they say.

"E' Gad! I never expected to develop into an Indian fighter; but this warfare must be carried on by strategy and the utmost tact. Perhaps I may have to join the Rev. John's church before I get through. Well, no matter, I'll be prepared for any emergency; may even get up a sermon so I can preach if necessary." Paul arose and walked over to a long mirror, and laughing said to himself:

"Really, Paul, you are a clerical-looking chap any way." He picked up Marie's letter, kissed it mockingly, then threw it into the grate, remarking as he did so:

"You and I are quits, Marie. So good-by."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THAT very day Paul de Lally was holding a private conference with the Rev. John Markham; in fact, asking for the hand of Forest Lily in marriage.

The young Frenchman was faultlessly attired, and his conversation, bearing, and manners were those of a polished gentleman. He informed the Rev. John that he derived the greater part of his income from estates he owned in France, and that he would have one of the grand old castles prepared immediately for his bride, should he be accepted and they decide to spend their honeymoon abroad, etc., etc.

"I think," said he with great assurance, "the sooner such a change can be brought about, the better it will be for the darling girl's health."

He seemed so sincere, frank, and matter-of-fact in all he said, that his words carried conviction with them, and it really was not much wonder he succeeded in making a marked impression on one so truly honest as John Markham. Indeed the Rev. John was visibly impressed by the intense devotion which the wily Paul seemed to possess for his ward, and the young man's description of his possessions also had an effect, which was manifested half an hour afterward by the enthusiastic manner in which he related to Mrs. Markham all he had heard;

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and he depicted glowingly the bright future that was in store for the young girl they both so much loved, if she would only grasp the opportunity which was about to be offered her. Clara Markham listened and was charmed at the prospect, and looking up at her husband remarked:

"Well, John, she will grace any hall or palace, I don't care how grand or ancestral it is, and her French is as perfect as a Parisian's; so that she will be perfectly at home in France if they decide to make that country their permanent abode. By the way, did I show you the account of Lieutenant Cameron's marriage? It would seem that his bride is a French girl. Her name is St. Marr." John started.

"Married on the eve of departure: Cameron—St. Marr.

"Lieutenant Joseph H. Cameron, of the Ninetieth Regiment, was quietly united in marriage to Miss Marie St. Marr. The marriage, which took place at Cape Vincent, N. Y., was a surprise to the many friends of the gallant young officer, as by the time we go to press he will have started with his regiment for the seat of war in India. The lieutenant will be accompanied by his beautiful bride, and we wish the happy couple *bon voyage*, not alone on their military expedition, but also on the uncertain voyage of matrimonial life."

John laid down his paper and looked at his wife in blank astonishment.

"When reading that notice, my dear, did nothing occur to your mind?" he asked.

"No, I think not. What is it, John?"

"Have you never heard that name, St. Marr before, Clara, try and think?"

"No, dear, I never have, or if so I have not the slightest recollection of it. What can you mean?" John smiled.

"Unless my memory fails me utterly, the name St. Marr occurs several times in that mysterious letter which we took from the poor fellow's pocket who died on our floor that awful night in Monkville."

Clara looked mystified for a moment, then she said: "Sure enough."

John arose and got the letter which at one time had been of so much interest to them, and which they had attempted with the greatest energy and determination to fathom, but with an entire want of success. He read it aloud as he had done many times before in an attempt to find some meaning between the lines that was not evident in the written words. Certainly the letter itself was plain enough; but try as he would he could not get the slightest clew to the writer, and never had heard of the name St. Marr since, although he had searched for it unremittingly for over a year; but now, one Marie St. Marr had been discovered. The strange document was as follows:

"REV. JOHN MARKHAM, SIR: For the past three years I have been endeavoring to meet you; have journeyed all the way to Toronto no less

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than five times, but each time with the same result; you were absent from the city. I am in possession of some important facts and papers concerning valuable estates in Scotland, which papers prove the rightful heirship to these estates, also to a considerable amount of wealth in the Bank of Glasgow. I am a relative of the heir, and the sole living person who is in possession of certain facts which when proven will give to the rightful owner her (for the person is a woman) legacies. I meant to use these facts and my own kinship as a means of inducing or compelling the heiress to accord me a fair portion of the property when obtained. I believe you to be an honest man. I have known you for years. If I do not meet my death to-night, and it is because I fear I shall that I am writing this, I want you, and trust to your doing as I wish, to find the heiress. Be quite sure you are right; and, when you have secured her beyond a question, before you divulge the valuable facts herein given, make a legal contract that will protect me in a reasonable amount. If I never turn up, which I am sure to do if I am not killed, you keep my share for yourself. I hereby bequeath it to you to do with as you choose. If you do not want it use it for charitable purposes. I feel that I am entitled to a pretty respectable amount. I once considered myself the heir, and in trying to prove this I discovered I was not. But I learned that such a person was in existence, though I have not been able thus far to discover her whereabouts. As you are a clergyman, I do not mind telling you in strict confidence, that



the greatest stumbling block in my way is that I have to make every move incognito. I committed an act against the government. It injured no one, so I do not consider it a crime, but it ostracises me all the same, and makes open moves on my part perilous. By what I have said, you may recognize me, but never mind. Had it not been for this I feel confident I could have found the heiress long ago. The above facts explain why I have not been able to go to you openly and solicit your aid. I have tried to see you privately, but failed.

"The young woman's name is Marie St. Marr. This, however, is only a portion of her name, but by it alone will you be able to find her. Her father, an immensely wealthy old bachelor, Sir Donald Dunfrae, Bart., married a French lady, a daughter of some French count (I think there are valuable estates in France, which the same heiress inherits from her mother. The proof of one is evidence of the other, and Marie St. Marr can attend to these herself after she becomes possessor of those in Scotland.) Their only child was a little girl christened Marie St. Marr after her mother. The three were shipwrecked, both parents perished; but it was fortunately known that the child was saved, for all on the ship were not drowned. I was a boy then and lost both father and mother, but was saved myself; and you lost your parents at the same time and place. It can be proven that the child Marie, who has been described as an extremely beautiful and winsome lass, was saved as was a number of other children, you and I

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included, as well as some half a dozen adults, three of whom I know well, and whose sworn testimony taken before magistrates I have. You were considerably younger than I at that time, and so severely injured that you were unconscious for several weeks; so of course you cannot remember the accident or any circumstances immediately subsequent thereto. I have a distinct recollection of everything. I have the original papers and proofs on my person, and if you hear of my death come to where my body is at once, and you will find them sewed behind the linings in different portions of my garments. No one paper will do alone. All must be found and put together, before they can be understood. You will find among the others a paper that will correspond to this, authorizing you, and no one else to take possession of the documents. I am so excited, and in such haste, that it is hard to make this clear; but I hope you will understand it. Adieu, dear John, pray for me. If I am not killed to-night, I am sure to meet you in time. I am so nervous that my mind wanders, and perhaps this letter may be somewhat disconnected. I forgot to state that there was a great deal of wealth on board of the wrecked ship, in money, stores, and valuables. This was nearly all recovered, but not by the *rightful owners*. I shall say no more. Perhaps I have said too much already. Again, good-by. Pray for me.

"CAPTAIN McMARES."

When the Rev. John finished reading the

letter, he again picked up the newspaper and read the marriage notice aloud.

"There is probably no doubt but the Marie St. Marr mentioned here is the very same person spoken of in the letter, and whom we have searched for in vain. Now she has sailed for India. I wonder what is the best course to pursue?" Not waiting for a reply, nor apparently expecting one, John continued:

"Supposing Marie St. Marr were right here, this letter would be of little service to her, for where is this man who signs himself Captain McMarks, with the proofs he speaks of. After all I can't see how finding Miss St. Marr, or rather Mrs. Cameron, and giving her this letter, can help the matter a great deal. What do you think, Clara? Can you suggest anything?"

"I have just been thinking, John," replied his wife, "that there is a possibility that Lieutenant Cameron has by some means come into possession of the knowledge that this lady he has married is an heiress, and this is why he has discarded Lily. Men you know—not you, John, of course—but almost all men, will do anything for money; and there must have been some very strong attraction, or Mr. Cameron would not have acted as he has. You may depend, John, that our services will not be required; that very likely Mrs. Cameron knows that she is an heiress, and is ready to prove her claims."

"There may be a good deal in what you say, Clara; but have not I understood that this young Cameron, who is a very dutiful son, has been prevented by his mother from forming an alli-

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"Oh, pshaw! on her Indian blood. I get out of all patience when I hear that spoken of as an objection to her. Could I be as lovely as she, I would wish myself an Indian maiden, ten times over." Mrs. Markham made this reply to her husband in an impatient manner quite out of her ordinary mode of expression. Then said with a scornful pout hovering around her pretty mouth: "I think much less of Lieutenant Cameron than I did before. I have not the slightest use for such people. They have no hearts and I question at times if they are not devoid of souls."

"Hush, dear, you are becoming heated."

"John, were it not for the effect it might have on Lily, I would take the greatest pleasure in rushing right to her room now and saying, 'Lily dear, that young coxcomb of a Cameron is not worth one more thought on your part. He has married a woman, probably some hideous-looking old creature, for her money; but you need not care one whit, for Paul de Lally, who is immensely wealthy and in a few years will be a count, has asked for your hand, and is worthy of you.' I cannot do it though. She will not take it as I would. It must be managed in some other way, John. She is not like us. I cannot explain how, but she is different." Mrs. Markham's large blue eyes filled with tears and she could say no more.

Next morning Forest Lily came down to breakfast. Her youthful figure had lost some of

its plumpness, but she looked more sylph-like and lovely than ever before. She never dressed exactly as other girls did. She never looked just like any one else. Her graceful movements and stately bearing, added to the charm of her sweet face and bright, laughing eyes, all affording her an attractiveness peculiarly her own.

"My dear, I did not expect you down to breakfast this morning, and ordered it sent to your room," said Mrs. Markham, with a delighted smile, rising from a seat near the open window where she and her husband were discussing, for the twentieth time, how best to break the news of Lieutenant Cameron's marriage to the now convalescing girl. They feared a shock that might prove disastrous to her, for an obstinate, hacking cough lingered despite the greatest care, and the doctor said a relapse was not beyond a possibility.

"I thought I would surprise you," said the girl, as she clasped Mrs. Markham's hands in hers and looked into her deep-blue eyes which betokened an abiding and confiding love. She kissed Clara Markham lovingly, and her voice had a strange musical sadness in it as she continued:

"Forgive me, dear, if I have taken too much of a liberty, but I must now get strong, for I am going away." Tears came to her eyes, and she allowed Clara to seat her near an open window where she inhaled great draughts of fresh morning air, and heard the sweet caroling of the happy birds as they whistled and sang their wild, woodland songs.

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"Something is troubling you, darling," said Clara soothingly. "You have not regained your strength sufficiently yet you know to come downstairs without first partaking of some little nourishment. Please ring the bell, John, and have Susan put the breakfast on at once; and, after Lily has eaten something, she will explain. Come, dear, you shall have the Rev. John's armchair and I will wait on you myself." Lily brushed away a falling tear, and smiling through the mist arose and taking her place at the table remarked, a slight tremble in her soft voice:

"Please excuse me, Mr. Markham. I was not aware of your presence when I came in, or I should not have made such a goose of myself as to lose control of my feelings. I find I am not quite strong yet."

The doctor had made his usual visit and had given his patient permission to drive for an hour or two in the delightful air which seemed to be imbuing all nature with renewed life. Paul de Lally was to call at four o'clock and accompany the family on a drive to a suburban village, where it was arranged to take a lunch and rest for an hour, then return home before sunset.

Mrs. Markham and Lily were in the latter's boudoir.

"I kept my love for Mr. Cameron from you, Clara, until in my delirium I told you all, or I should not discuss the subject even with you, my kindest and best friend. Some women may be able to love times innumerable. I can love but the once. I have not informed you before, but I know this Marie St. Marr well, and she

must be a very heartless, wicked woman, for she alone knew my secret, and was many, many times the recipient of my bounty. She is pretty and infatuating. It may be possible Lieutenant Cameron has fallen in love with her, but I doubt it. She has thrown some kind of a coil about him that has resisted his efforts at casting aside. I loved Mr. Cameron with all the power of my inmost soul, and every word and action of his betokened a pure and holy love on his part. True it is he did not wish to disobey his mother, but I could have waited and so could he."

"Why has he not corresponded with you then?"

"I do not know. There has been some great wrong committed, Clara, you may depend upon that. Of course he can be no more to me now, and I shall devote my time to making the remainder of my father's days happy. He loves me. I will go to him, and back to my old life. I hope God will forgive Lieutenant Cameron and protect him. I forgive him with all my heart, and will do my best to forget."

"Lily, dear, you are despondent this morning. As your health improves and you grow stronger, everything will appear different to you. Cheer up, try to look your best to-day. Monsieur de Lally is so bright and cheerful, I feel sure you will enjoy his company as well as the delightful air and the beautiful scenery along the road."

"Monsieur de Lally is pleasant, Clara, and I know I shall enjoy the drive, but I cannot allow anything further than a friendship between us. I shall never love again, and there can be no use

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Mrs. Markham arose and put her arms around Lily's neck, and kissing her brow said:

"Dearest child, how can you go back to live with that horrid, jealous stepmother, whom I believe dislikes you so, and throw away chances that the cleverest girls in the city would jump at. I shall be so lonely without you; beside, you are not well enough to leave the city for a long time yet." Then petulantly, "I wish I had hold of that St. Marr girl or her husband." She said no more. These words seemed to arouse some latent force, and with a deep sigh Lily began to tremble and soon was the victim of a violent chill, followed by a drenching perspiration, the telltale spots on the cheeks, and the hurried, anxious respiration, are too well known in such cases to need description.

"Poor child, I fear her doom is sealed," said the physician. "It is a case of consumption following pneumonia."

After the chill had passed away and the fever following it had subsided, Lily felt remarkably well, and, when Paul de Lally called, supposing the arrangement concerning the drive were to be carried out, she asked to see him. The Rev. John first took the amiable Paul into his study,



and showed him the account of Lieutenant Cameron's marriage, not because he or Paul had ever conversed on the subject, but principally as a means of introducing what he considered might account for Lily's sudden indisposition, and as a preface to asking Paul for his counsel and assistance concerning the mysterious letter.

As Paul perused the letter his features alternately flushed and became pallid. The Rev. John was busy and did not notice this, nor did he see the odd vengeful fire that shot from the Frenchman's flashing eyes, or hear the bitter, whispered curses that fell from his lips.

The Rev. John asked to be excused for a few minutes and left the room.

As soon as Paul was alone he muttered:

"I must have a copy of this letter, and these people must not know it."

With the quickness of thought he was taking down all the salient points. When John Markham returned, he found Paul sitting with his right leg crossed over the other, carelessly swinging his foot up and down, and apparently in deep meditation.

"Do you not think it a strange affair, Mr. de Lally?" said John as he entered.

"I have been studying this letter, and trying to read what meaning the writer has attempted to convey between the lines," answered Paul.

This was the truth. He had been doing that very thing, and he had reached a conclusion and had formulated a plan of procedure.

"I cannot say that I have succeeded, Mr. Markham. In fact the more I think about it,

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hoax. The name mentioned here, being the  
same as that in the marriage notice, is simply a  
strange coincidence." The young man was now  
anxious to be off. Mrs. Markham entered and  
announced that she would show Mr. de Lally to  
Lily's room, as the young lady was feeling  
stronger and would be pleased to see him for a  
few moments. Paul hesitated for an instant,  
and in that instant these thoughts flashed  
through his mind:

"I dare not ask to see her alone, and, if not  
alone, I can gain no information of any value. I  
think I will not see her."

Turning to Mrs. Markham with deep concern  
and tender feeling in his voice he inquired mi-  
nutely after the sick girl, evincing great interest  
and so much alarm that he had no difficulty in  
convincing the clergyman and his wife that his  
reason for now declining to go to her room was  
because he feared the least excitement might be  
injurious to her.

"How kind and considerate he is," said Clara  
after Paul had bowed himself politely out and  
was gone.

"He seems to be a nice gentleman," replied  
her husband, "and I have taken him into my  
confidence. But what do you think, Clara? He  
looks upon this letter as a hoax."

"Does he not think it would be advisable to  
notify Mrs. Cameron, or send them a copy of the  
letter, so that they can investigate for them-  
selves?"

"He expressed no opinion as to that. He

thinks the names merely a coincidence. But he will be in again to-morrow, and I shall bring the matter up then." John put the letter back carefully in his safe, and Mrs. Markham returned to Lily's room, where the sick girl sat propped up with snowy pillows, just sufficient color on her beautiful features to make them look a little more than human. The maid with the assistance of Mrs. Markham had arranged her abundance of silken hair in its most becoming manner and robed her in a pretty gown, which was fastened at the neck with a pin or brooch she had not worn for some time, and which we have noticed before as being somewhat extraordinary. It consisted in the main of a cluster of precious stones, encircling a coat-of-arms. These were strangely devised and entwined, forming a number of initial letters, artistically interwoven into a monogram.

When Mrs. Markham announced that Monsieur de Lally thought it best to wait for another day, lest the interview he wished might unduly excite the patient, etc., etc. Lily flushed slightly and said that she was glad after all that he had spared her. She wished to ask him a few questions; but, if her father arrived as she expected, by another day she would be on her way with him back to her old home and her old haunts.

"Then I shall regain my lost strength," she said with a smile, "and in a little while I shall be:

"Chasing the wild buck, and following the roe,  
For my heart is in the Highlands, wherever I go."

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"My heart is not exactly in the Highlands, Clara; but I have a longing to be back with my father, look in his dear old face and hug him as I used to do, to hunt with him, to fish with him, to chase the deer and trap the beaver, and talk and sing with the robins, wrens, and blinking little songsters who used to love me, to shoot the rapids in my bark canoe, and gather wild flowers from the banks of the beautiful Severn. Oh, Clara, dear, it makes my stupid, half-dead heart leap with delight to think of it. I shall miss you, for you have been everything to me—my mother, sister, and loving companion; and Mr. Markham has been so good that God alone can repay him."

The girl's voice had a pathetic sadness in it throughout, and her eyes an unnatural sparkle. She was seized with a distressing spell of coughing as she ceased to speak, and broke completely down, sobbing like a little child. Clara Markham, in a flood of tears, folded her arms about the weeping girl and laid her gently down, soothing her with kind assurance and whisperings of affection till she fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON did not immediately receive the fatal assegai thrust for which he had so earnestly wished, but after days of tedious marching under India's burning sun, and many nights spent in the trenches with the music of minnie bullets, in their random flight, singing and hissing over his head, after seeing a hundred sickening sights of human butchery and savage rapine, hand-to-hand encounters with merciless Sepoys, in which with flashing sword and dauntless shout he valiantly urged and encouraged his soldiers on to victory or death. At last his hour came; he fell mortally wounded and was left on the battleground to die. Night enveloped the scene of deadly conflict in darkness, and ghouls stole over the field to rob the dead. God knows the dead had little enough there to take, poor fellows. Their lives were nearly all they had, and these they sacrificed, that helpless men might not be slaughtered and their wives and daughters, now caged at Lucknow, become the prey of barbarous badinage and fiendish lust. They had given their all, their precious lives; and India's parched, and thirsty sands drank with fevered haste the blood which leaped from their loyal hearts. They had little that could be taken; but that little was quickly snatched from

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their mangled, bloodstained bodies, and borne away with silent, cautious glee. In the early morning following this particular engagement, a tall, handsome officer, probably of inferior rank, his arm in a sling, his face pale and pinched from pain and loss of blood, sat on a camp stool watching some orderlies attending to their duties. From the pocket of one of these he noticed a small book protrude. The fellow passed closely to him several times, and the subaltern saw sufficient of a name printed in gold letters on a lapel of the book to arouse his curiosity. He knew that the orderly, who was little more than a slave, being a great, lazy, black native, had no use for such an article, and could not be its rightful owner. Calling the fellow to him, he demanded the book, and with a curse from the black it was reluctantly given him. The letters in gold read, "Lieutenant Joseph H. Cameron, Ninetieth Canadian Infantry," and also gave his home address. The officer repeated the name Cameron several times, as though endeavoring to call to mind some forgotten incident, and he opened the book, which was made after the style of a wallet. It contained a number of pocket-like apartments, and between these, occupying the center of the book, was a complete copy of the New Testament, printed on very thin paper, and in small but legible type. Written on the fly-leaf in a delicate lady's hand was the inscription:

"To my dear son Joseph, with a mother's love." He took from one of the apartments a miniature ambrotype, and, when his eyes fell

upon the face represented there, he gave a sudden start. He had seen those features before, and the sight of them carried him back like a lightning flash to a portion of his life filled with strangely stirring scenes, moments of glistening sunshine, days of gloomy shadows. The officer examined the picture admiringly for a minute or two, then replaced it in the book. Continuing in his examination he took from another apartment a neatly folded letter, opened it and read it through; when he came to the signature and address of the writer, he started. A small printed slip fell from the letter. He picked it up and when he had finished reading it his heart seemed to give a quick leap, for his face turned from ashen pale to a livid crimson, and he gasped as though for breath. The letter was the one received by Lieutenant Cameron from Mrs. Markham on the evening prior to the young officer's departure with his regiment for India, and the printed slip was the marriage notice of Lieutenant Cameron and Marie St. Marr. The subaltern rose from his seat and calling the orderly to him entered a tent. When inside and before the orderly knew what was about to happen, the officer placed the muzzle of a pistol close to the fellow's ear, and demanded an explanation of how he came into possession of the wallet. The man, almost frightened out of his wits, begged for mercy; but, when assured that no harm would come to him if he told the truth, admitted having taken them from the body of a dead soldier. The subaltern allowed the fellow to go, re-read the letter, then put it back in the wallet, and

"Is there anything especially the matter with you this morning, ensign? You look excited and feverish. Go to my tent and wait for a few minutes and I will look you over carefully myself. I cannot stop to hear anything now. I am under orders. Go to my tent and wait." The two parted and the subaltern did as directed. He had decided that if Lieutenant Cameron was not among the wounded, he would leave the army at all hazards and attempt to find



the body, then work his way back to Calcutta, and thence to England and to America.

"Doctor," said the ensign, as the surgeon returning came near, "it is not concerning myself that I wished to see you. I am feeling first rate and improving every day in spite of the heat and my wounds; but I wish to know if you have among the wounded a young Canadian lieutenant by the name of Cameron." The surgeon staggered and grasped a flap of the tent, then answered:

"Lieutenant Cameron! My God, man, no. Joe is not wounded. What made you think of that."

"Then if not wounded, he is killed," replied the now almost overcome subaltern. Overcome partly from his own weakness, and partially from the profound impression his words had made on Dr. Duncan. A hurried inquiry confirmed the opinion of the ensign. Lieutenant Cameron was missing, and the dead had all been buried during the night.

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### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THROUGHOUT Canada, news from the seat of war in India was eagerly sought, and particularly was this the case when from any neighborhood some intrepid volunteer had gone to take part against the mutinous Sepoys, and brave, not alone the horrors of a barbarous war, but the terrible dangers incident to a sojourn in that climate of death, where so many of Britain's valiant sons have bitten the dust, and left their ashes to mingle with those of the semi-heathen Brahmin and Mohammedan.

In the town of O—— it was well known that the regiment to which Lieutenant Cameron was attached was with the gallant Havelock, who it was known had been fighting the savage legions of Nana Sahib or his allied cohorts almost inch by inch, all the way from Allahabad to Cawnpore, and again from Cawnpore to the besieged city of Lucknow, hence the greatest interest was manifested in every scrap of news, or even idle gossip, which came from, or purported to come from her majesty's fighting armies in the East. Mrs. Craig, the busybody, but kind-hearted Scotch woman, whom we have spoken of before as a neighbor and old friend of Lieutenant Cameron's mother, was often the center of a group who were discussing the chances of ulti-

mate victory for the British forces, or the terrible massacres being carried on by the mutinous Sepoys, and inflicted upon the helpless, innocent women and children. I think I have mentioned that Mrs. Craig was slightly superstitious. She was a dreamer, and looked upon by many as a prognosticator. She was the possessor of a good deal of occult knowledge, or believed she was, which is much the same thing. Certain signs and omens, if they were seen, or felt, or imagined, just at certain times and under exact or fancied conditions, meant a good deal to her; in fact, she affected to believe them infallible; and, when she thoroughly convinced herself that some particular sign or omen or vision was infallible, she sometimes gave out "news," gained in this way, as the truth, cautiously at first, but after a time quite boldly, and it passed from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, as a truth, till finally it really did bear the marks of being a fact, and, strange to say, in time not infrequently proved to be such. Some indirect news had come from India that Sir Henry Havelock and his gallant command had, against mighty odds, fought their way through the mutinous army and entered Cawnpore only to find that the Europeans there, consisting of hundreds of men with a large number of defenseless women and children, had been mercilessly ravished and butchered by the Sepoys. This made food for a good deal of thought and speculation on the part of Mrs. Craig; and the more she pondered over it, when given reason to do as will be shown hereafter, the more she became

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convinced that her friend's son, Lieutenant Cameron, must have fallen; for she argued to herself:

"Joe was aye a brave lad, as was his father, an' his gran'father, an' great gran'father afore him; an' if there was any unca thick spot whar sabers wad be flashin' an' bullets fleein' an' pipers blowin', A'm certain it's there the lad wad be found. He'd noo be gawkin' a'hient a tree or peekin' oot frae some place o' hidin' an' seein' ither fa'. Na, na, that wud na dae for him. No Cameron wad dae that, an' the pibroch soundin' in his ear. It's more like he'd be a true Highland man, an' preferin' deat' tae dishonor. An' his mither has nae had a word fra him either. The woman kens nathin' about him. These are the vera particular things that gar me think the lad has fa'n."

How strangely correct the woman's conclusions were she herself did not know. However, Mrs. Craig had a dream. She had it on purpose. It was premeditated. She whispered it as a great secret, at first, to one or two special friends, but it gradually leaked out, not as a dream, but as an established fact. It came to Mrs. Cameron's ears and she was almost frantic with grief at the loss of her favorite son upon whom she had built so much for the future. It also reached other ears, and the effect on some one else was appalling.

Forest Lily had gained sufficient strength to be able to bid her friends good-by in Toronto and depart for her home. It was not then as now an easy journey from the metropolis of

Ontario to the town of O—, near which, on the opposite shore of the beautiful Couchiching, as explained before, a large portion of the Ojibway tribe resided for the greater part of each year; nor did Chief Mog-a-wog take his daughter over the route usually followed by the whites in those days. He had brought with him a bright young woman of his tribe and her husband, and the four left Toronto in their canoes, a large one containing all necessaries, and taken charge of by the young Indian and his wife, the other an extremely light, but comfortable little craft, occupied by himself and Forest Lily. The physicians had informed the Markhams and also the sorrowing old chief, that the sick girl's only hope of recovery consisted in keeping her constantly out of doors, or as nearly so as practicable, allowing her to take all the physical exercise possible short of fatigue, and as much exhilarating sport as she cared to indulge in. This delighted Forest Lily, who was glad to be off once more among the wild scenes of river, lake and woodland, where she could again see and feel nature in all its sublime simplicity and majestic grandeur, and once more breathe the air of perfect freedom.

The chief knew where to go and the most healthful spots to visit on the journey. He cared nothing for time; so that weeks were occupied with the circuitous route taken, and the health-seeking party did not reach their destination till autumn had tinted the leaves with variegated colors, and the wild waterfowl were gathering in flocks preparatory to a departure

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for their southern homes. The partial return to her old mode of living soon brought back the normal buoyancy of youth, and a keen appetite appeased by the nutritious foods best calculated to nourish, strengthen, and invigorate quickly gave to Forest Lily's graceful form that symmetrical roundness which always added so much to her beauty and gracefulness. When she reached her native village, those who had not seen her for a number of years marveled at the womanly comeliness she now possessed, and the pride of her aged father knew no bounds as he witnessed and listened to the expressions of praise and admiration on the faces of, not alone his own people, but also the "pale-faced" residents of the town of O—.

Mrs. Craig was one of the first to see the beautiful girl riding through the town on her white pony, and was so struck by her appearance that she determined to make her acquaintance. This was prior to her "dream" of Lieutenant Cameron's fate. When Jeannette Craig made up her mind to do anything she usually accomplished her purpose. Not long afterward, an opportunity offering, she made the acquaintance and indeed very shortly afterward gained the confidence of the Indian girl. It was not hard for Mrs. Craig to do this under the circumstances, for she knew more about the particular persons nearest and dearest to Lily's heart than any one else, and she also was familiar with the circumstances which led to the attachment that had existed between Joe Cameron and the girl, and the firm, determined stand that the lieutenant's mother had taken to prevent their marriage.

Jeanette Craig was not easily influenced nor readily carried away, as many are, by novel whims and fancies, but she immediately fell in love with Forest Lily; not, as some had done, out of a mere curious or romantic feeling engendered from the fact that the girl was an Indian "princess," but because she saw in her, as Mrs. Markham had done, a young woman much superior to any it had ever been her good fortune to come in contact with. Lily in turn discovered the woman to be, with all her eccentricities, just what she really was, a kind, well-meaning person of no mean intellect, and a possessor of a knowledge of the world and its people quite surprising to one not familiar with the fact that Mrs. Craig had of late years, particularly, been a great reader as well as a keen, shrewd observer of human nature. The Scotchwoman was not long in informing Mrs. Cameron what a jewel she had cast aside, when she prevented, or was the (supposed) means of preventing her son marrying Forest Lily. The profound confidence which Mrs. Cameron placed in her son led her to believe that she alone had been the instrument which had severed the bonds of affection existing between the two young hearts in a betrothal still looked upon by the young girl as sacred; but Mrs. Cameron overestimated her power or influence, for in truth, as the reader may have guessed, the course affairs had taken were principally due to the intrigues of Marie St. Marr and a series of fortuitous circumstances. No noble, high-spirited young man, such as Joseph Cameron had always demon-

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ciple, and love, in such a manner without ample  
justification for so doing. Mrs. Craig was not  
cognizant of all the facts, and, when she met a  
cold response from the lieutenant's mother and  
a polite, haughty request to be "kind enough  
not to couple Lieutenant Cameron's name with  
that of an Indian girl," she went away from  
Mrs. Cameron's presence deeply chagrined if not  
insulted, and fully determined to make that lady  
have cause to regret the manner she had ex-  
hibited when approached and appealed to by an  
"auld friend who wished her naithin' but weel."  
So Jeanette Craig, forthwith, as stated above,  
dreamed a dream and gave it cautious publicity.  
Had she intended killing Mrs. Cameron outright  
she could scarcely have come nearer doing so.  
She called on the unfortunate lady afterward to  
offer words of consolation.

"Mrs. Cameron," said she, making use of the  
most sanctimonious tones at her command, but  
allowing her words to cut as deeply as they  
would, "God's w'ys are not oor w'ys, we're a'  
worums o' the dust, an' when we refuse tae obey  
the mandates o' the Almighty, or transgress His  
just an' holy behests, we put upon oor sils sor-  
row an' weepin' an' naethin' but prayer an'  
Christian fortitude can avail us tae any extent.  
Judgment aye follows the breakin' o' God's laws,  
an' ye did a tearable thing, Mistress Cameron,  
when by blightin' the life o' your gallant lad,  
you drove him awa' tae the burnin' sands o'  
India tae dee an' perish; bet, pair wuman, the  
Almighty is aye mercifu' an' it may be He'll  
forgi'e ye if ye even repent the noo."



Mrs. Cameron's grief was so intense and uncontrollable that she could not reply, and Jeanette Craig herself became visibly affected and began to repent what she had done; but revenge seems a sweet thing to most mortals, and she could not help exulting secretly at the success of her "dream;" but she considered herself now about even with Mrs. Cameron for not according her what she termed a "ceevel hearin'," and wished to retract but no opportunity offered then and she was obliged to leave the house without offering the distracted Mrs. Cameron the genuine consolation she might have done, by informing her that the news might be untrue as no official report had been received to confirm it."

When Mrs. Craig reached home she found a messenger awaiting her, with a request from Chief Mog-a-wog that she come in haste to his daughter. This gave the woman a heart pang such as she had never experienced before in her life, for she realized that her "dream" had acted as a two-edged sword and cut deeply in two directions, when she only intended that it should inflict a slight wound in one.

The messenger from the chief conveyed the agitated woman in a strangely contrived vehicle drawn by a pair of small but swift Indian ponies, at a rate of speed not at all compatible with comfort, and seldom, if ever, attempted by a white woman in that region, up to that time; and despite Jeanette's entreaty to "slow up a wee bittie," when approaching a piece of corduroy road or a spot where stumps and boulders were

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very much in evidence, the dusky driver urged his nettlesome little steeds to their utmost flight, and sparks fairly flew from their heels as their hoofs struck the projecting stones on the rudely constructed highway.

"John Gilpin's ride was no a circumstance tae this," chattered Mrs. Craig to herself as she hung on with a death-like grip to the rickety rig. "Losh sakes! but it's awfu'. Sure the red edjet's daft tae mak' the puir brutes flee ower the cobbles at secina rate an' endanger the life o' a Christian wuman. There'll no be an ounce o' me left in a few meenets mair."

Her soliloquy was cut short by the pulling up of the horses and the announcement that they had arrived at their destination. Forest Lily was quite calm and self-possessed now, but Mrs. Craig noticed a startling change in the girl, and rejoiced that she could inform her that the news was but a dream and hardly that. Forest Lily appeared careworn, and a look of utter despair seemed to have taken possession of her.

When the door was closed and the two were alone, the heart-broken girl informed Mrs. Craig that she wished to see her simply to learn the facts.

"I felt that you being intimate with the family would be most likely to know all the particulars, and wished to go and see you, but my father begged me to remain here. It was very kind of you to come, and so promptly, too."

Despite the seriousness of the circumstances, Mrs. Craig had difficulty in suppressing a smile at being thanked for coming so *promptly*, for

though promptness was characteristic of the woman she had never been anything like so "sudden" before in her life.

On a table near where Mrs. Craig sat, there was some writing material and a number of papers. On the top of these lay a recent copy of the *Toronto Leader*, and the woman's eyes, wandering about as they always did, sharply observing everything within their reach, fell upon some distinct head lines which read:

"Horrors of the Indian Mutiny, etc." This startled her and she glanced at the date of the paper, which told her that it was a recent one. She longed to read what was below those head lines, but did not wish to be "speerin'," so soon after her arrival. She complained of feeling faint and asked for a drink of water. In the absence of Lily obtaining this, she quickly glanced down the column which had aroused her curiosity, and learned from it that Lieutenant Cameron really had been slain in battle. The account, too, was substantially the same as her imagination had pictured.

"Here then is where the girl has obtained her information," she thought. "Thanks be 'tae God, A'm no guilty o' causin' this puir lassie a broken heart, but losh! losh! it's tearable 'tae think that yon braw lad is really deed an' gane. Surely the Almighty must hae inspired me or I could nae ha' pictured the awfu' thing so closely." A feeling of power and pride took possession of her and she soon was her natural self again. How lucky she had seen the paper before she had had time to inform Forest Lily

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that the report was a hoax. Her womanly in-  
stincts now caused her to turn her attention to  
the grief-stricken girl whom she had come to  
console.

It will have been noticed that no mention has  
been made of Lieutenant Cameron's marriage to  
Marie St. Marr. The fact was that no notice of  
the marriage had ever reached the town of  
O—. Even Mrs. Cameron herself was igno-  
rant of it; and as for Forest Lily, after she left  
Toronto and regained sufficient mental and  
bodily strength to weigh fairly in her mind the  
character of the young man she loved, she per-  
sistently refused to believe that Joseph Cameron  
would marry from any sordid motive; and if not  
from a sordid motive she mused to herself? time  
and time again, why then should he break his  
vows to her? She trusted him and did not be-  
lieve he was married. If he was so good a  
young man as to obey his mother in such an  
affair, then he was the more to be trusted. The  
confiding girl had conversed with her father a  
number of times on the subject during their  
homeward journey, and he, honest to the  
core, coincided in his daughter's opinion. So  
that fortunately for her health's sake, Forest  
Lily's mind was constantly buoyed up by dreams  
of happiness in days to come. She felt keenly  
anxious for her lover's welfare when she learned  
he had gone to India, and she spent many dreamy  
hours as she floated in her canoe, or lay on a bed  
of fragrant boughs watching the countless stars  
peeping through the trees at the sleepy world.  
She pictured conflicts he might be engaged in,

furious battles and hairbreadth escapes. In these Joe was always the hero. Were she only by his side, she thought, how she would fight for him. If her own little rifle happened to be near she would grasp it in her excitement, and, in her imagination, as she saw some vicious enemy throw himself on her lover, she would spring from her couch of boughs only to realize that oceans rolled and roared between her and the handsome young soldier she loved, and whose faithfulness she would never question unless it were brought directly before her own pure gaze; then and not till then the arrow would pierce her heart and she would die. Till that time she would live on, dreaming, trusting, patiently waiting. These thoughts and conclusions helped to make her happy, and were largely instrumental in the regaining of her lost health. Forest Lily stood silently gazing through a small open window out on to the shimmering surface of the lake; a gentle breeze from the silvery waters fanned her fevered cheeks and seemed to whisper to her a message of hope.

"Perhaps this woman can say that this paper does not tell the truth. Perhaps he is not dead." Her heart almost ceased beating at the thought, then seemed to bound to her throat, and she had to grasp the window-sill to steady herself. Mrs. Craig noticed her agitation, and almost dropping her Scottish accent, as she could do if she wished, arose and said.

"Dear child, you must not mourn too deeply. Newspaper accounts are often exaggerated, they

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are often false." The girl turned about, a flash  
of eagerness in her brilliant eyes.

"Do you offer me hope? Can you say he is not  
dead? I feel that I am almost crazed. Could I  
but go to him! Could I but be buried in the  
same grave with him! Oh, poor Joe, how I have  
loved you, and now you are dead! If I too could  
only die, how happy I would be. I am alone.  
I have no one to tell of my love. I would be  
called a silly fool if I mentioned it, a bad girl,  
perhaps, or a dreaming squaw. I have been true  
to my dead love, but I am not a fool, I am not  
a bad girl," and hesitating a moment, "I am not  
a squaw. I will go to India. I will find my  
love's grave, and I will throw myself upon it and  
die."

Mrs. Craig's breath was almost taken away by  
the excited vehemence of the girl, but she suc-  
ceeded in exclaiming, "Not a squaw?"

"No, no, my father has informed me I am not  
a squaw."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SHORT time after the wounded subaltern spoken of in a former chapter had left Dr. Duncan, the latter discovered that Lieutenant Cameron was numbered with the dead. The disconsolate man entered his tent and seated himself on a camp stool. Everything was bustle outside for the army was preparing to march. The young surgeon knew he had but a moment to spare, but he was alone and took advantage of that moment to commune with his own thoughts. Tears trickled down his bronzed cheeks and he trembled with emotion.

"Poor Joe," he exclaimed. "He was too reckless. I told him he would fall. That's love for you." He said no more for his eyes fell upon a piece of paper pinned to the canvas flap of the tent, and addressed to him. He arose, opened the letter and read:

"DEAR SURGEON: I am going to take terrible chances, but a soldier always does that anyway. I am going to quit the army here, and try to reach Calcutta, where I shall take the first ship for England, then immediately embark for Canada. I have *most* important business that must be attended to *at once*, and in my wounded condition I can be of no possible service in the army. If you can do so, please re-

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port me as dead, if not say nothing. Godspeed  
you, and return you safely to your Canadian  
home. If I reach there you shall hear from me  
on my return. Good-by again; God bless you.

"ENSIGN MAC—."

Dr. Duncan tore the note into little pieces  
that it might not be seen by others, and as he  
struck a match to light his pipe muttered:

"Poor devil, I fear he will never reach Cal-  
cutta. I wonder why he takes so great an inter-  
est in Lieutenant Cameron. I wish I was in Cal-  
cutta, but there is no turning for me now, not  
till we reach Lucknow at any rate; but I shall  
take advantage of the first opportunity or rea-  
sonable excuse to ask for permission to leave."

Having finished this monologue, with a deep  
tired sigh, Dr. Duncan arose and left the tent.  
It was July. The treacherous Nana Sahib and  
his army had been routed at Cawnpore, and  
Havelock's forces were on their way to the relief  
of General Ingles and his beleaguered garrison at  
Lucknow. At once they again encountered the  
enemy and fought a desperate battle, but gained  
a brilliant victory. A few days afterward, how-  
ever, Havelock was attacked by such overwhelm-  
ing numbers that he was driven back to Cawn-  
pore. Here reinforcements came up and the  
little army again fought its way to Lucknow,  
where it gladdened the hearts of the besieged  
garrison, and brought tears of joy to the helpless  
women and children, but the relief was not com-  
plete, for the combined forces of Generals Have-  
lock, Outram, and Ingles did not make an army



of sufficient strength to conquer or even withstand for any length of time the vast horde of semi-barbarians pitted against them; for these Sepoys were in the main trained soldiers, well-drilled in the artifice of war by the British, and largely armed and equipped with British guns and accessories; but the brave garrison stood its ground till on the 16th of November the pibrochs of Sir Colon Campbell's Highlanders were heard from the ramparts, and the rejoicing and welcome hand-shakings within the citadel were beyond description.

It was Christmas, and Dr. Duncan found himself in Calcutta waiting for the first day of the new year to come, for then a ship was to sail for Liverpool, and he had engaged a passage. To shorten the time he visited the points of interest in the city, and being a surgeon did not omit the hospital. As he entered one of the wards, a tall, emaciated, but soldierly-looking man arose from the cot on which he had been resting, and approached him.

"Dr. Duncan," said he, "how glad I am to see you. You have been on my mind for several days, and here you are." Dr. Duncan eyed the man for a moment, but failed to recognize him, till he was informed that the unrecognized invalid was Ensign Mac—.

"Ah," said the subaltern, "I see you notice that my good right arm is gone, but I thought there was still enough of me left to prove my identity in your eyes."

"I now recognize you, ensign, but your loss of flesh as well as the loss of your arm has

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changed you so that you look little like the grand  
soldier you were when I saw you last. You  
must have experienced great hardships and  
suffering to have brought you to this."

"Come with me," said the ensign, "I have  
some news to tell you," and the soldier led the  
way to the end of a hall where the two were  
quite alone.

"Sit down," said the ensign, placing a com-  
fortable chair by an open window for the doctor,  
and seating himself near.

Dr. Duncan remarked:

"I leave for Liverpool on the 1st of January."

"No, no, do you, doctor?" exclaimed the  
other, evincing surprise and excitement.

"If so, then I will go too, and we will take  
the lieutenant with us."

Dr. Duncan started.

"The lieutenant?" he exclaimed. "My God!  
ensign, what are you talking about, not Lieu-  
tenant Cameron?" He got no further, for at  
that instant a haggard, skeleton-like individual  
came sauntering along the corridor in search  
of the ensign. The subaltern's eyes glistened  
with excited expectancy as he watched the  
strange stare cast upon the approaching figure  
by Dr. Duncan.

"Jim," said the skeleton.

"Joe," said the doctor, and immediately the  
two were clasped in each other's arms, and the  
subaltern's pleasure knew no bounds, for the  
first ray of intelligence that had lighted Lieuten-  
ant Cameron's eyes in months shot out from  
them now, as he fell into the stalwart arms of his

much-loved friend, Dr. Duncan; but his excitement grew apace, his great joy overpowered him. The feeble mind that for months had been enshrouded, for a moment broke through the mists, then all became dark again. The frail frame quivered; the wan cheeks blanched; the breathing grew short and jerky; his eyes for that moment so brilliant and expressive now became glassy, then closed; the thin, white lips muttered a few incoherent words, and all was still. The young surgeon laid him gently down, and asked for immediate aid. Quickly that aid was forthcoming, and quickly every care and comfort was bestowed on the young soldier, whom a withering sorrow born of an undying love had helped to craze, whom a sudden joy had helped to stupefy. Stenotorius breathing supervened which told the practiced ear how profound was the coma, and how very near to the sleeper's cot stood the Angel of Death.

Dr. Duncan though accustomed to such scenes, and ordinarily cool, steady, and reserved, showed anxiety on every line of his kind, grieved face. The emaciated, one-armed subaltern looked blank, scared, and speechless. The military-looking house surgeon's sullen brow depicted rebuke for some indiscretion committed or some instruction disobeyed, and across his almost hardened face flitted a look of helpless hopelessness.

A door at one end of the ward opened, and an elderly, hospital chaplain, preceded by a nurse clad in hospital garb, tiptoed his way to join the group about the soldier's cot. At a meaning

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glance from the house surgeon, the chaplain opened a little book. The opening of the book was merely mechanical, for his eyes never for an instant rested on its pages. In a musical, sonorous voice that penetrated every nook of the great ward and thrilled every soul therein with its reverently devout utterances, arousing to a new life the half-moribund, maimed, and wounded victims of a cruel war, who occupied a score or more of cots, the stately chaplain repeated with great pathos and inspiring power the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, then prayed:

"O, Father of mercies, and God of all comfort! Our only help in time of need! We fly unto Thee for succor in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon him O, Lord, and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him we beseech Thee so much the more continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his past life, and steadfast faith in Thy Son Jesus, that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence to be no more seen. We know, O Lord, that there is no word impossible with Thee, and that if Thou wilt Thou canst even yet raise him, and grant him a longer continuance with us. Yet for as much as in all appearance the time of dissolution draweth nigh, so fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against the hour of death, that after his departure hence in peace and in Thy favor, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom through

the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour." All said a deeply solemn "Amen."

These holy words were familiar to all present. This Christian supplication had been heard reverberating through the wards and corridors of this great hospital, as it has over the world time and again; but to-day, a day commemorating the birth of the lowly Nazarene who died that others might live, the air seemed pregnant of "Peace and good-will toward men," and the grand voice of the aged chaplain, full of the melody of love, hope and confidence, carried to the souls of the listeners a conviction of holy calm never before experienced. The young officer on the cot moved his lips. Dr. Duncan seized a vial and administered a few drops of its potent contents with the deftness of a trained hand and the eagerness of a heart bounding with a new hope. The chaplain passed his hand soothingly over the white brow of the dying soldier and muttered a few syllables, then he and the house surgeon quietly stole away. The nurse placed a stool near the cot for Dr. Duncan, then moved noiselessly across the room. The ensign, overpowered with grief, his heart devoid of hope, tottered to his own cot and fell face down, burying himself in the sorrow of utter hopelessness. Soon he fell into a heavy sleep and troubled visions carried him back to the weeks of laborious toil and awful suffering, the hidings, escapes, and encounters with merciless foes that he had experienced after leaving the army, of his search for the body of Lieuten-

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ant Cameron and his finding him alive but weak from wounds and demented from sorrow, pain and starvation. The poor fellow's body quivered, but he slept profoundly, and lest he wake and be the worse for the waking, the nurse threw a light covering over him, and let him sleep on and on, till night came and was replaced again by the new-born day. A ray of morning sunlight was stealing through a window near the lieutenant's bed. The subaltern, partly dazed for a moment, then fully conscious, his perceptions now keen from the hours of needed rest, rose on his elbow and looked wistfully toward the light. Was the cot empty? Had the spirit of the young officer whose life was all in all to him, taken its flight, and the clay-like remains been removed? Was that cot empty and a cold slab in the morgue occupied? He had left Dr. Duncan seated by the bed. Oh, why had he not remained faithful to the last, as he had done for weary months before? Ah, that was the reason, he had been on watch so long and he himself so full of pain and so weak, nature had given out at last and he in his deep distress had succumbed; but he could not longer stand the burning suspense. He rose, and spirit-like stole across the floor; each step draw him nearer to the cot; each jerky gasp of breath caused his heart to sink till he felt his head begin to swim and his eyes failed even to see the pencil-like ray of morning sunlight. He stopped to steady himself, his one cold hand pressed against his beating temples. With a mighty effort he braced his tottering limbs, rallied his scattered forces, and looked and listened.

"My God! can it be?" he muttered in a low but rasping voice. A gentle hand touched him on the shoulder and the soft, kind accents of a nurse whispered:

"What is the matter, ensign? Lieutenant Cameron is much better. He must not be disturbed."

Oh, what a load was lifted from that poor pale, emaciated being! What a mighty weight was raised from his soul, only those who have experienced like sensations can tell; and they have been experienced and felt by many weary, tired, and worn-out mortals, overburdened with anxious cares and lonely watchings, earnestly, eagerly trying to attain a goal, which as the days and nights follow each other into murky oblivion seemed to recede and would not even halt for a little while that exhausted patience might be renewed. But trust, hope, unflinching zeal, undying energy, an eternal striving after that faith which can remove a mountain finally prevailed, and the mellow light of a new-born day brought tidings of great joy and peace like unto the sudden hush and calm when the furious storm has spent its force, and the turbulent, white-capped billows of a maddened sea have sunk to rest.

Dr. Duncan's professional knowledge was of a superior order, and he had that peculiar tact and zeal sometimes possessed by medical men which enabled him to cheat death and the undertaker much more frequently than the majority of his colleagues. His saving of Lieutenant Cameron was a marvel in the great military hospital. The

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staid old surgeon, who loved to linger over his  
toddy or ale, attributed the saving of the young  
officer's life, and his return to a normal state of  
mind, to an intervention of Providence, and re-  
fused to concede any credit to Dr. Duncan per-  
sonally, or even to the scientific knowledge of  
that noble profession of which he himself had  
been so long an honored, though somewhat  
moribund member; but the good chaplain  
thought differently.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders  
to perform," said he in conversation with the  
surgeon, "and Dr. Duncan was the instrument  
He chose with which to accomplish this marvel-  
ous act, and we should honor the instrument,  
because sent by God. The affairs of this life do  
not happen;" continued the old chaplain, "they  
are premeditated by a ruling power, and part of  
a great plan to lift up, exalt and prosper deserv-  
ing members of the human race. 'Ask and thou  
shalt receive,' says the Lord of Hosts, but in  
order to receive we must first be deserving of  
that for which we ask. We cannot earn a  
farthing and receive a pound. We cannot barter  
the life, and will, and health, and energy God  
has given us, for mammon, or vice, or lust, and  
expect to reap any manner of harvest but that  
which we have sown and cultivated. We cannot  
obtain a little knowledge, and then swoon off  
under the soothing, dreamy, but baneful influ-  
ence of narcotizing draughts and willful indiscre-  
tions. No, no, doctor. Up and doing is the  
watchword of the hour. The sluggard will be  
swamped and smothered by the rank weeds that



grow in his own garden, and should he be able to rise and look about him, he will be himself supplanted by those who have kept their armor burnished, and have forged honestly, honorably, and persistently to the front, stopping at times to review the past, that experience gained and pitfalls barely escaped may not be forgotten, then up and at it again, ever advancing, advancing. These are the servants of God. These are the individuals whom He honors and trusts to do His work. They have improved and added to the talents given them. Not necessarily talents of gold or silver or precious stones, such are as frequently cursed as blessed by our Lord, and an inglorious thing they prove to those who use up their lives as many do and dwarf their intellects and immortal souls in obtaining them. Gold is the God of such people, their Christ, their King, their All. The church when adopted by them, as it sometimes is, is cursed by them. It is but their cloak, their excuse. They are the children of the Prince of Darkness. They are crowned rulers of the lusts and passions of the earth by his hellish majesty, but uneasy are the heads that wear such crowns. We should know those whom God honors, and trust those whom He endows with that mighty spirit of progress which impels them onward and upward. The results of their labors are the evidences that they are the servants of the Most High. The tree is known by its fruit. Good-morning, doctor. Call again." And the one-sided conversation between the aged chaplain and the hospital surgeon was concluded.

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Under Dr. Duncan's careful, earnest ministrations, Lieutenant Cameron's strength of body and mind improved and increased apace. The subaltern, too, ate and slept and whistled and laughed as he had not done for months; and not many weeks elapsed before the trio could have been seen standing on the deck of the good ship Newfoundland ready to sail for "Merry Old England."

The stanch Newfoundland wended her way over the trackless deep, was pitched and tossed and buffeted by the forces of Neptune as countless other ships have been before and since, until she arrived within a two days' sail of Liverpool. Dr. Duncan sat alone on the deck. He had just picked up a broom straw and was attempting to force it through the stem of his corn-cob pipe, then returning the mouthpiece to his teeth, and pulling for satisfaction with all his might, he finally succeeded in emitting a miniature cloud of smoke, and his thoughts seemed to have wandered afar off to other scenes and to be mingling with the happenings of the past. Thus absorbed he did not notice the advance of a tall, one-armed figure, who quietly stole up to him, and placing a hand on his shoulder, jokingly remarked:

"A penny for your thoughts." The surgeon started, and the other continued apologetically: "I beg your pardon, doctor, but I have been waiting for an opportunity to talk with you for some time."

"Not at all, ensign. I was simply enjoying a smoke. Draw up that stool and sit down. I

am at your service." The ensign pulled from his pocket the letter and newspaper clipping he had found in Lieutenant Cameron's wallet, and handing them to the doctor said:

"Please read."

"How did you come by these?" asked the surgeon.

The ensign explained; then went on hurriedly:

"The letter is of little importance to me, but the clipping is invaluable. I take it that our lieutenant here is the husband of Marie St. Marr; I have searched in vain for this woman for years. Now that I have found her husband surely I can find her."

The doctor, very much surprised, replied:

"This then is the reason you have taken so great an interest in Lieutenant Cameron?"

"At first, yes; but I became attached to the young man after a little. His helplessness appealed to my sympathy and engendered an affection for him that I have never felt for any one before."

"You have not discussed the matter with the lieutenant at all then, ensign?"

"No, I have not. I wished to consult you first; explain to you why I was in search of Marie St. Marr, or rather Mrs. Cameron."

"This clipping is a hoax, ensign. There is no Mrs. Cameron. At least the lieutenant is not married."

"Then I am done," gasped the subaltern, "and the ocean will swallow another victim." He staggered to his feet, and but for the powerful hold the surgeon had taken of him, would have cast himself into the sea.

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"No, no, you must not do that, ensign. Sit  
down. Be calm. Explain yourself and I will  
help you. Who is this St. Marr girl? and why  
are you interested in her? We can easily find  
her. I know where she is." At the last words  
the ensign brightened, and with a look of en-  
treaty on his face said:

"Tell me where she is, then I must see her."

The doctor replied:

"Be patient, my dear fellow. I must first  
learn what your object is."

"It has been my intention to trust you, doctor,  
only I supposed Marie was Lieutenant Cameron's  
wife, and I had little anxiety concerning her  
whereabouts, till you informed me of my error.  
That almost killed me, but you have again awak-  
ened a new hope by telling me we can readily find  
her."

"We will have no difficulty in learning her  
whereabouts, ensign. Go on."

"Well, doctor, I have positive proofs in my  
possession that Marie St. Marr is an heiress;  
that she is the lawful owner of vast possessions  
in Scotland, of valuable estates in France, and of  
a goodly fortune in the banks."

The doctor took his pipe from his mouth,  
whistled a long, low note, and looked at the en-  
sign in blank astonishment.

"Have you been drinking, ensign?"

"I tell you, doctor, I have positive proofs of  
what I say in my possession. If you will not  
violate my confidence I will show you all and  
convince you of the truth of what I have told  
you."

"You seem to be in earnest, ensign. I want a little time to think. Perhaps I have done a great wrong myself. Meet me here at eight o'clock, and we will agree to agree or otherwise." The ensign left that portion of the deck, and Dr. Duncan almost pulled the bowl of the pipe through its attenuated stem, so vigorous was the suction he applied to the unoffending little instrument of former solace.

"I'll be hanged! Maybe by my infernal meddling, I have caused all this trouble to Joe, and been the means of robbing him of a fortune into the bargain." Saying this the irritated surgeon tossed his innocent corn-cob into the briny deep, and the next instant was feeling in every pocket trying to find it.

Promptly at eight both the young men were at the appointed place, and in less than an hour afterward they had parted for the night.

Dr. Duncan was now convinced that Marie St. Marr was the rightful owner of great wealth, both in money and estates.

"I am in a quandary," said the doctor to himself. "Perhaps Joe will not forgive me for playing such a serious practical joke, thereby robbing him of both wife and fortune. 'I would rather face a band of Sepoys than to face him in the morning, and tell him the truth. But there is no way out of it. I must face the music. But hold on. What am I thinking about? When everything is properly explained, why can they not re-arrange matters and still be happy? Joe was not aware that I had shipped Marie to Cape Vincent with the ex-

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pectation of meeting her lover there, and kept  
her waiting till he was far away with his regi-  
ment, and the dear girl never dreamed that I had  
put her dear lieutenant into a sleep from which  
he could not awake till well out of harm's way.  
It was a cruel trick, but I did it for the best, and  
thought I was justified."

Dr. Duncan had found a loophole in his  
dilemma from which he thought escape possible;  
so he dipped down into his traveling bag and  
resurrected an old pipe he had once laid by as  
useless, and began to engage himself industri-  
ously endeavoring to draw from its superlatively  
powerful contents a balm for his overwrought  
nerves. At last he said in a tone of disgust:

"That infernal old pipe is strong enough to  
pull this ship out of water. I'm going to quit  
smoking. I believe it's hurting me." He  
threw the pipe down and soon afterward, "Rocked  
in the cradle of the deep," he was snoozing the  
hours peacefully away.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE winter months dragged wearily along till finally boisterous March was ushered in. The blustery fellow evinced his dissatisfaction with the way February had behaved by maddened shrieks and dismal howls. He caused the young trees and shrubs to shake and quake, and the elder ones to bow submissively before him. He broke to shattered atoms the coverings of the ice-bound lakes, and lashed their placid bosoms into furious, foaming water, till gentle April, following closely, was alarmed and wept. The tears which fell from April's eyes caused little flowers and blades of grass to lift their heads and peep about to see if all was well. An echo from the forest glens told them that the Creator ruled.

The piping of the little frogs, the whistle of the meadow lark, the robin's wavering trill, and linnet's merry song, the graybird's chirp, the lowing kine, the bleating ewes, indeed the voice of nature, all in all, joyfully proclaimed that spring had come. No time of the year is more conducive to new-born hopes than spring. Especially is this the case with youthful hearts.

Forest Lily was young, and hope, while almost drowned with the floods of sorrowing tears which she had shed, would at times well up in her bosom, and whisper to her:

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XXV.

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"He is not dead, but lives and loves you still."  
But as the weeks and months passed on, and no  
confirmatory news arrived, nor any to warrant  
even a ray of hope, the poor girl yielded to  
despair and faded like a blighted flower. She  
visited her old haunts and talked to the birds  
and flowers. She paddled listlessly about on  
lake and stream. She saw the ancient chief who  
had so dearly loved her from a child bending  
lower every day with weight of years and grief  
for her. She smiled to make the old man think  
her sorrow light, but he was not deceived. He  
knew that when winter came again fleecy snow-  
flakes would fall on his Lily's grave, and he, per-  
haps, would remain behind alone.

The lordly old warrior had been in Forest  
Lily's lodge holding with her an earnest con-  
versation. This evening, for it was delightful  
spring and the hour was twilight, the girl  
seemed to have an unusual sparkle in her eyes,  
and an airy, cheery manner not recently possessed.  
She leaned out of an open window, her eyes wan-  
dering out on the glassy lake and across to the  
town of O—. She thought of Joe and a tear  
stole down her cheek. She brushed it away,  
gave a little sob, then watched some swallows  
skimming over its glistening bosom. She left  
the window and a moment after her deft fingers  
were passing over the strings of her guitar, and  
in notes so sweet, so soft, so full of a lonely  
pathos, she sang:

'When the swallows homeward fly,  
When the dead forgotten lie."



As she sang, and the melody floated out on the evening air, the words pierced the heart of a figure who had stolen beneath the window. A moment after Lily heard a soft rap at the door, and putting her guitar back in its usual resting-place, she admitted the stranger. It was Marie St. Marr. The little French woman advanced and attempted to throw herself into Lily's arms; but Lily drew haughtily back and would not permit her to do so. The two stood silently gazing at each other. The twilight was thickening into darkness, but still each saw how terribly the other had changed. Forest Lily seemed to have grown taller, Marie thought. She was slightly more angular and less rounded in outline, but with that unnatural brilliancy in her eyes, her head held up in haughty grandeur, a slight flush of anger on her cheeks, her lips slightly curved in scorn and reddened to a rosy hue with excitement, her bosom heaving with an emotion half-suppressed, she looked sparklingly, dazzlingly lovely.

And Marie? My God! How she was changed. That piquancy, that peerless abandon, that subtle charm, that witchery peculiarly her own, where were they all? Gone, gone. In mighty contrast to the now frail but pure, self-possessed, and charming child of nature, Forest Lily, stood a shriveled, unkempt, dissolute-looking woman, aged apparently by a score more of years, fallen and degraded to all appearances beyond any claim to recognition by former friends. As Forest Lily gazed upon her and minutely examined her from head to foot, grad-

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ually her anger and scorn turned to pity, and her  
 haughty manner changed to one of humility and  
 kindness. She approached the wizened little  
 woman and held out her hand. Some of Marie's  
 old self returned and she refused to accept it.

"No, I cannot take your hand now until I have  
 explained and been forgiven. You are angry  
 with me, partially without a cause. I tried to  
 wrong you once. But oh, God! My God!  
 What reparation I have made. How I have suf-  
 fered, no one on earth can tell. I loved one of the  
 blackest-hearted villains that ever helped blight  
 the earth. I sold my life, my existence, my very  
 soul for him, and what did I receive? Nothing  
 but blows and curses, indignities and scorn and  
 hatred. I have been kicked and trampled upon,  
 struck, starved, and almost strangled to death:  
 my honor and virtue, God forgive me! sold for  
 a jug of rum. I have been drugged and left to  
 die, would that I had, but no, one act remained  
 for me to do before I went to meet my judg-  
 ment." The poor creature was overcome with  
 bitter recollections, with overpowering grief and  
 had to stop. Lily placed her arms kindly about  
 her and whispered softly:

"Lily is your friend, dear Marie. Sit down.  
 Lily will love Marie again and be kind to her.  
 If she been bad woman, Lily try to make her  
 good. She no kick, nor pinch, nor strike her.  
 Perhaps Marie tired and hungry. Lily make  
 her rest, and give her to eat. Come lie down  
 little while and keep quiet like good girl."

Forest Lily was excited and spoke incoher-  
 ently, but every word was expressive of the

deepest sorrow and sympathy, each carried with it a tone of forgiveness. She lay Marie tenderly down on her own soft couch, for the French girl was exhausted, brought her a glass of water, then lighted a taper and proceeded to prepare some refreshments. In time Marie became composed, and for hours and hours the two talked and talked, each relating what had occurred since they last met. Marie stated in a truthful way how she had intrigued to gain the affections of Lieutenant Cameron, but failed in this though she had lured him to make a proposal of marriage. All this she did for Paul de Lally. Then the way she herself had been deceived. She was not aware just how this had been accomplished. She told of Paul's sudden appearance in the city of K—, his pretended affection for her, and immediate proposition that they should at once get married.

"I did not know," said the unfortunate girl, "why he had so suddenly determined on our union. I only knew that I had loved him, loved him so deeply and for so many years. I asked no questions and was so, so happy that words cannot express my feelings; but soon the curtain was lifted from before my eyes, for he told me I was an heiress, showed me the copy of a letter he had obtained, and expected me to be able to prove that it was true. I did not believe it for I had heard the same many times before when I was a little child, and I knew that others had tried to prove it and failed. I explained this to him, and immediately he commenced to enter into every kind of debauchery and petty crime,

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drank heavily, forced me to make money for him  
no matter how, and abused me beyond all human  
power of endurance. He tried at last to kill me,  
but failed; so I determined to leave him, come  
to you and explain my crime, ask your forgive-  
ness for the wrong I had done you, tell you that  
Mr. Cameron ever loved you, that he tried to  
reach you by letter time and time again, but  
through no fault of his never succeeded. Now I  
have finished. My worthless life is no use to  
any one. It has only been a cruel curse to me  
and I am going to end it." She utterly refused  
to be comforted or consoled, and it was almost  
gray dawn before Lily succeeded in coaxing her  
off to sleep, and stealing away threw herself  
down to rest in another room.

The sun had risen, and the birds were singing  
their morning carols, when Marie arose, wrote a  
note, and leaving it where Lily would be sure to  
find it, stealthily left the house. The girl had  
proceeded, perhaps, half a mile, looking in every  
direction, when she met a stoutly built Indian  
lad. She halted him and asked him how far it  
was to the Severn. The lad explained in broken  
English, that she could not reach the Severn  
without crossing a portion of the lake. She  
replied:

"I will pay you if you will take me there."  
The young Indian said he would take her wher-  
ever she wished.

The embarkation was silent, devoid of haste, but  
without delay, and the sturdy young brave sent  
the canoe skimming over the still waters with  
great swiftness. The canoe soon reached the spot

where the lovely Couchiching empties into the swift-flowing Severn. Mario was in the front of the craft and in a half-kneeling position. As they reached the green waters of the river, she bowed her head a moment as if in prayer, then looking up gazed toward heaven, a look of mute appeal in her careworn face. This done she took from her pocket a number of coins, dropped them in the bottom of the canoe saying:

"Boy, these are for you. Hold your peace." She then without a moment's warning, and just as the Indian was exerting all his strength to drive the canoe across the river's mouth lest it be sucked in by the hurrying waters, raised to her feet and uttering a heartbroken shriek plunged into the current and was carried swiftly beneath the gurgling stream and lost to sight. The boy was dumfounded at first, then intensely alarmed. He made no effort to save the unfortunate girl, but proceeded back to his home, and for very fear did as he had been commanded:

"Held his peace."

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER an uneventful voyage the good ship Newfoundland landed Dr. Duncan, Lieutenant Cameron, and the one-armed subaltern safely in Liverpool. When the doctor informed Lieutenant Cameron of what the ensign had related to him, the young officer was neither annoyed nor disappointed because he had been deprived of a fortune; but rather evinced pleasure that the woman, even though she had caused him so much misery, was so fortunate as to be an heiress. He felt tired after the long journey and wished to rest for a time. Dr. Duncan and the subaltern taking advantage of this went to Glasgow, and upon proving to the proper authorities that they were what and whom they represented themselves to be, they soon succeeded in verifying what the ensign already knew to be true, viz., that Marie St. Marr was in very truth an heiress as well as a lady of high rank and station. A proper person was selected to accompany our friends to Canada. The gentleman's name was Donald Fulton, Q.C., etc. He was a sharp, shrewd barrister who could not be easily deceived or misled in a business transaction. The three started for Liverpool intending to have Lieutenant Cameron join them, then all immediately sail for Canada; but in this Dr. Duncan was disappointed, for the lieutenant refused to leave England.

"I cannot go home yet, doctor, I am gaining strength very rapidly, and I think I shall knock about this country and Scotland for a short time, then return to India and rejoin the army. I can never forget you, my dearest of friends, but I have made up my mind and cannot change it. I am going to make a distinguished man of myself or die. I have nothing else to live for now. My heart is like a dead thing within me."

Nothing could induce the young officer to alter his decision, and the doctor soon shipped with his other companions on the first Canadian-bound steamer and reluctantly left Lieutenant Cameron behind.

The voyage to Quebec was without special interest, and soon the party found themselves hurrying on to the city of K——, where they expected to have no difficulty in finding the heiress; but the heiress could not be found. Careful and minute inquiries were privately made at first, then the newspapers were enlisted but without result, until Dr. Duncan and the ensign were almost distracted. Finally an apparent clew was obtained. They were to meet an individual at a certain place and he was to bring with him the lost girl. The room where the appointment was to be kept, they found was situated in a rickety old garret, reached by a half-tumbled-down set of cobweb-adorned stairs. Squalor and misery were depicted in the room, its entrance, and its surroundings. Our friends had been conducted there by a threadbare individual who might have belonged to that numerous class then in vogue, known as the

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shabby genteel, or he might only have been  
attired as such, subsequent events proved the  
latter. When the three gentlemen reached this,  
to them terrible place, Dr. Duncan remarked  
*sotto voce* to his companions:

"This is about such a place as I should expect  
to find the girl, judging from my knowledge of  
her before sailing for Europe."

"God help us, this is a d—nable den for  
any one to even visit. Are we quite safe here?"  
said Donald Fulton, Q. C. The one-armed sub-  
altern smiled grimly and quietly drawing a pistol  
from his pocket showed it to the Q. C. with a  
knowing wink, then replaced it.

"I hope we will not need to use instruments  
of that kind," said the barrister. At that  
moment another door to the room opened, and a  
tall, bleary-eyed man, evidently the wreck of  
something better than he now was, entered the  
room. The shabby-genteel individual by this  
time had disappeared. The newcomer had an  
air of mingled bravado and doggedness about  
him. He brought with him a combination of  
noxious odors, which together with the general  
aroma of the place, suggested Limburger cheese  
seasoned with decayed fish or something equally  
disgusting. The Q. C. extracted a perfumed  
handkerchief hurriedly from his pocket and held  
his nose, at the same time attempting to hold  
his breath. In this, however, he did not suc-  
ceed for any great length of time.

"Could we not conduct our business in some  
more suitable place?" said he at last.

"What the devil's the matter with the place?"



If its good enough for me and my wife, its good enough for those who are our servants," said Paul—for this was Paul de Lally—looking daggers at the Q. C., who moved cautiously behind the subaltern. The ensign said sharply:

"Come, we don't want any talk at all. We came to this hell-hole to see a young woman we are looking for. If you can produce her do so, and if not say so." Paul flew into a rage at this, and gave a shrill whistle. In a moment three ruffianly-looking fellows, one of them the shabby genteel man, rushed in. Each had a cocked revolver in his hand, and in the twinkling of an eye our three friends were covered with their weapons, and commanded to remain motionless or lose their lives on the spot. Paul laughed a bitter mocking laugh, and called out:

"Marie, come here."

Presently a dark-complexioned, half-clad, trembling woman entered. She looked as much like Marie St. Marr as a mud turtle resembles a humming-bird. Dr. Duncan eyed the woman keenly for a moment then said, addressing Paul de Lally:

"You can't have the effrontery, sir, to attempt foisting this creature upon us as Marie St. Marr? She has not one single characteristic of the girl, unless it may be that she is a female."

"How do you know?" said De Lally, turning pale.

"Because I know Marie St. Marr well."

This nearly cost the doctor his life, for he of the shabby genteel clothes had his revolver close to the surgeon's ear. The subaltern saw that the

and my wife, its good  
our servants," said  
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said De Lally, turning

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man was about to fire, and jumping forward struck the fellow's arm. At that moment the trigger was pulled and with a loud report a bullet issued from the pistol's muzzle and went crashing through Paul de Lally's brain. The gambler reeled and fell to the filthy floor a corpse. For a few minutes Beelzebub reigned, bullets flew thick and fast, but strange to say none seemed to take effect. During the din and smoke of battle the Q. C. wisely slipped out and fled. He at once gave the alarm and soon the desperate gang were ensconced in durance vile.

Little could be done, for the authorities held the Q. C. *et al.*, until the shooting of De Lally was cleared away. In the meantime a letter came from Toronto addressed to Donald Fulton, Esq., Q. C. This letter was from the Rev. John Markham, and contained the information that the Rev. John had seen in the newspapers what was going on, and that he was in possession of some important facts bearing upon the Q. C.'s business in Canada.

"Are we to have any more experiences such as we have had here?" asked the Q. C. "Is this John Markham any such person as he who lured us into that terrible den where he met his own death? I have but one life and I shall make careful inquiries before I proceed an inch further." Having satisfied himself that the Rev. John was not exactly a murderous bandit, the timid barrister started for what he still feared would prove to be a den of robbers, hidden away in some dismal place "God only knew where."

The Q. C. was agreeably disappointed, as any

one can testify who has visited the "Queen City" even at that period. Soon after his arrival in Toronto, and before John Markham had been apprised of their arrival in the city, the subaltern proceeded to the Rev. John's, and made himself known as the writer of the mysterious letter, that had puzzled the divine and his wife for so long a time. He explained to the minister many things that were to him astounding and not the less so because he proved them to be true, both by documentary evidence and otherwise.

"If what you say is true, ensign, why did that man Briggs come to me with murderous intent? As I think he did, because he let fall a dangerous dirk which I have to this day. I thought him crazed, but never knew for certain."

"The reason for his act is simple when explained. Briggs alone knew of a secret of which I have not informed you. He was angry because I would not allow him to take what was not his own, because I would not allow him to rob. He tried to take my life but failed, then swore he would find you and cause your death."

"And why should the man have had designs upon my life? In what way would killing me have injured you?" asked the clergyman.

The one-armed subaltern trembled with emotion. His usually bright, penetrating eyes were dimmed with tears as he bent forward and huskily replied.

"Because, John, you are my brother."

It was now the minister's turn to tremble. With bated breath he asked:

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Soon after his arrival  
John Markham had  
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n trembled with emo-  
penetrating eyes were  
e bent forward and

my brother."  
r's turn to tremble.  
d:

"Is what you have told me the truth?"

"Yes, John, as God is my judge, it is the truth, we are brothers. I can prove this to you." The Rev. John hesitated no longer. He felt that it was the truth, and the two were instantly clasped in each other's arms.

"I have a great deal more to tell you, John, but you must meet Dr. Duncan and the Scotch barrister first and communicate with them and me jointly. It will be as well not to inform them that we have met before, or of our relationship, just at present."

Ensign Markham was almost hysterical with excitement; but he had lost none of his inborn shrewdness, and giving his brother John another affectionate embrace with his only arm, left the house, and soon afterward joined his friends, who were now anxious to meet the Rev. John and learn what he had to offer concerning the affairs or otherwise of Marie St. Marr. It may be noticed that the two brothers had not discussed the subject at all, their time having been taken up with matters more directly connected with themselves, and particularly the past life and doings of the ensign.

The Q. C., Dr. Duncan, and the subaltern met the Rev. John at his own home, and for almost half a day they pored over in the most careful and scrutinizing manner legal and other documents, not alone those brought by Ensign Markham and Donald Fulton, Q. C., but to the surprise of these gentlemen, a number produced by the Rev. John. These had been given him by Chief Mog-a-wog and exactly coincided with the

others, supplying, in fact, the missing link. There had been no links missing in the proofs that Marie St. Marr was the rightful heiress; but the one thing that had confronted, particularly the learned barrister, and also puzzled Dr. Duncan, was the difficulty which might arise in identifying the heiress when they met her. This was made clear now, and all concerned were extremely happy for they thought their labors nearly at an end, and the barrister almost imagined himself fingering a bundle of crisp bank-notes that were to be his fee for the "onerous and arduous duties" he had performed, not to speak of the dangers he had passed through.

There could be no happier man in all Canada than was the Rev. John, unless it was his brother the subaltern. One thing only remained so far as they were concerned to make the happiness complete, viz., the obtaining of Marie St. Marr and her presence in the city.

"There will be no difficulty in procuring Marie St. Marr. She is up north at present, and I will send for her at once," said Mr. Markham. "You gentlemen will be none the worse of a week's rest, though it will hardly take that length of time to have the heiress here."

The Q. C. decided to remain quiescent.

Dr. Duncan, in a conversation with the Rev. John, said:

"I was the means of preventing the marriage of this lady and my best-beloved friend, Lieutenant Cameron, and now if she appears to be worthy of him I shall do my best to bring about a consummation of what I before destroyed."

the missing link. Missing in the proofs of the rightful heiress; but contented, particularly so, puzzled Dr. Duncan might arise in they met her. This concerned were exhausted their labors register almost imagination of crisp bank-note or the "onerous and formed, not to speak through.

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enting the marriage beloved friend, Lieutenant she appears to be best to bring about before destroyed."

The clergyman smiled, and asked:

"What kind of a young man is the lieutenant?"

"Mr. Markham," said the doctor enthusiastically, "Joe is a man from the ground up, a gentleman to the core. He had a foolish love affair when little more than a lad with some pretty Indian girl. This, I think, somewhat turned his head for a time; but as we grow older, you know, we forget our youthful pranks and fancies; and no doubt the lieutenant will have seen the injury that would have accrued to him had he formed such a degrading alliance, and by this time will have thought better of it. It has been a terrible, terrible fight, though, for the poor boy, I assure you. Have you any objection to my lighting my pipe?"

"Not in the least, doctor. I do not smoke, but my wife does not prohibit it in this room. Here are some matches."

Honest Dr. Duncan's corncob—he had a new one now—was soon steaming, or rather smoking like a young locomotive.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

It happened that on the day Marie St. Marr threw herself into the Severn, a number of lads, among them Roderick Cameron, had been fishing and shooting in that vicinity. The boys, famished with hunger, had started a fire, broiled some bass, and were appeasing their youthful appetites with the keenest enjoyment, when their attention was attracted by the furious barking of young Cameron's spaniel.

"I wonder what's up with your dog, Rod?"

"I don't know, but as soon as I finish this piece of bass, and a half loaf more bread, I'll go and see." A few minutes afterward the lad started. As he approached the dog he said:

"What's the matter, Carlo?" The dog ceased barking, and wagging his tail he looked beseechingly at his master, as though trying to say:

"I have called you here to see what an awful thing I have found." The frightened boy advanced a few steps, then called to his companions:

"Boys, some of you come here, the dog has found something in the river. Come quick." Soon the lads were all together at the river's bank, and relieving the boy—for it was a boy—from where some floating garments had caught

## XXVII.

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on the boughs of a partially submerged tree,  
they pulled it as gently as possible to the bank,  
and all examined the pale, upturned face, but  
none save Roderick Cameron had ever seen that  
face before, and it had changed so that some  
minutes elapsed before he recognized it.

"I know her," at last he exclaimed. "It's  
Miss St. Marr; but my, how she has changed."

He could not, of course, account for the pres-  
ence of the body here, but insisted that they  
make some arrangements to take it home with  
them. This was finally decided upon, and the  
boys having a large sailboat, made a bed of soft  
boughs and laid the body of the unfortunate  
girl upon them. They made all possible haste  
to reach the town of O—, and the wind being  
favorable, it was just growing dark as they  
arrived. A number of people who had seen and  
known the girl when she was a guest at the  
hotel immediately identified the body; but  
young Roderick Cameron alone knew her by the  
name of St. Marr. She had registered at the  
hotel as Miss de Lally.

When Roderick reached home Mrs. Craig  
happened to be with his mother. The Scotch  
woman had come from the Indian village a little  
while before, where she had been spending  
several hours with Forest Lily. She had been  
informed of the arrival of Marie St. Marr the  
previous evening, of her strange actions, and of  
a part of her heartrending story, and also of the  
girl's sudden and stealthy departure early that  
morning. These things she was relating to Mrs.  
Cameron when Roderick entered. The boy told



in a concise manner all he knew, and soon had his mother and Mrs. Craig bathed in tears.

Mrs. Cameron, as stated before, knew the girl and had felt kindly toward her. She felt it a duty now to interest herself in seeing that the remains were properly cared for. Mrs. Craig at once dispatched a messenger to inform Forest Lily of what had occurred, and early the next morning the grief-stricken girl, for she felt the sad affair most keenly, was at Mrs. Craig's offering her assistance; in fact, demanding the privilege of taking entire charge of everything pertaining to the care and burial of the deceased girl.

"Poor Marie, she has no mother, no father, no sister, no friends; Lily be all these to her, and pay everything herself."

Mrs. Craig informed Mrs. Cameron of this. That lady felt piqued at first, but finally yielded to the persuasive powers of Mrs. Craig, and consented to meet Forest Lily, and all three were to decide what was best to do. This was a great condescension on the part of the proud-spirited Mrs. Cameron, for she had persistently refused even to look at Forest Lily, so that it could have been truly said she had never seen her; but death levels all things, and the great grief the poor woman had passed through, on account of the supposed loss of her beloved son, had broken her spirit, for be't remembered she still thought him dead. Then the tragic death of this pretty French girl whom she thought such a little lady, all helped to bring her—as such circumstances have millions of others—face to face with the

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than shadows, and that to-day we live and  
breathe and to-morrow—what?

Mrs. Cameron and Forest Lily met at Mrs.  
Craig's. At first both were diffident. The girl  
could not help admiring the tall, handsome but  
haughty woman, and despite her determination  
not to do so, Mrs. Cameron almost at once  
became captivated with the undoubted beauty  
and many subtle charms of the girl she had tried  
so hard to loathe, and had so persistently held  
up to scorn and ridicule; not publicly of course,  
for Mrs. Cameron was a lady, but to her own  
household, and here it was that it had done its  
deadly work.

It was decided to have Marie's remains taken  
to Mrs. Cameron's to await burial, and this was  
done. An invitation to Forest Lily to come to  
the Cameron's till after the funeral was gra-  
ciously sent and as graciously accepted. The  
day for the interment came, and poor deluded  
and much-to-be-pitied Marie St. Marr was  
reverently laid to rest. Before the casket lid  
was closed upon her wan, haggard face, it was  
bathed in the scalding tears of those she had  
occupied a goodly portion of her ill-spent life in  
trying to injure; but in her tragic death she had  
broken down a barrier that fate had raised  
between two lives, and over her inanimate re-  
mains two hearts were cemented together for all  
time.

Such is life; and sometimes such is death.

Mrs. Cameron and Lily parted as if they had  
known each other for years; but bitter remorse

and scathing pangs of conscience filled Mrs. Cameron's soul, for now the loss of her son returned to her with redoubled force. All that night she tossed and pitched about, refused consolation from her friends, even from her minister, and could not be comforted. When morning came she arose from the bed that had not provided as much as a minute's sleep, and with swollen and reddened eyes paced the floor all day long, crying for her murdered son, as she chose to term the young soldier's death. Another night of agony and terrible remorse followed, and again she paced the floor. At last she stopped an instant to listen.

She heard hurried footsteps approaching the house. It was young Roderick running with all his might. Rushing through the door he shouted at the top of his lusty voice:

"Cheer up, mother, cheer up! Here's a letter from Joe. It's postmarked Liverpool; so he must be there."

What a bound that grief-stricken mother's heart gave!

"Yes. It is Joseph's writing. Has it been written for months, or is it of recent date? The date is recent. Oh, Father! The son I believed dead is alive and I, oh, God of mercy! am blessed beyond belief." The news flew like wildfire—Joseph Cameron was not dead.

"What did the letter say? Was he coming home?" This was the inquiry of anxious friends.

"No. He is not coming home. More's the pity; but intends to take the first ship back to India, and gives no address."

science filled Mrs. Markham with the loss of her son redoubled her force. All that she could do, about, refused to be comforted. When morning came she found that her son had not slept, and with a heavy heart paced the floor all night, thinking of her murdered son, as she remembered the soldier's death. A terrible remorse followed her. At last she

was approaching the door, with all her strength, when she heard a voice:

"Up! Here's a letter from Liverpool; so he

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sitting. Has it been of recent date? The son! The son I believe! God of mercy! am I not dead.

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home. More's the pity the first ship back to

A few days more have elapsed and there is a great deal of suppressed excitement in the Markham household in Toronto. Mrs. Markham never acted so strangely in her life; and as for the Rev. John: At family worship in the morning, he intended closing with the Lord's prayer, but instead was proceeding with the Apostles' creed until his wife pulled his coat tail, then he exclaimed:

"Go way doggie, go way." This was almost too much for the rest of the family; but out of respect for the occasion, they with the greatest effort suppressed their mirth, until the minister raising his head, and in most solemn tones said:

"Let us now sing God save the Queen."

This was the last straw, and even the dog barked his astonishment.

Mrs. Markham knew the cause of her husband's unusual excitement and absent-mindedness, so readily accounted for such ludicrous blunders, but the others wondered not a little.

This was the day that the Rev. John Markham, that truly manly man of God, was to bring Marie St. Marr forth for identification; but as the reader is aware Marie St. Marr was dead and buried.

The appointed hour came. The Scottish Q. C., Dr. Duncan, and the one-armed subaltern were all present, also a prominent member of the Toronto bar, and the family physician, Dr. Clarkston. They occupied the clergyman's spacious library, and had spread out before them, legal papers, wills, deeds, and other documents, many of them yellow with age and bear-

ing marks of both fire and water; some of them embellished with crests and coats of arms, and nearly all bearing great red seals, and tremblingly written chirographs, placed there by hands long since gone back to dust.

There was a look of sorrowing expectancy on the faces of all present. The old faded parchments, mementos of a buried past bringing to the mind of each the great problem of life and eternity.

Footsteps are heard approaching along the hall. The rustle of silken dresses breaks the stifling stillness, and ushered into the room on the arm of an aged Indian chief, closely followed by the Rev. John Markham and his wife, is the queenly figure of our heroine, Forest Lily. She stands forth in supreme composure and in entrancing beauty, ready to prove her title to all the estates and emoluments of her noble father in Scotland, and of her titled mother in France. Mrs. Markham withdrew and the door was closed. The proofs were incontestable and could not be gainsaid, and the Scottish barrister was satisfied.

While the new-made heiress was thus occupied, a ring came at the front-door bell. A servant responded. A tall young man stood there and inquired:

"Is the Rev. Mr. Markham in?"

"Yes. He is in, but occupied; cannot be seen to-day."

"Then I cannot wait. I must leave the city in an hour. Please give him my card when unoccupied." The stranger bowed and left. Two hours afterward Mrs. Markham bethought herself and asked the servant who it was that called.

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## FOREST LILY.

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"I don't know," she replied, "he left his card. I will get it." She did so and handed it to Mrs. Markham. This lady, almost overpowered with joy at the turn things had taken, listlessly took the printed card, but when she read:

"Lieutenant Joseph H. Cameron,  
"Ninetieth Canadians,"

she almost lost her breath, but it was too late; the lieutenant was gone; he could not be seen at present. What joyful news is in store for him, Mrs. Markham thought; and none the less would his presence be a joy to Forest Lily, now the Marchioness Marie Antoinette St. Marr.

Lieutenant Cameron knew nothing of this. Almost immediately after mailing the letter to his mother, spoken of in a former part of this chapter, he repented having done so, and mus-ingly soliloquized:

"I am now playing the part of a coward instead of a soldier. I will take the next ship for home, will talk calmly but earnestly to my mother, will insist on my own rights as a man and a gentleman, and, if she then will have me, I will marry the girl I have so long and devotedly loved."

This sufficiently accounts for the young officer's unlooked-for appearance in Toronto.

He at once proceeded to the town of O—. Some mother who has had a like experience can tell the reader how Mrs. Cameron felt; how a mother's love almost overwhelmed the unex-pected son with tears of joy. Her happiness was

complete. She had not a single wish now to be gratified, save to make reparation for the wrong her foolish pride had led her into.

Mrs. Cameron had not heard of Forest Lily's good fortune, but this made no difference.

"You must see her soon, my dear; as soon as I can spare you. She is a lovely girl, and worthy of you or any one. I have told her this and it made her so happy, Joseph, that I felt for once in my life I had done something worthy of your mother."

The mother and son had little more than gotten past the first few hours of their never-to-be-forgotten meeting, when Mrs. Craig, always the first to learn everything, called in a state of great excitement, and informed the now partially composed household of the turn Forest Lily's affairs had taken, adding with her usual air of inborn knowledge:

"Just what I thought, Mrs. Cameron. Exactly what I always told you."

The day had been a lowering one, but as it advanced its melancholy mood gave way to cheery sunshine, and the balmy breeze was laden with mingled perfumes of summer flowers.

In the Indian village excitement ran to fever heat, and this being so intense as to become contagious, extended across the bosom of the beautiful Couchiching, until it reached the town of O—, where it touched the hearts of the staid old Britishers, filling them with the milk of human kindness and brotherly love, bidding them forget and forgive each other's shortcomings.

Something very unusual is about to take place across the lake from O——, and the strangely novel arrangements are about completed.

A thousand warriors in beaded buckskin garb; their heads adorned with waving plumes; their swarthy features depicting peace not war, have formed a circle and four lines. Two lines extend a fitting piece apart straight from the beach where Couchiching's bright wavelets lap its crystal sands. Two-thirds up from the shore along these lines, and intersecting them, two other lines extend. These files are less in length and form a cross; and at the intersection is a circle, arched and canopied with sweetest flowers and clinging vines.

A band is seated here, composed of harps, violas, other stringed instruments, and mellow-sounding horns. This oddly chosen band was the thought of some romantic mind. The heavenly strains produced are soft, and sweet, and full of love; and, as the music floats across the silvery lake and undulating sward, it seems to whisper hope, and peace, and harmony, and joy to the restless minds and throbbing pulses of this living mass; and to the mouldering ashes of the silent dead it takes the message from the earth "All here is well."

Uncouth and ragged urchins cap the knolls and every vantage spot. Half-bashful maids of native birth and copper tint join in the scene with modest grace.

The sun has gone to rest. The earth is canopied with stars. The scene is dimly lighted by these twinkling orbs, assisted by a thousand



dazzling lamps and guarded tapers, which latter add a flickering radiance all around.

The band strikes up a wedding march. A thousand bowstrings twang. A thousand arrows cleave the air and fly athwart the sky. The music thrills and ebbs and flows in soft and subdued peans of joy.

The mellow air is full of sweetest harmony. And now along these human isles some figures pass: a stately priest with holy book in hand advances first; then comes the bridal group—a maid, a sweet but trembling girl, an aged chief comes from one way; and from another way there comes a soldier tall and slim, and by his side a one-armed man. The groups all meet. The band is hushed. Then with a slow and solemn voice the man of God elicits vows of fealty and love.

"Oh, man, and wilt thou take this woman to be thy wife for now and while life lasts?"

"I will." The manly voice responds in accents clear.

Then comes the preacher's voice again:

"Oh, woman, wilt thou take this man to be thine lawful spouse, and all thy life obedient be?"

"I will," floats on the air in trustful tones.

Then comes these final words in powerful sonorous voice, that all may hear:

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man part. Amen."

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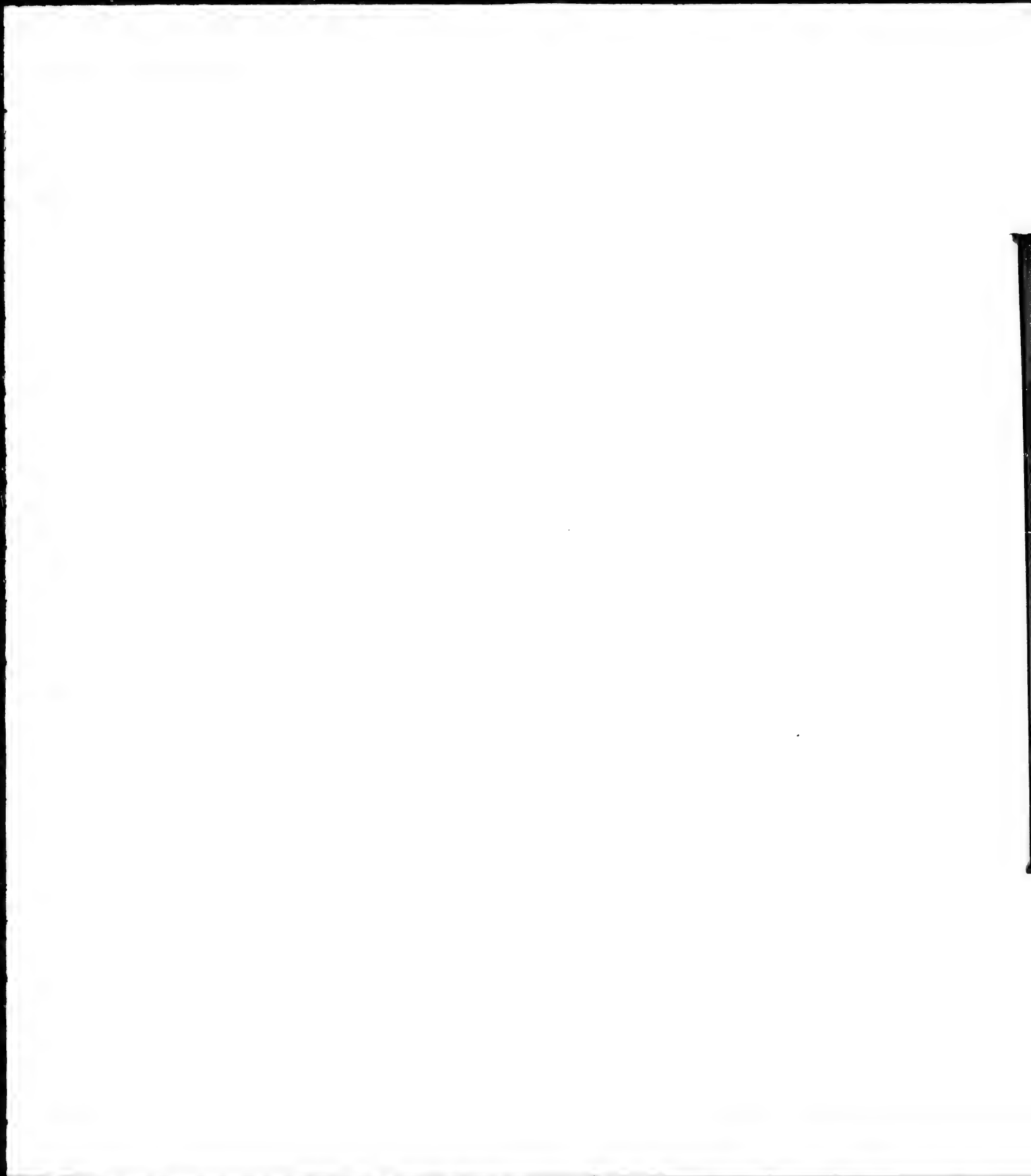
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